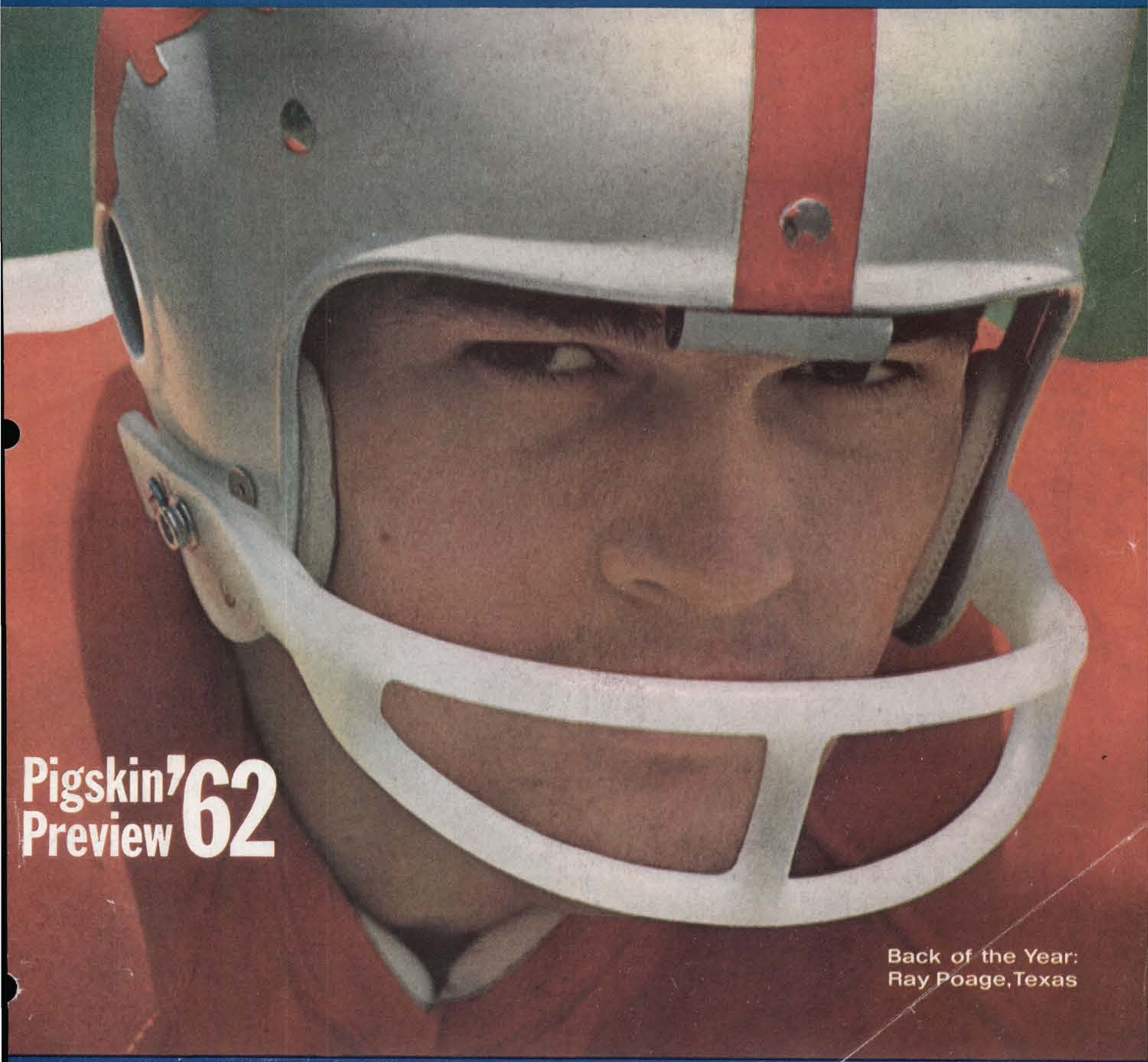
The Saturday Evening
POST
September 8, 1962 20¢

Young Negroes Mobilize Against the South

A Housewife Speaks Out: "Down With Dogs"



Pigskin '62 Preview

Back of the Year: Ray Poage, Texas

My Politician Brother

BY STEWART ALSOP

In the Andes With A Peace Corpsman

New Look at

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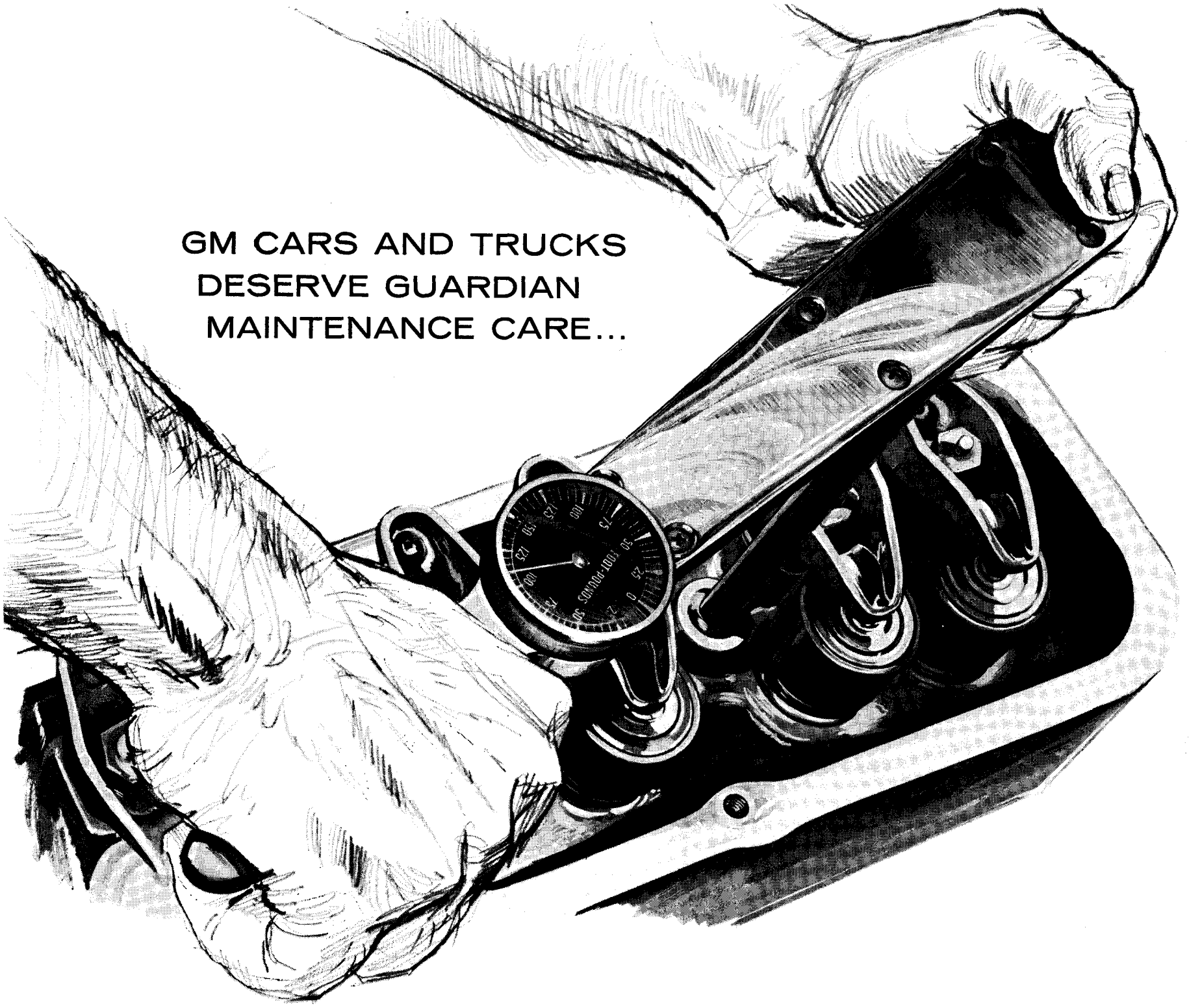

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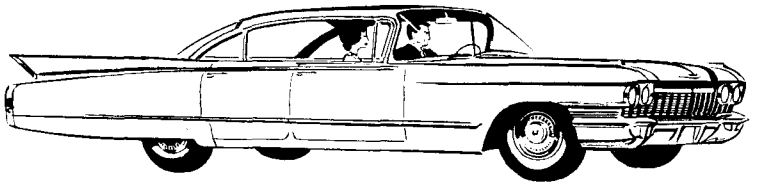

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With This Issue, *The Saturday Evening Post* resumes regular weekly publication after an alternate-week summer schedule. The September 15 issue will go on sale Tuesday, September 11.

Negro Youth: As correspondent for the Providence *Journal*, 42-year-old **Ben Bagdikian** has covered some of the most important stories in the past decade: the Israeli-Egyptian war, riots in Little Rock, revolution in Cuba. But writing this article for *The Post*, he says, presented a new and fascinating challenge. "It meant involvement with a world which is unappreciated by a majority of Americans but which is of commanding significance to our society." Washington-based Bagdikian made an extensive trip through the South to gather material for his article. How does he feel about his subjects personally? "These kids," he maintains, "are the most hopeful young people I've seen in a long time. They have a sense of purpose, an honorable goal and a civilized means of achieving it. They also have faith in democracy."

Other By-Lines. "I'll probably never be so lucky again," confessed Nashville *Banner* sports editor **Fred Russell** after predicting correctly fourteen of last year's top twenty college football teams (including three of the top four). Admittedly nervous, he climbs out on his annual limb once more for PIGSKIN PREVIEW '62, beginning on page 20. . . . **Bill Davidson,** who writes on the President's involvement in the filming of *PT-109*, is a *Post* contributing editor. . . . **Stewart Alsop** is Washington editor of *The Post*. . . . MY MATCHLESS MOTHER-IN-LAW is an excerpt from **Elizabeth Borton de Treviño's** forthcoming book, *Where the Heart Is*. . . . Contributing editor **John Kobler** made his first appearance in our pages more than twenty years ago with an article on—of all things—Superman. . . . **Bob Eddy** would like to take his family fishing every weekend of the season, but his duties as managing editor of the St. Paul *Dispatch* occasionally interfere. . . . **Nathan A. Haverstock**, a former member of the *Post* staff, works for the Alliance for Progress in Washington, D.C. . . . During the summer months, when **Dan Tyler Moore** wants to escape telephones and doorbells, he merely sails his 12-foot ocean dinghy past the Cleveland breakwater—and writes while he rocks. His most recent book is *Cloak & Cipher*, published by Bobbs-Merrill. . . . **Edmund Gilligan** lives on a farm up the Hudson River from New York City. . . . **Harry Mark Petrakis** drew from boyhood experience as a helper in a South Chicago steel mill to develop the vivid characters in THE BALLAD OF IRON LEO. This is his fourth *Post* story.

The Cover. PIGSKIN PREVIEW's selection as Back of the Year is Ray Poage of Texas. A crisp blocker and hard runner, the 21-year-old business-administration major averaged five yards per carry last season and will be a key man in Longhorn coach Darrell Royal's "flip-flop" offense this fall. **Gordon Tenney** made the cover photograph.

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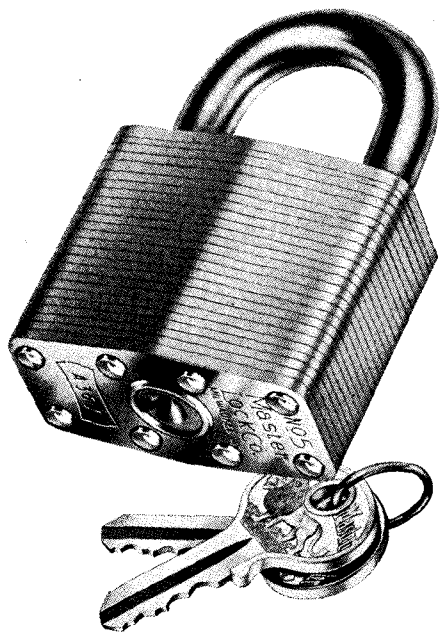

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LETTERS

They Remember Guadalcanal

Dear Sirs:

As one who was on the beach on Guadalcanal from August 7 until December 15, I deeply appreciate Samuel Eliot Morison's article, GUADALCANAL—1942 [July 28–Aug. 4]. It is the most concise and interesting account I have ever read of what happened out "there" during those unforgettable nights twenty years ago.

COL. JOHN I. FITZGERALD JR., USMCR
Boston, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

The description of the part the *USS South Dakota* played in this was very disappointing.... She was credited with a Japanese cruiser.

JAMES P. MCEVOY
Springfield, Pa.

● *Admiral Morison says, "Of necessity my account of the battle had to be condensed, but the* South Dakota *didn't sink anything." A more detailed report appears in Volume V of his* History of United States Naval Operations in World War II.—ED.

Dear Sirs:

I was executive officer of the [carrier] *Saratoga* at Guadalcanal during the Battle of Savo Island and until we were torpedoed on 31 August, and I take sharp issue with Morison's description of the action of Fletcher's carriers "hightailing to safety" on the night of 8 August.

ADM. CATO D. GLOVER, USN (Ret.)
Camden, S.C.

Dear Sirs:

Although I disagree with Admiral Morison on some points concerning the destroyer *Cushing*, the article brought back never-to-be-forgotten memories.

HOWARD WILLIAMS
San Antonio, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

The article was very informative because I was on No. 2 gun of the destroyer *USS Cushing* and did not know all the details of the battle. But as all who had a part in the battle know, it was raw hell.

PHILLIP E. WENTZ
Dearborn, Mich.

Sharks Have Friends, Too

Dear Sirs:

I have just read your article by Mr. Slaughter (an appropriate name) about the killing of sharks [MY WAR WITH SHARKS, by Scott G. Slaughter as told to William M. Stephens, June 30–July 7]. It is about time *The Saturday Evening Post* caught up with the times on its natural history and based its articles on something else than the outmoded idea of nature "red in tooth and claw." I am sure a great number of your readers react badly to this sort of thing, and no modern biologist views any wild thing as "a killer-murderer."

ROGER TORY PETERSON
Old Lyme, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

There are lots of fellows around, unfortunately, like Mr. Slaughter. What the world most needs are a few with real awareness and understanding of nature, and magazines that would communicate these needs. . . . What is a shark really like? Biologists are seeking answers to their peculiar adaptation and are finding that they are not at all as you portray them, but actually useful and well adjusted in their way.

CARLETON RAY, *Associate Curator*
The New York Aquarium
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I have just finished the most thrilling story I have ever read—MY WAR WITH SHARKS. I have been fishing with my mother and father since I was three years old. I know how a six-pound bass fights, but a shark, wow! Now I have been reading about sharks in my encyclopedia. Thank you for giving me such an interesting project.

EILEEN HOFFMANN (age 13)
Media, Pa.

Navy "E" for 777-11-11

Dear Sirs:

I have just read Jesse Stuart's SPEAKING OUT: ARE WE A NATION OF DIGITS? [July 28–Aug. 4] and have filed him away in my Hall of Fame as

Number 777-11-11. Since he is a Navy man, I have also awarded him my Navy "E" for excellence.

COMMODORE 6732-8459
(G. F. STINES)
Morro Bay, Calif.

Wanted: Peace-in-Space

Dear Sirs:

Re Stewart Alsop's article, OUTER SPACE: THE NEXT BATTLEFIELD? [July 28–Aug. 4], are there really people who believe that we can ever achieve Freedom from Fear by first establishing the Rule of Terror? . . . In view of the horrible consequence which could arise from the abuse of space for military purposes, I feel that we should devote at least the same vigor, perseverance and resourcefulness to the negotiation of a Peace-in-Space treaty as the military proposes to apply to the military space program.

DR. LOTHAR H. BELCK
Waynesboro, Va.

The Post: Pro and Con

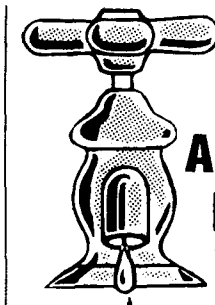
Dear Sirs:

I like the present format of your magazine, though I do wish there were more fiction.

MRS. BEA MOWRER
St. Petersburg, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

In my opinion the July 28–August 4 issue is the best *Post* in a long time. I



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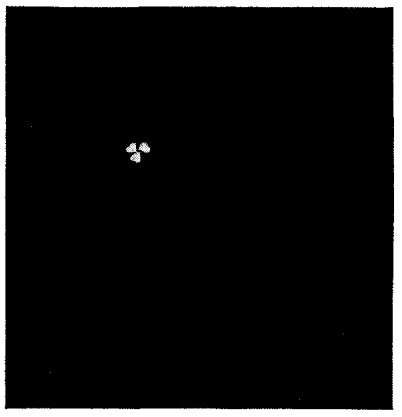
WILLIAM T. GALEY
Greenwich, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

Your illustrations have not been exceptional, but you struck a new low in the one (below) for WHEN IRISH EYES ARE ANGRY [by William Holder, July 28–Aug. 4].

ROBERT G. TILTON
Canton, Ohio



Dear Sirs:

Regarding your story WHEN IRISH EYES ARE ANGRY, there is a considerable amount [of anger] in mine when I look at that picture—a full page showing a beautiful little shamrock, but with horrible black smudges and a rooster's neb all around it. Don't tell me the smudges delineate the sweet beauty of an Irish girl or else, having Irish in me too, I may have to shoot you on sight.

PATRICK A. CRORKIN
Santa Ana, Calif.

● *Don't shoot; we won't do it again.*
—ED.

Dear Sirs:

In the last six months I have suddenly become aware of constant improvement in *The Saturday Evening Post*. The editorials have become must reading instead of title scanning. Your editorial, THAT MAN IN THE WHITE HOUSE [July 28–Aug. 4], demands sustained applause.

D. K. GRAHAM
San Diego, Calif.

Disagreeing Isn't Treason

Dear Sirs:

It is unfortunate that the generally excellent editorial, THAT MAN IN THE WHITE HOUSE, contained the following misleading sentence: "The Administration, sitting in on U.S. Steel's contract negotiations, had extracted an agreement from labor to forgo a wage increase." . . . You have obviously overlooked the fact that the steel industry was forced to pay several hundred million dollars of added fringe benefits under these new contracts. Their labor costs, therefore, were thereby increased very appreciably.

HOWARD FARKAS
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Is *The Saturday Evening Post* afraid that Mr. Kennedy will cancel his subscription? . . . The writer of that little epistle apparently is not aware that (at least *before* the Kennedy Administration) to disagree is *not* treason.

JANE CRANDALL
Marietta, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial on the President and business is a good analysis, and seems fair to both. Your comments are restrained and rational, but are nevertheless penetrating. The advice is good.

JAMES E. HILLEY
Macon, Ga.

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My Life With Juvenile Gangs

A Youth Board Worker's Shocking Story

Nelson Rockefeller

His Future With the GOP

Our Last Chance to Beat the Russians to the Moon

By Sen. Clinton P. Anderson

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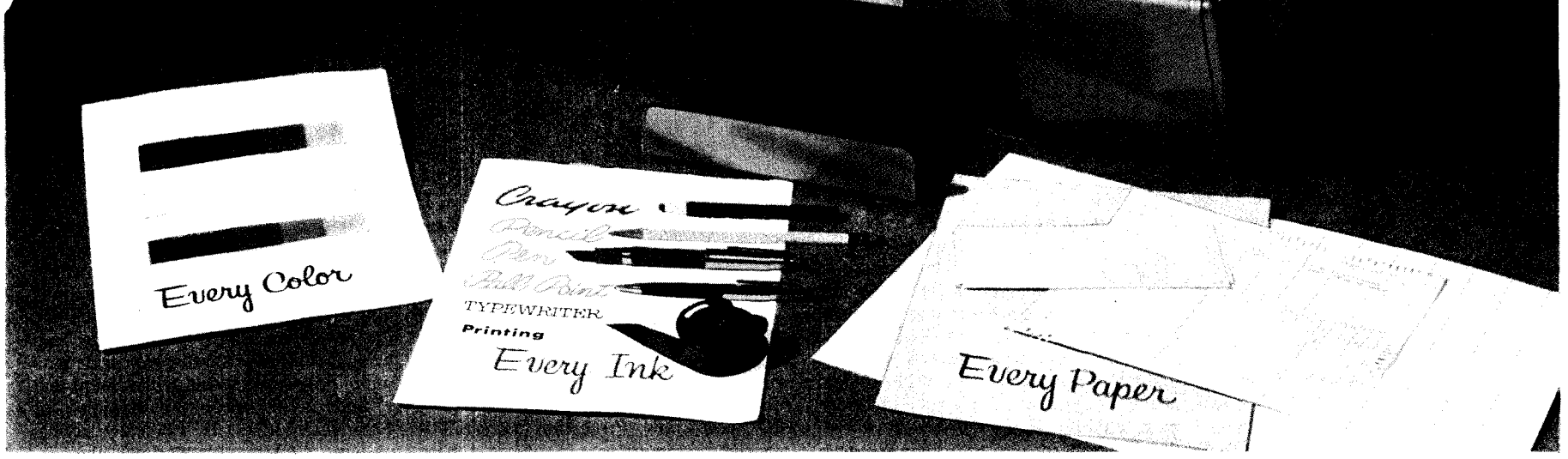

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Man's Worst Friend

Among other things, dogs are unsanitary, sickly, stupid and spoiled.

By PAMELA GORDON

As a journalist's wife, I know that speaking unkindly about dogs is a good way to lose old friends and make new enemies. But I don't care. I am sufficiently fed up not to care. After years of self-delusion, I have reached a bleak and settled opinion: Dogs are a disaster. The family pooch—*Canis familiaris*—is a menace.

This is a large statement, but no greater than my disenchantment. As a citizen, wife and mother, I have come to detest the four-footed vandals that infest the average American neighborhood. I am sick and tired of having my shrubbery ruined, my lawn befouled, my garbage cans pillaged, my newspapers stolen or shredded, my sleep disturbed and my children frightened or bullied by roving canine delinquents whose capacity for senseless destruction would startle a barracuda.

In the past fifteen years we have lived as far north as New Jersey, as far south as Florida, as far west as Arizona. The pattern is always the same—undisciplined dogs, unconcerned owners, unceasing invasion of the privacy and property rights of long-suffering citizens.

Canine Population Explosion

The situation is getting worse, as more and more people find themselves able to afford the dubious pleasures of dog ownership. The canine population of the United States is currently estimated at 26,000,000—four times what it was thirty years ago. Its rate of increase is more than twice that of the human population. This may bring joy to the purveyors of dog food ($350,000,000 per year) or the dispensers of canine medicare ($120,000,000), but it fills me with alarm and despondency. I say there are too many dogs already.

People who disturb the peace or destroy property are liable to arrest, but dogs seem to enjoy immunity. Most communities, to be sure, have a few regulations on the books, but these rarely have teeth in them and seldom are enforced. Even when driven to distraction, most people hesitate to ask the law for protection because they don't want to start a neighborhood feud.

When we were living in New Jersey, the people next door decided to raise dachshunds in their backyard. They elected to raise them, moreover, right under the window of a room where we were rearing a rather fretful baby. These dreadful little animated frankfurters barked day and night, Sundays and holidays. They barked at their master, their mistress, the mailman, anyone. If no humans appeared, they barked at one another. We protested—jokingly at first, angrily later. But the owners were "friends and neighbors," so we never did call the cops. In the end we gave up and moved away.

The dog problem continues to plague that town, however. On a visit not long ago a friend described, with resignation, how the dogs now follow children to school, wait in ambush and snatch, or try to snatch, the smaller children's lunches. A cheery way to begin the day.

Dog fanciers may imagine that from earliest youth I have been blocked by prejudice from any real contact with our four-footed friends. Well, I may have my prejudices, but they didn't arise from lack of contact. Through the years we have had bulldogs and boxers, collies and cockers, strays from the woods and mutts from the pound.

Looking back now in mute amazement, I am not sure *why* we had them. It was not a matter of starved parental instinct; we had plenty of children. Nor were we desperate for some tail-wagging, hand-licking animal to prop up our egos. No, I think we were simply under the spell of the Great Illusion which proclaims that no American family is complete without a dog; that there must be something wrong with you, mentally or morally, if you don't have one.

This Great Illusion embraces several minor myths, one of which is that Every Child Should Have a Dog. Companionship, you know. Protection too. (But I suspect that dogs bite more children than they protect.) Pet ownership teaches Junior to take responsibility, to respect the needs of his fellow creatures; so say the mythmakers.

The "Boy and His Dog" Myth

These durable bits of folklore are celebrated in countless lithographs of barefoot boy with fishing pole and adoring mongrel. It is true that most children think they want a dog and will pester the daylights out of you to get one. But it has been my melancholy observation that once the initial excitement is over—it may last two or three weeks—Junior's interest in Fido, especially in his care and feeding, begins to recede with the speed of light. In such cases the whole family soon gets bored with dear old Fido, and he becomes a sort of second-rate citizen with no function in life except to eat, sleep and annoy the neighbors. He retains the title of family pet, and his status is sustained by the Great Illusion. But a visitor from Mars, asked to evaluate Fido, would pronounce him useless, expensive, unsanitary, flea-ridden, worm-haunted and manifestly Not Worth the Trouble.

The average American would refuse to swallow this verdict because he has been brainwashed from infancy. From St. Bernard to Rudyard Kipling and Jack London, dogs have had the services of the best press agents in the business. Their virtues have been trumpeted, their failings ignored. In literature, when dogs do appear momentarily in the role of villains (the bloodhounds pursuing Eliza), there is invariably a much worse human villain (Simon Legree) on hand to absorb the reader's wrath.

The movies have contributed to this noble image. I can remember sobbing over Rin-Tin-Tin. And television supports the myth with Lassie, portrayed to millions of moppets as a sort of canine combination of Florence Nightingale, Mother Machree and Einstein.

Which brings me to another heresy: I believe canine intelligence is vastly overrated. I have a friend and neighbor whose voice trembles with emotion as she tells me how Prince has finally learned to retrieve the newspaper from the driveway and bring it to the front door. Her pride is so out of proportion to the achievement that I find myself probing unkindly for Freudian motives. Is she really saying, perhaps, "Observe how much this devoted beast loves me"?

If Prince fetched the paper and proceeded to read it aloud in clear, disgusted tones, I might be impressed. Or if he could be taught to operate a vacuum cleaner or hang out the wash, this harassed housewife might offer him bed and board, or even a dollar an hour. But until he does, I will retrieve my own paper, thank you—assuming some misanthropic mutt hasn't stolen it first.

A Well-Established Cult

The cult of dog worship is impervious to criticism; it is too firmly established in too many places. The center of the religion used to be England, where it is still rather good form to prefer dogs to people. There you may see, enshrined in various railway stations, large stuffed St. Bernards with placards telling of the vast sums for charity that they have extracted from bemused travelers.

Pamela Gordon is the wife of writer Arthur Gordon, the mother of five children and a former London model who, in the past eighteen years, has lost her British accent but not her dislike of dogs.

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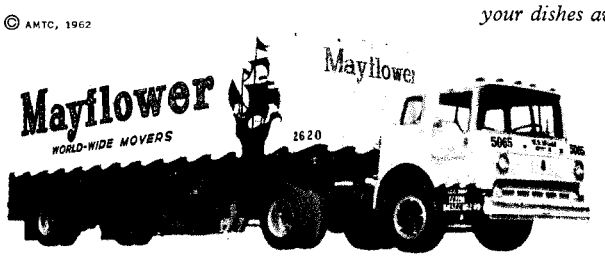

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SPEAKING OUT

But even these canonized canines would be astounded at the homage paid to the modern American hound. Here people equip their mutts with boots, pajamas, raincoats, parkas and berets, not to mention mink coats and turtleneck sweaters. For smelly dogs there are perfumes and deodorants. For not-so-hot dogs, electrically heated sleeping pads. For nearsighted watchdogs, contact lenses. The indulgent owner may purchase dog tranquilizers, pep pills, chewing gum and candy. He may hire a dog walker or a dog sitter or invest in a portable comfort station modeled, naturally, after a fire hydrant.

We are getting to the point where it's hard to tell the master from the pet. Up in the wilds of Maine lives a breeder of Chinooks who requires a prospective purchaser to spend twenty-four hours at the kennels in order to make sure that the dogs like *him*—a situation which gives one pause. The Indians who once inhabited that same wilderness had a more pragmatic attitude toward dogs. They ate them.

This solution, I must confess, has little appeal for me. For all my hostility I would not urge the conversion of all dogs into hash. Only an ogre could fail to admire Seeing-Eye dogs, with their good manners and devotion to duty. I would much rather have a retriever swim through icy water to fetch a dead duck than have my husband do it. (He would too.) If a shaky human ego can be soothed by a proffered paw, I do not feel that my rights are being trampled upon.

Delinquent Dog Owners

No, what I object to, in order, are vandal dogs, overpampered pets and people whose devotion to the Great Illusion seems to rob them of all perspective. It bothers me to see mothers who have carefully sterilized their baby's formula look on complacently while a dog licks the child's face with the same tongue that all too recently was exploring the neighborhood garbage cans. It annoys me when a family with a moon-howling hound assumes that everyone can sleep through the banshee wails just because they can. It depresses me when otherwise fastidious people allow wet and muddy dogs to nest in the furniture until their house smells like a badly ventilated zoo. It infuriates me when people refuse to get rid of a dog that is a known biter. (Two of our children have been badly bitten, which I imagine is about average for a family with five kids.)

Another aspect of dog owning that chills my somewhat Scottish soul is the question of expense. Recently I read an estimate that the annual upkeep of the average dog costs fifty dollars. This survey must have confined itself to the backwoods of Kentucky or one of the more remote Navaho reservations. Fifty dollars a year would not keep your average city or suburban dog in flea powder, let alone food, leashes, collars, licenses, inoculations and boarding fees. And I'm not counting the vet's bills for treating sickness or injury. A sick puppy can put as big a dent in the family budget as a sick child.

Economics put an end to our last attempt at dog owning. A couple of years ago, in a spasm of altruism, I actually gave my husband an Irish Setter puppy, a beguiling (yes, I'll admit it) little bundle of auburn hair with floppy ears, amber eyes and enormous feet. We went through all the usual folderol—four feedings a day, cod-liver oil, distemper shots, moaning in the night, ruined rugs, chewed furniture. The trouble was, this scion of rugged champions got sick if you looked at him sideways.

Perhaps his problem was psychosomatic; perhaps he knew that, despite my glassy grin and forced politeness, I really despised him and all his kind. Anyway, his life was one long medical disaster. First he got a thorn in his foot requiring hot baths, penicillin and finally surgery. Next he acquired a mysterious skin malady which, despite a variety of expensive remedies, caused his hair to fall out until he resembled the north end of a southbound baboon. Next, despite his shots, he got distemper. Then he became a wanderer whose travels made Ulysses look like a stay-at-home. He would be identified a mile or so from home by small boys who would gleefully return him and expect a cash reward.

In the end we gave him to friends who had a large, fenced estate in the country. By that time he weighed fifty pounds, and I figure he cost us about ten dollars a pound. But it was worth $500 to be rid of him.

Despite these self-evident truths, millions of American families own dogs, and millions more will acquire them. Why? After much brooding, I have three explanations to offer.

The first is that puppies, like all small newborn creatures, have an irresistible charm. A lot of unsuspecting people fall in love with puppies and wind up, all too soon, owning dogs.

The next is that most people need to give as well as get affection. And for some people, loving an animal is a good deal less complicated and demanding than loving their fellowman.

The third has to do with the universal craving for approval. If you treat a dog even half decently, he will give you slavish adoration all day long. A cat won't—and it's no accident that most ardent dog lovers dislike cats.

A number of psychologists, economists and other lofty theorists assert that dogs are popular because they give their owners a sense of superiority. Here is Thorstein Veblen's analysis: "The dog commends himself to our favor by affording to play to our propensity for mastery and, as he is also an item of expense and commonly serves no industrial purpose, he holds a well-assured place in men's regard as a thing of good repute."

True enough, I say, but since your average social theorist tends to write like a well-informed corpse, I doubt that their weighty words will ever have much effect on the Great Illusion.

And neither will mine, neither will mine. But I feel somewhat better for having said them. To all dog lovers who have managed to read thus far, my congratulations on your fortitude and stamina. And now, if you'll excuse me, I think I'll run down to the pet shop and acquire another cat.

THE END

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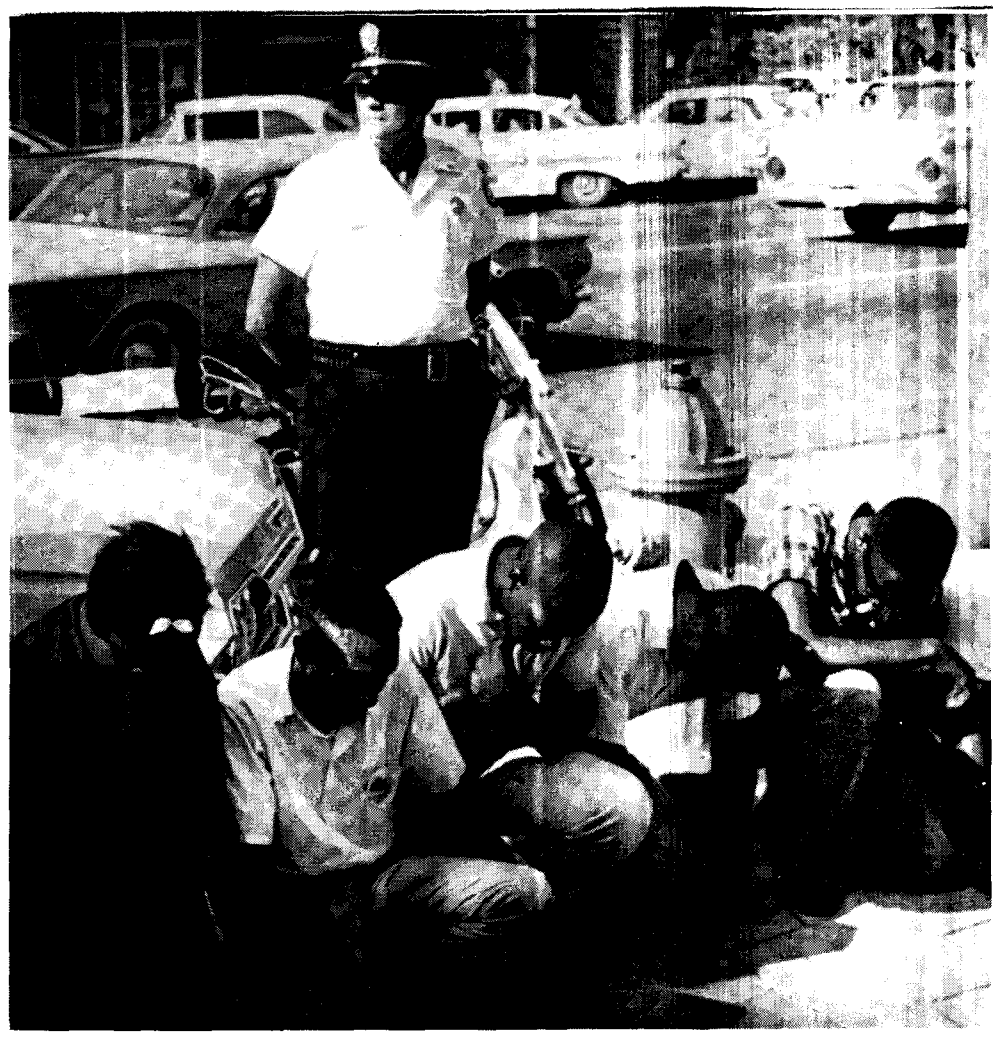

Demonstrating for civil rights, youthful Negroes kneel and pray before the City Hall in Albany, Ga. They were arrested by police when they refused to disperse.

Negro Youth's New March on Dixie

A new generation of Negro leaders is pressing home the bitter battle against segregation in the Deep South. • By BEN H. BAGDIKIAN

Robert Parris Moses is a twenty-seven-year-old Negro of soft voice and hesitant manner whose life up to February of 1960 was focused on his native New York City, scholarly work in the Ivy League and teaching in an expensive private school. He had never been in the South and had never wanted to go. But he did go, at last.

On the morning of August 29, 1961, Moses was walking in khaki chinos and a T shirt down the dusty main street of Liberty, Mississippi (population, 642). There he was struck down by a cousin of the local sheriff and beaten on the head until his face and clothes were covered with blood.

Considering where he was and what he was up to, the violence is not surprising. Moses—A.B. Hamilton College, M.A. Harvard, Ph.D. candidate—was trying to upset the social structure of the Deep South and change party politics in the United States. His method: helping rural Negroes register to vote.

"One day at home in New York," Moses told me, "I saw a picture in *The New York Times* of Negro college students 'sitting in' at a lunch counter in North Carolina. That was in February, 1960. The students in that picture had a certain look on their faces—sort of sullen, angry, determined. Before, the Negro in the South had always looked on the defensive, cringing. This time they were taking the initiative. They were kids my age, and I knew this had something to do with my own life. It made me realize that for a long time I had been troubled by the problem of being a Negro and at the same time being an American. This was the answer."

Robert Moses and his project are significant, but more significant still is the new generation of American Negro that he typifies. It is a body of young men and women who will make an impression on the history of their country. It is the first generation of American Negroes to grow up with the assumption, "Segregation is dead." It has transformed integration from a legal contest to a mass movement, fighting not for future change but for results here and now. Sensitive to the emergence of colored men all over the world, conscious that there is a time bomb ticking in the crowded Negro slums of the United States, the Negro college students of 1962 are welded into one of the most fiercely united, dynamic and optimistic social movements of our time.

Characteristically, they seek out the toughest problems in the toughest places. Liberty, Mississippi, is the county seat of Amite County, where 54 percent of the population is Negro. Of the 5000 voting-age Negroes, one is registered to vote. Moses and his friends were—and are—conducting semisecret schools to coach local Negroes how to pass registration tests. What happened to Moses is not unique; a week later a colleague was kicked to semiconsciousness, a month later another was shot dead. Much is at stake, for Amite is one of 137 counties in the South where Negroes are a majority but have few votes. Such counties are the backbone of a powerful conservative white force in American politics. When Negroes begin voting in these counties there will be profound changes in Southern and national politics.

Nonviolent themselves, the students appear unmoved by the violence of others. In 1960 their battleground was the lunch counters. In 1961 it was Freedom Rides on buses. From 1962 onward it will be the ballot box, and in this they march with a massive army. With them are all major Negro civil-rights groups, strengthened by $325,000 in cash from the Field Foundation in Chicago and the Taconic Foundation in New York. Backing the vast drive to register Southern Negroes to vote is the United States Department of Justice, which gives the movement moral support and intervenes with lawsuits and court orders to strike down barriers.

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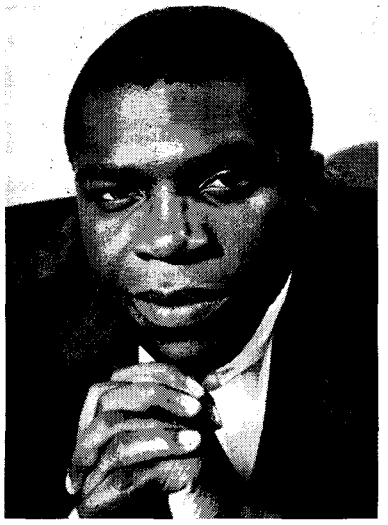
Robert Moses, a teacher, went south when the sit-ins began.



Charles McDew attended college in the South, stayed to fight.

Technique of nonviolence: "If they are insulted, they do not answer back. If they are attacked physically, they do not hit back."

Who are these young Negro revolutionaries? How did they get this way? Why are they so different from their parents? How do they work? What have they done so far?

In two years they have revolutionized the drive for integration. With sit-ins and Freedom Rides they have won equal treatment at lunch counters, buses, terminals, public parks, swimming pools, theaters, churches, libraries, museums and beaches in many cities and towns of the Deep South which orthodox civil-rights groups had privately written off for decades.

They have done it with the sophisticated technique of nonviolent protest, adopted from their patron saint, the Indian Mahatma Gandhi. They ask politely for equal service in a public place and wait until something happens. If they are insulted, they do not answer back. If they are attacked physically, they do not hit back. If they are arrested, they stay in jail as long as they can in order to dramatize their point and add the expense of imprisonment to the cost of maintaining segregation. If they are tried and convicted, they proceed to challenge the constitutionality of the whole procedure.

If some are jailed or hospitalized, others take their place, for the new Negro generation has reversed a historic trend. For 300 years the most ambitious and militant Negroes fled the rural South, leaving colored communities without aggressive leadership. Today the most vigorous young Negroes are pouring back to Dixie, and what once was enough to suppress Negro protest only invites more into battle.

After Each Battle, More Recruits

In Orangeburg, South Carolina, for example, when a few Negro students were refused service at a lunch counter, twenty-five classmates demonstrated in protest. When their college threatened to expel the students, 500 others marched downtown. When the city said it would arrest all demonstrators, 1400 paraded silently on City Hall. Within twelve months of the first incident that called this generation to battle—a sit-in at Greensboro, North Carolina, on February 1, 1960—a total of 1600 demonstrated in Mississippi; 4000 in South Carolina; 4200 in North Carolina; 5500 in Alabama; 7000 in Georgia; 10,000 in Louisiana; 16,000 in Tennessee. In one year this silent rebellion of 70,000 Negroes—with some white sympathizers—challenged public authority in the South; 3600 were arrested.

They have shaken the old certainty of white segregationists. Twenty years ago I could live in a Deep South community and know that my fellow whites believed implicitly that segregation would never change. In the turbulent years of school integration, I could return as a reporter and still find most working-class whites proclaiming that in the Deep South integration would never come. But today doubt is replacing certainty. I have just finished talking with Negro leaders in New York, Washington and Atlanta, and with Negro students and their leaders through the Deep South. I listened as well to whites. For the first time, in places like Birmingham and Jackson, one could hear the hard core cracking. There was the Mississippi farmer in town for the day saying, "I suppose integration's coming, what with the Federal Government pushing it"—and then with bitter puzzlement—"and those damn young niggers."

New Heroes, New Expectations

"Those damn young niggers" not only puzzle older whites of the Deep South, but they sometimes astonish their own elders. They behave like no other generation of Negroes in American history, perhaps because no previous generation has seen so many colored men rise in other nations. Theirs are new heroes, new rules and new expectations. Parents measure how far Negroes have advanced since World War II; the children measure how far they have yet to go. Most older Americans look upon the 1954 Supreme Court decision as the historic foundation of modern desegregation; not one Negro student in over a hundred interviewed had any vivid personal recollection of the day of that decision. They all regard it as a failure.

But almost every student could remember precisely where he was and what time of day it was when he first heard of the event that galvanized them all and launched the new Negro generation into contemporary history: the sit-in at Greensboro. Students, faculties and college presidents testified that after the Greensboro incident a strange fever swept the campuses of the country's 120 Negro colleges. Within a week of Greensboro there was scarcely another topic of conversation on Negro campuses. Students began organizing sit-ins and protests in their own college towns. The subtle alterations of history, the tide of change throughout the world and the painstaking groundwork of older organizations and earlier generations had prepared the new Negro for that particular moment.

After his first demonstration in a picket line, Moses felt the same emotions that many students describe.

"I had a feeling of release. From the first time a Negro gets involved in white society, he goes through the business of repressing, repressing, repressing. My whole reaction through life to such humiliation was to avoid it, keep it down, hold it in, play it cool. This is the kind of self-repression every Negro builds into himself. But when you do something personally to fight prejudice there is a feeling of great release."

Something like this was happening to other college Negroes. Charles Frederick McDew had been a high-school athlete in Massillon, Ohio, so accepted by everyone in his town that he grew up without race consciousness. His father had gone to a Negro college in South Carolina, and to please him McDew went to the Deep South for the first time, to go to college. In his first three months he was arrested three times and struck by a policeman for doing or saying things that had been normal back in Massillon—trying to enter the main YMCA in town with his Ohio membership card or sitting in a "white" railroad car.

During Religious Emphasis Week several white Protestant ministers described their denominations to the Negro college students. When McDew asked them if he could attend their churches, they said he could not. McDew asked a rabbi who was present and was invited to the temple. Ultimately McDew left Christianity and adopted Judaism. Still, he felt no urge to take up the civil-rights fight. Like many Northern Negroes he tended to look down on the South and on the Southern Negro.

"I felt," he said, "that it was the Southern Negro's problem, not mine. Then one night I was reading the Talmud when I came across this: 'If I am not for myself, then who is for me? If I am for myself alone, then what am I? If not now, when?'"

Commitment to the Struggle

McDew read the Talmudic passage just after the Greensboro incident. Within a week he had enlisted in the movement at his own college, had become a leader, had been arrested and jailed. Today he is chairman of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, a small band of former students working as full-time professionals in the Deep South. (Like Moses, McDew tried to register Negroes to vote in Liberty, but he first called Washington and told the Department of Justice. When McDew and two local Negroes appeared in the town, there were some well-dressed strangers, recognizable to all as FBI agents, keeping an eye on the courthouse. There was no violence that day; there was no registration either. Every door on the courthouse was padlocked.)

Or take the case of a girl I shall call Emma, a bright, lively freshman in a Negro college, whose commitment to the struggle began seven years ago when she was still in junior high school. It was only this year, however, that she burst to the surface. In 1955 when she was twelve years old,

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Emma was a member of the secret Student Integration Club in her school—in a Deep South town which still has no integration—preparing to demonstrate for integration sometime in the future. This year, her first in college, she led a campus group that asked for service in a "white" lunch counter in the college town. She spent a week in jail awaiting trial for trespassing, and she watched from her cell window as hundreds of her fellow students paraded in protest before a stunned white community. "Don't use my real name," she cautioned me. "If you do, my mother will lose her job back home."

The New Status Symbol: Prison

Last year Brenda Travis, a sixteen-year-old high-school student in McComb, Mississippi, asked for service at a "white" lunch counter in a bus station. Later, when she was expelled from school for the sit-in, she joined a student protest march. She was sentenced to a year's detention. Recently, after serving six months, she was released on condition that she leave her home county—preferably the entire state of Mississippi. When I asked if she would ever protest again, she said, "Of course."

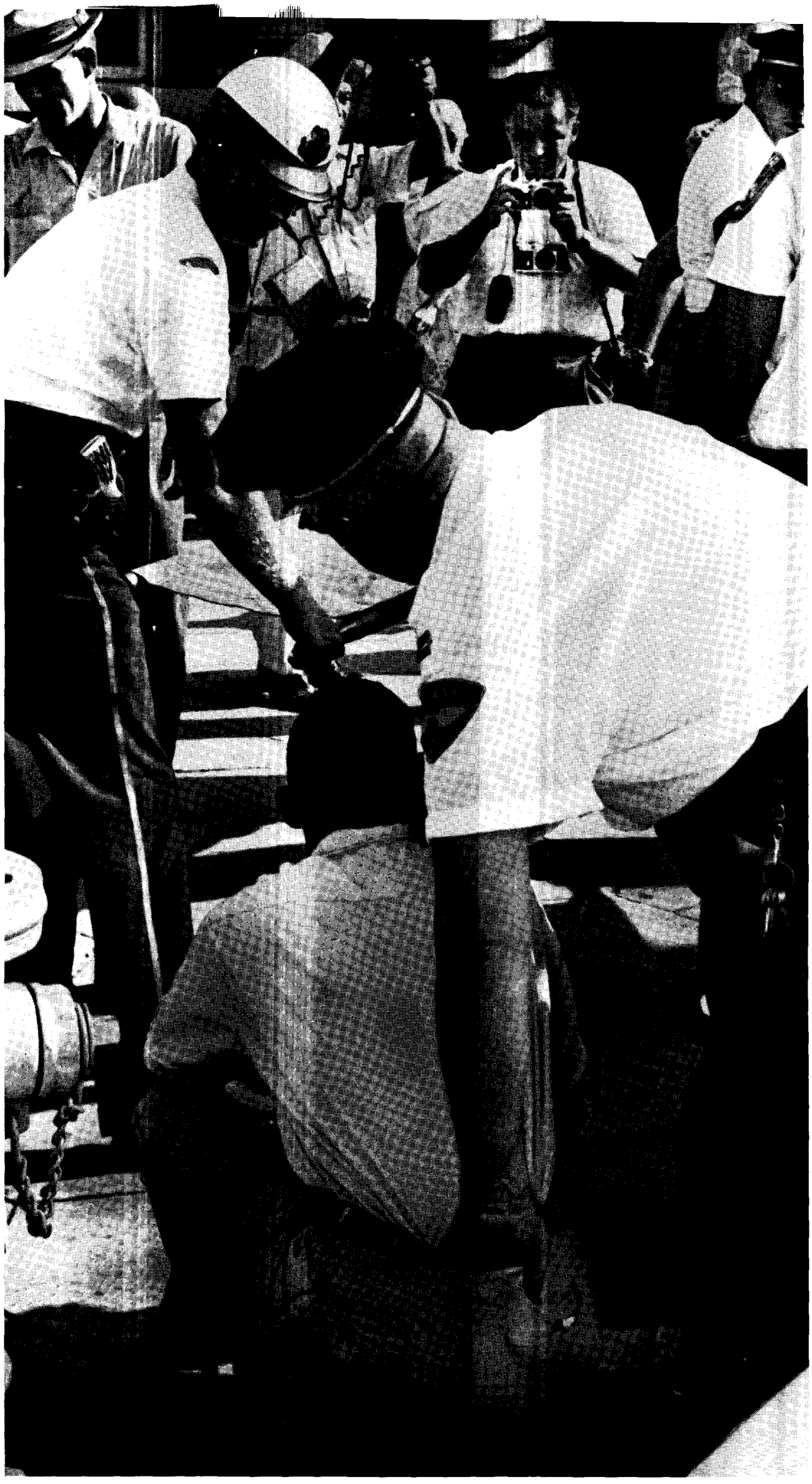
These are members of a generation that talks constantly of "the movement" and "the struggle" and asks newcomers seriously, "Have you been to jail?" On office walls of Negroes in cities all over the country are hanging self-made "diplomas" proclaiming that the holder has served time in a Southern prison.

It is a generation that is willing to follow these grim rules:

> You may choose to face physical assault without protecting yourself, hands at the sides, unclenched; or you may choose to protect yourself, making plain you do not intend to hit back. If you choose to protect yourself, you practice positions such as these:
>
> To protect the skull, fold the hands over the head.
>
> To prevent disfigurement of the face, bring the elbows together in front of the eyes.
>
> For girls, to prevent internal injury from kicks, lie on the side and bring the knees upward to the chin; for boys, kneel down and arch over, with skull and face protected.

In the last two years more than 5000 Negro college-age men and women have learned such techniques in special "workshops" held at almost every college campus and in churches, Masonic lodges and private homes.

It is a generation that takes for granted that telephones are tapped, that the local police are their enemy, that the local courts are against them. The atmosphere of an underground is enhanced by the conviction that they are spied



Using the new generation's technique of nonviolent protest, a kneeling Negro demonstrator in Albany forces a police captain to hoist him onto a stretcher in order to take him to prison.

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Albany youths sing "We Shall Overcome" at a mass meeting the day after Dr. Martin Luther King was jailed in July.

> "These young Negroes take for granted that in the end Negroes and whites will get along better in the South than they will up North."

upon, that special state commissions hire Negroes to infiltrate civil-rights groups. "Did you see that guy trying to volunteer back at the restaurant?" one leader asked me. "He informed on us two months ago and thinks we don't know. Now nobody will talk to him."

Typically, these young revolutionaries are the children of veterans who came back from World War II determined to change things but did not succeed.

"You have no idea how bitter my father is," a student said. "He came home after 'fighting for democracy,' and when he tried to vote they beat him up. He kept his bitterness bottled up inside him, but I never learned to keep it inside me and I never will."

The leaders are Negroes who grew up in the North and went South, like Moses and McDew, or Negroes who grew up in the South and went North, like Frank Dukes.

"Low Man on the Totem Pole"

Dukes is thirty-one, a senior at Miles College, Alabama, a serious, cool and aggressive man leading a city-wide boycott against Birmingham stores. He was born and bred in Alabama, and after high school he left the state determined never to return. He knocked around Northern cities doing odd jobs, spent five years in the Army, including eighteen months in Korea, and then decided that as a Negro he ought to go to college—in Alabama.

"Wherever I went in the United States, the Negro was low man on the totem pole. But in no state in these United States did I find things as bad as they are here in Alabama. I'm president of the student body and I figured, 'This is the place for a man to start. Right here. Right now.'"

The new generation of Negroes is profoundly moved by the emergence of colored men in Asia and Africa. Their heroes tend to be Africans. In Jackson the field secretary for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People named his son "Kenyatta," after the leader of Mau Mau rebels in Kenya. Students listed as inspirations such men as Kwame Nkrumah, Tom Mboya, Julius Nyerere, and Patrice Lumumba. James Forman, executive secretary of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee did postgraduate work in African studies and says he plans some of his strategy in the South on the pattern of African independence movements.

When students began describing "how I got into the movement" it became apparent that the explosive effect of the Greensboro sit-in in early 1960 was closely related to the news in late 1959 that fourteen West African states would declare their independence from white rule. African leaders—some descended from the same tribes as American Negroes—were addressing the United Nations in clipped British accents acquired at the London School of Economics, or in the mellifluous French of the Sobonne. "I began to realize," said one student in Mississippi, "what a disadvantage it was to be an *American* Negro. We are almost the last colored people in the world to get equal rights with white men."

These young people grew up in the era of television, in which they were deeply impressed by the sight and sound of Negroes in world news. The students in turn produced action recorded by television cameras which, for the first time, sent direct reproduction of racial incidents from the deepest South into homes of both Negroes and whites all over the country.

They have an earnest faith in the power of education to guarantee success in life and to bring salvation to the Negro. Dave Jones, twenty-three, is a student at Tougaloo College, near Jackson, Mississippi, son of a sharecropper, who says he was changed during his first college vacation when a white boy he knew laughingly asked him why a Negro would go to college. "I realized that he thought it was impossible for a Negro to better himself. His laugh made me aggressive. I want to be a biochemist or a doctor, but in Mississippi a Negro has trouble rising. So I'm aggressive. I hate do-gooders, the kind of person who says, 'Oh, I am sorry for you. I will help you.' I hate that. I'm aware of what's expected of me as a man, and I do it. I work late in lab. I'm learning how to speak properly, how to write well. I'm getting rid of the undesirable traits of ghetto living, remaining clean, being concerned with the fine arts, learning to appreciate beauty in life. Moreover, as a Southerner and a college student, I have an obligation to act, to protest, to demand equal rights."

Integration on a 'Yes, But' Basis

These young Negroes take for granted that the old pattern of race relations in the South will be gone in their lifetime and that in the end Negroes and whites will get along better in the South than in the North.

"In the North," said one student leader from the North, "they're all in favor of integration on a 'yes, but' basis. 'Yes, but not now. Yes, but not here. Yes, but not next door.' I'm not saying there's no difference between the North and South, because there's a world of difference.

"But in a way the South is healthier and less frustrating. Both sides know where they stand. The white South says 'No!' We say 'Yes!' It's right out there between us where we can all see it and kick at it in public. I get the feeling that when integration comes in the South it will be with eyes open on both sides, and life down here will be healthier than in the North."

As might be expected, there is a poignant relationship between Negro students and their parents. Students are defensive for their parents with outsiders, but they disapprove of their parents' failure to rebel in their time. Most parents seem to approve the actions of their children. Dr. Arthur D. Gray, president of Talladega College in Alabama, said, "The calls I get from parents are almost all concerned with the effect on grades. The mothers and fathers don't mind that their children are arrested. They worry if they stay in jail and get behind in their studies."

There is some tension between religious leaders and students, since the campus seems to have replaced the Negro church as the center for social action. Students tend to strike the first blow, while ministers join later. Yet religion continues to be a strong thread in the student movemen

Activists Still a Minority

There is even some tension with the N.A.A.C.P., the basic organization for Negro civil rights. Many students expressed sentiments like one in Georgia: "When you ask the N-double-A, 'What can I do personally, right now?' they have no answer." Many students regard the N.A.A.C.P. as stodgy and slow, an ironic opinion considering the accusations of radicalism the N.A.A.C.P. is accustomed to hearing from the white community. On the other hand, the N.A.A.C.P. continues to have the loyalty of most students, who admit that after they dash ahead they often have to ask the N.A.A.C.P. for legal help.

Putting all the Negro civil-rights fighters together—maybe 400,000 in the N.A.A.C.P., another 40,000 in C.O.R.E., 250,000 college students—they are still only a small minority of the country's 19,000,000 Negroes. To be sure, they are the leaders, the activists with hope and a belief that they can improve their lot. But they are still a minority.

Sixty percent of Negro youth are "the children of the ghetto," cramped into city slums, largely undereducated, untrained, unemployed. Like the college students, they are rebelling against things as they are, but the slum kids have no constructive means of expressing their frustrations. They are without hope for their own careers. Whitne Young Jr., executive director of the Urba League, national social-work agency says: "Either this year or next there is great danger of massive teen-age violence by the children of the Negro slums against the outside world."

For such despairing Negroes there is another group that makes fewer headlines in "white"

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papers than the students, but which permeates the slums in large cities. These are the Black Muslims.

Muslims mean business. They pray to Mecca five times daily, they dress soberly, work hard, pay their bills, forbid drinking and smoking, manage their own apartment houses and department stores, and teach in their state-accredited schools that the white race is rotten and the colored races will inherit the earth, including the U.S.A. They teach members not to strike first, but if struck to be prepared to die in retaliation.

For millions of Negroes unable to accept the Muslim theology or puritanical life, the Muslim message still has a powerful, emotional appeal. The influence is strong in every large Northern city and seems to be growing in Southern ones. The group had 100,000 practicing members in 1960; spokesmen said it would have 1,000,000 by the end of this year.

Thus the Negro masses are moving, but in what direction no one can guarantee. The move can be bitter and destructive, like the program of the Muslims. Or it can be channeled into the traditional pattern of protest, reform and ultimate cooperation, on which the students have placed their faith.

Even the agitation of the students, however, causes deep fear and resentment among many whites in the Deep South. A white cab driver in Birmingham told me, "Everyone knows this whole integration business is Communist. The old niggers in town, they don't want no part of it. They like it the way it is. See that old nigger at the stand on the corner? I asked him about it and he said he wanted no part of it. But these younger ones. . . ."

Private Praise From Their Elders

Two hours later I talked to the old man at the corner stand. What did he think of the student campaign? He gave me a long, hard look and said, "I'm with them. The only way our people can move ahead is to stick together."

Thus, if the students seem to be rejected by older Negroes speaking to their white bosses, they are privately praised and supported. If the students rely on dangerous direct action, it is nevertheless significant that they reject personal violence and plan for ultimate peace with the white community.

"It's a race against time," one man put it. "At one end you've got groups like the Muslims saying, 'To hell with the white man.' At the other end you have the student movement saying, 'Stand up for your rights with nonviolence.' I think the students are gaining. If they aren't, then God help us all." **THE END**

Pushing ahead with the voter-registration drive, Robert Moses and girl field workers whom he has trained urge a potential voter in Jackson, Miss., to make an attempt at registering.

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Pigskin Preview '62

For the 23rd year, the *Post* presents its annual selections of the nation's top teams and players for the upcoming college football season.

By FRED RUSSELL

In a number of sectors on the college-football front this year the most conspicuous change is in the identity of the head coach. With ever-widening distribution of football talent it becomes increasingly difficult to win consistently, yet as important as ever to do so.

Successful coaches keep moving up to more enticing jobs and unsuccessful ones keep dropping back. The celebrated switch of Paul Dietzel, lured from L.S.U. by Army, is only one of a score involving major teams.

But this is really just a continuation of something that's been going on for quite a while, and so are most of the other 1962 trends, such as the fusing of different offensive systems. U.C.L.A. and Iowa State, long-time exponents of the single wing, are blending it with the "T".

More coaches now are deploying their most dangerous runner where he is always a threat to carry the ball and can never be discounted as a mere blocker. Some coaches already are adopting the "flip-flop" line technique which Texas utilized so successfully last year in rolling up 291 points. A three-man unit of end-tackle-guard may be on the right side of the center one play, and on the left side the next. "This simplifies our blocking," says coach Darrell Royal. "Every player except the center, quarterback and fullback has only half the usual number of assignments to learn. We actually have played entire games without a single 'busted' blocking assignment."

Alabama, defending national champion, is one of many teams embracing the three-platoon system originated by Paul Dietzel. The eleven best two-way players form the starting lineup, while one relief unit plays only offense and the other only defense. Maryland has nicknamed its three units "M-Squad," "Hustlers" and "Gangbusters."

Game officials are expected to be stricter in calling roughness penalties. In further effort to reduce injuries the rules committee continues its study of equipment, placing particular emphasis on head protectors and face guards.

Recruiters appear to be more heedful of N.C.A.A. regulations since University of Colorado proved that even a winning coach can be fired when rules are broken. After gaining the Big Eight championship and putting a team in the Orange Bowl, Sonny Grandelius was dismissed upon discovery of illegal financial assistance to players, most of it to finance trips home—which was far away for many.

Support is growing for a national or interconference letter of intent, in which high-school athletes would state the college of their choice, and thereafter be forbidden fruit to recruiters from other schools. Recently the three service academies—Army, Navy and Air Force—announced jointly that they no longer will initiate contact with known signers of letters of intent elsewhere.

Among the athletes currently in college, here are my guesses as to the individual standouts of 1962:

LINEMAN OF THE YEAR: BOBBY BELL, MINNESOTA
BACK OF THE YEAR: RAY POAGE, TEXAS
SOPH LINEMAN OF YEAR: DICK MYERS, VIRGINIA
SOPH BACK OF YEAR: CRAIG MORTON, CALIFORNIA

So many colleges get topflight athletes nowadays that this previewer considered himself very fortunate in 1961 to have picked three of the top four and fourteen of the top twenty teams in the country. Wonder if football material ever will be divided so evenly that a prophet might safely forecast a .500 season for every school?

PIGSKIN PREVIEW'S TOP TWENTY TEAMS

1. Ohio State 2. Texas 3. Alabama
4. Michigan State 5. Mississippi
6. Penn State 7. L.S.U.
8. Arkansas 9. Duke 10. Purdue
11. Missouri 12. Syracuse
13. Tennessee 14. Kansas
15. Southern California 16. Minnesota
17. Notre Dame 18. Georgia Tech
19. Washington 20. Clemson

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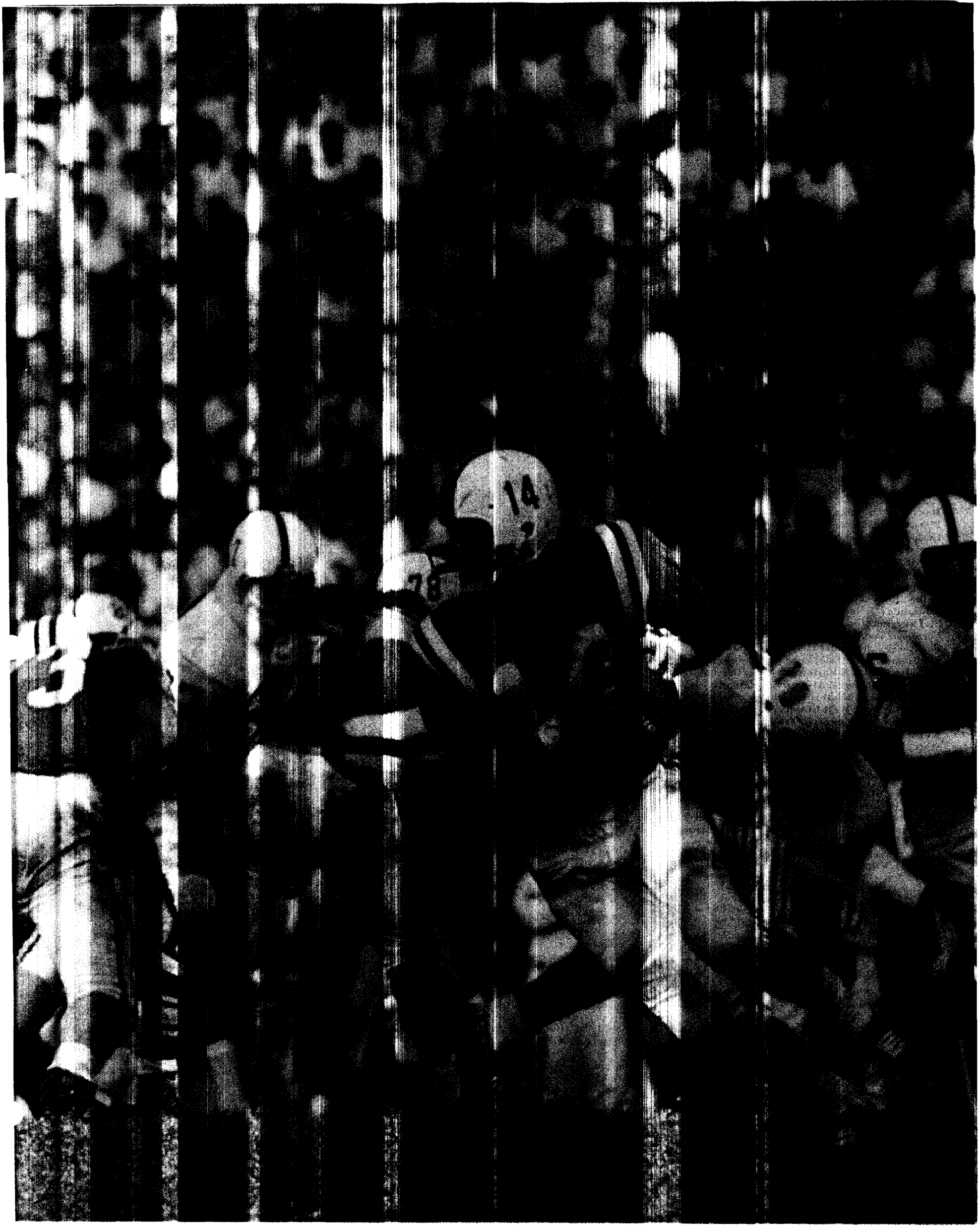

No team can go far these days without a top quarterback. Some have two, such as Maryland, with Dick Shiner (shown above in last year's upset win over Penn State) and Mike Funk. The upset is unlikely to be repeated. Penn State shapes up as the East's strongest eleven.

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EAST

No. 1 Team:	PENN STATE
Runners-Up:	*Syracuse, Army, Navy, Pittsburgh, Holy Cross, Boston College, Villanova, Rutgers, Colgate, Boston U.*
Ivy League Champion:	*Dartmouth*
Runners-Up:	*Princeton, Cornell, Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Brown, Pennsylvania*

BEST OF REST **Delaware, Bucknell, Lehigh, Lafayette, Buffalo, Temple, Albright, Moravian, Gettysburg, Geneva, Hofstra, Lebanon Valley, Pennsylvania Military College, King's Point, Waynesburg, Westminster, St. Vincent, Slippery Rock, West Liberty, Susquehanna, West Chester, East Stroudsburg, Muhlenberg, Grove City, Ursinus, Swarthmore, Lock Haven, Bloomsburg State, Wagner, Western Maryland, Dickinson, Lycoming, California State, Alfred, Hamilton, St. Lawrence, Drexel Tech, Union, Rochester, Johns Hopkins, Franklin and Marshall.**

NEW ENGLAND **Massachusetts, Connecticut, Maine, Williams, Trinity, Tufts, Amherst, Colby, Bowdoin, Southern Connecticut State, American International, Bridgeport, Northeastern, Wesleyan, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Vermont, Norwich, Middlebury, Coast Guard Academy, Worcester Tech, Bates, Springfield.**

EASTERN STARS **_Linemen_—Robinson (e), Penn State; Day (g), Columbia; Testa (t), Navy; Kaltenbach (t), Pittsburgh; Mackey (e), Syracuse; La Tona (c), Boston U.; Ellerson (e), Army; Cioca (g), and Graham (e), Boston College; Johnson (t), Villanova; McKinnon (c), Dartmouth; Schuman (e), Princeton; Evers (t), Delaware; Tyrrell (e), Bucknell; Lites (t), Temple; Kosens (e), Hofstra; Kreider (t), Lebanon Valley; Reily (c), Williams; Maniaci (g), Rochester; Rowlands (c), Susquehanna; Delduchetto (t), St. Lawrence; Contoulis (t), Connecticut; Sequist (g), Vermont; Dooney (g), Wesleyan.**
Backs—McCarthy and Hennessey, Holy Cross; Kochman, Penn State; Leeson, Pittsburgh; Wood, Cornell; Meadows, Boston U.; King, Dartmouth; Thompson, Rutgers; Armstrong, Harvard; Crump, Boston College; M. Brown, Delaware; Keating, Colgate; Iacone, West Chester; Joe, Villanova; Stofa, Buffalo; Szumczyk, Trinity; Eales, Union; W. Brown, St. Lawrence; Kulak, California State; Lussier, Massachusetts; Hallam, Amherst; Deveaux, Tufts; Oshan, Bridgeport.

SOPHOMORES **Mazurek (b), Pittsburgh; Nance (b), Syracuse; Merrill (c), Yale; Roberts (b), Columbia; Curtin (t), Harvard; Iacavazzi (b), Princeton; Yost (b), Penn State; Dick (e), Pennsylvania; Westfield (b), Cornell; Bianco (e), Delaware; Herr (b), Lebanon Valley; Martin (g), Rochester; Pugh (g), Westminster; Aceto (b), Connecticut; E. Smith (t), Maine; Leitz (b), Williams; McPherson (c), Northeastern.**

An unplanned round robin is taking place this year among the East's "big five"—Penn State, Syracuse, Army, Navy and Pittsburgh. Penn State fields the best starting eleven, with a panther-type end, Dave Robinson, and in Roger Kochman, the school's sharpest runner since Lenny Moore. Carry-over momentum from last season's rousing finish makes another seven-three record and bowl-game invitation attainable if the reserves bloom early.

Syracuse lost its entire backfield, including Heisman Trophy winner Ernie Davis, but its defense, featuring senior end John Mackey, packs a wallop. Rebuilding Army will get its lumps early in the campaign, then arise and beat Navy for the first time since 1958. The Middies return twenty-five of 1961's top thirty-three players, among them strong tackle Ron Testa, but will miss kicker Greg Mather's eleven field goals. Pittsburgh, well fixed at ends and tackles, still worries about developing a consistent air game.

Holy Cross double-features quarterback Pat McCarthy, No. 2 in the nation in total offense last year, and Tom Hennessey, who runs so fast he's called "The Blur." Boston College's new coach, Jim Miller, inherited thirty-four lettermen—the most at any college.

Sun Bowl champion Villanova again relies on defense. Rutgers rides a twelve-game winning streak with a rebuilt backfield. Hal Lahar, back at Colgate after a five-year sojourn coaching Houston, hitches his offense to runner-passer Danny Keating. Boston U. hopes finesse will offset its shortage of power.

A proficent center-quarterback duo, Don McKinnon and Billy King, is Dartmouth's key to outscoring Ivy League rivals. Good guards and tackles fortify Princeton. Backfield ace Gary Wood makes Cornell dangerous. Improved Harvard has its most exciting touchdown potential in twenty years.

The other defending cochampion, Columbia, sags from the loss of nine starters. Yale captain Henry Higdon heads a competent halfback contingent, but sophomores must bolster other positions. Brown, doubtful at quarterback, and Pennsylvania, trying to develop a thrower, again lack scoring punch.

Before next year the Ivy League may modify its prohibition of spring practice, to the extent of permitting freshmen and sophomores to participate. Football-minded Ivy alumni long have felt that the spring-practice ban was the most unjustifiable feature of their schools' program for keeping the sport within bounds.

Delaware, with "two first-string backfields," eyes the Middle Atlantic championship. Both Bucknell and Lehigh are exceptionally strong at ends. Keep an eye on Buffalo as one of the East's fastest comers.

Trinity's thirty-first consecutive season under Coach Dan Jessee might become an all-victorious one if the Bantams beat Williams in their opening game.

MIDDLE WEST

Big Ten Champion:	OHIO STATE
Runners-Up:	*Michigan State, Purdue, Minnesota*
Above Average:	*Michigan, Iowa, Wisconsin, Northwestern, Indiana, Illinois*
No. 1 Independent:	*Notre Dame*

BEST OF REST **Detroit, Miami U., Bowling Green, Xavier, Ohio U., Toledo, Western Michigan, Marshall, Baldwin-Wallace, Wittenberg, Akron, Kent State, Otterbein, Capital, Muskingum, Heidelberg, Ohio Wesleyan, Butler, Southern Illinois, Denison, Wooster, Bradley, Northern Michigan, John Carroll, Allegheny, Western Reserve, Wayne State, Wheaton, Albion, Hillsdale, Olivet, Western Illinois, Valparaiso, DePauw, St. Joseph's, Wabash, Indiana State, Ball State, Northern Illinois, Evansville, Case Tech, St. Olaf, Coe, Millikin, Cornell, Grinnell, Lawrence, Carleton.**

MIDDLE WEST STARS **_Linemen_—Behrman (g), Michigan State; Bell (t), Minnesota; Richter (e) and Bowman (c), Wisconsin; Cvercko (g), Northwestern; Sanders (t) and Vogel (t), Ohio State; Minko (g), Michigan; Brumm (t), Purdue; Nomina (t), Miami U.; Holder (c), Indiana; Deller (g), Illinois; Lower (e), Detroit; Lehmann (g), Notre Dame; Reynolds (t), Bowling Green; Worden (e), Wittenberg; Grimm (t), Butler; Schulz (t), Ohio U.; Allen (g), Bradley; Emerick (g), Western Michigan.**
Backs—Warfield and Klein, Ohio State; Lind and Lamonica, Notre Dame; Raimey and Glinka, Michigan; Gross, Detroit; Saimes, Michigan State; Ferguson and Szykowny, Iowa; Munsey, Minnesota; DiGravio, Purdue; Woodson, Indiana; Swingle, Illinois; Nettles, Wisconsin; Timura, Dayton; Deo, Akron; Baker, Toledo; Gould, Albion; Tracy, Allegheny; Weir, DePauw; Goldman, Grinnell.

SOPHOMORES **Myers (b), Northwestern; Hogan (b) and Nicola (c), Notre Dame; Spahr (e) and Thomas (b), Ohio State; Marchlewski (c), Minnesota; Fugate (b) and Pappas (g), Purdue; Henderson (e) and Timberlake (b), Michigan; Butkus (c), Illinois; Reichardt (b), Wisconsin; Nowatzke (b), Indiana; Henze (t), Detroit; Kellerman (b), Miami U.; Schwab (t), Dayton.**

Ohio State possesses the tremendous attacking force to go unbeaten a second straight year, even if its defense slips a bit. Superior line blocking, led by tackle Bo Sanders and guard Rod Foster, will open big holes for one of the fastest-ever Buckeye backfields. Paul Warfield and Bob Klein are clever runners, and fullback Dave Katterhenrich grades high as a pounding replacement for All-American Bob Ferguson. Halfbacks have been shifted to bolster the end corps.

Last year, with a record of eight victories and one tie, the Buckeyes were invited to the Rose Bowl but had to decline because the university's faculty council voted against the proposal, 28–25. Should the team win the Big Ten again and qualify for another bid this season, it definitely will be accepted; some of the profs who voted in the negative in 1961 have since been converted.

Less deep in manpower than the Buckeyes is Michigan State, which won't enjoy the luxury of platooning the early part of the season. But there are some exceptional two-way operators, such as giant lineman Dave Behrman, who plays guard, center and tackle equally well. And the three big games—Michigan, Minnesota, Purdue—are at home. Purdue must replace five key linemen who helped establish the best defensive record in the Big Ten as the Boilermakers came within seven points of an unbeaten 1961 season; all the veteran ball carriers and pinpoint passer Ron DiGravio return. Minnesota, searching for a quarterback successor to invaluable Sandy Stephens, puts more ground-gaining responsibility on durable halfback Bill Munsey and rebuilds its forward wall around excellent tackles Bobby Bell and Carl Eller.

If college teams were permitted to trade players, Michigan would be inclined to swap two of its five good quarterbacks for help at fullback; there are also line problems, some of which sophomores may solve before the Wolverines' seven straight Big Ten games. Injury-hounded Iowa's offense is energized by the return of brilliant 1960 halfback Larry Ferguson, but line resources were further depleted by the death of end Jim Helgens in a summer auto wreck. Wisconsin needs an effective passer to replace Ron Miller as battery mate for towering end Pat Richter, who caught forty-seven passes for 817 yards and eight touchdowns last year; also missed by the Badgers is Jim Bakken, whose booming punts the past two seasons averaged 41.3 yards.

Northwestern's flanker-T offense probably will be directed by a sophomore, Tom Myers; up front the biggest boost is the return of outstanding guard Jack Cverke, sidelined for the 1961 season by an opening-game injury. Indiana, stronger in the middle and planning to run more, nevertheless may go a third straight year without winning a Big Ten game. Illinois looks to its huge line, averaging 228 pounds per man, and also to more halfback speed and better passing to break a ten-game losing streak before it becomes nineteen straight.

PIGSKIN PREVIEW finds Notre Dame the most difficult to evaluate of all the 616 college teams. Predominantly a senior-junior squad, its won-lost record could range from seven-three to three-seven. The backfield may surpass any Irish unit since 1954 if the halfbacks continue to develop; fullback is strong with Mike Lind, Gerry Gray and Jim Snowden; and both Daryle Lamonica and Frank Budka measure up at quarterback. Big question is inexperience at tackle, which may prove especially costly in the first two games—against Oklahoma and Purdue.

Ambitious Detroit, under new coach John Idzik, believes it has the nation's most productive passing attack when quarterback Jerry Gross is throwing the football. At least four opposing teams provide stiff tests of Gross's ability—and Detroit's bowl chances. The Mid-American Conference race is a toss-up between Miami U., with a splendid tackle in 265-pound senior Tom Nomina; Bowling Green, whose coach Doyt Perry's record the past seven years is fifty-three victories, seven losses and four ties; and Ohio U., which last year threw ninety-eight passes and had only one intercepted, for what football statisticians call "a miracle in theft avoidance."

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SOUTH

Atlantic Coast Conference Champion:	DUKE
Runners-Up:	*Clemson, Maryland, North Carolina, Wake Forest, South Carolina, Virginia, N. C. State*
Southern Conference Champion:	*West Virginia*
Runners-Up:	*V.M.I., Virginia Tech, Richmond, George Washington, Citadel, Furman, William and Mary, Davidson*

BEST OF REST Wofford, Lenoir Rhyne, Presbyterian, East Carolina, Appalachian State, Elon, Newberry, Western Carolina, Washington and Lee, Emory and Henry, Hampden-Sydney, Catawba, Randolph-Macon, Guilford, Concord, North Carolina College, North Carolina A. & T., Maryland State.

SOUTHERN STARS *Linemen*—Craver (c), North Carolina; Gregory (t) and Berry (g), Duke; Shoals (t), Maryland; Moss (t) and Caskey (e), South Carolina; Wilder (t), N. C. State; Egge (c), Wake Forest; Graham (t), Virginia; Reeder (e), V.M.I.; Soleau (g), William and Mary; Breen (t), Virginia Tech; Hilton (e), Richmond; Hill (t) and Monti (t), Furman; Brendle (e), Citadel.
Backs—Rappold, Garner, Leggett and Wilkinson, Duke; J. Parker and Lam, Clemson; Shiner and Brown, Maryland; Marslender, North Carolina; Gambrell, South Carolina; Scarpati, N. C. State; Drummond, George Washington; Moss and Holton, West Virginia; Rideout, Richmond; Beale, V.M.I.; Roma, Wofford.

SOPHOMORES Jackson (b) and Willard (c), North Carolina; Myers (t), Virginia; Brawley (g) and Brandewiede (b), Wake Forest; Reeves (b), South Carolina; Bunton (c), Clemson; Drulis (e) and Odom (b), Duke; S. Parker (t), N. C. State; Clegg (e), West Virginia; Snead (b), V.M.I.; K. Stoudt (b), Richmond; Street (b), Citadel; Bryant (g), Emory and Henry.

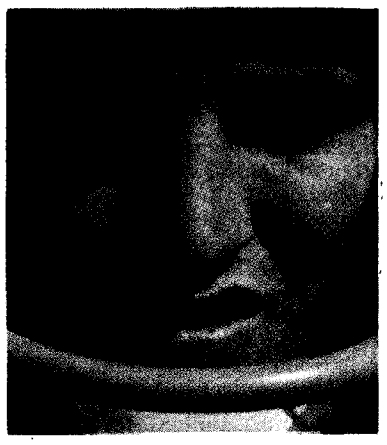
From Maryland to the Carolinas there's a concentration of top-notch quarterbacks. "Won't be many teams in the nation with two as good as our Jim Parker and Joe Anderson," says Clemson coach Frank Howard. Duke prefers its pair of veterans, Walt Rappold and Gil Garner. Maryland extols Dick Shiner and Mike Funk. But most of the other Atlantic Coast Conference teams have serious quarterback problems and little chance at the championship.

The title probably will be decided October 20 when senior-loaded Duke pits its extraordinary speed and depth against Clemson, also fast but not as explosive. Maryland, strong at tackles but missing All-American end Gary Collins, plays Duke and Clemson on successive November Saturdays—just after battling Penn State.

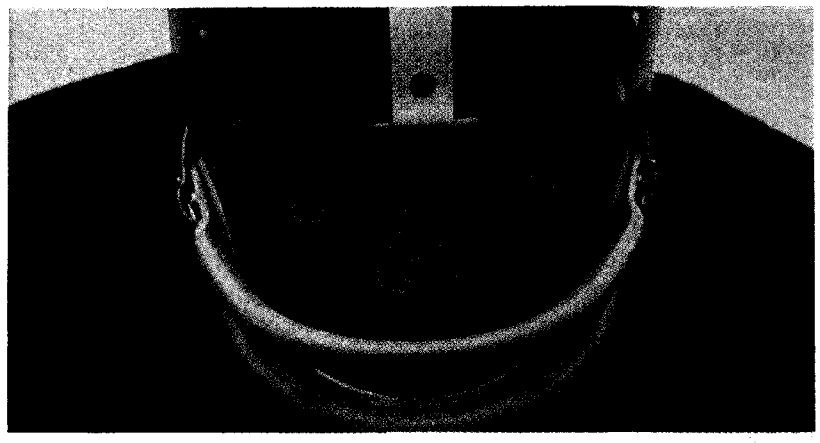
North Carolina, with a big line, relies on consistent punting and a bevy of breakaway runners, including dazzling rookie Ronnie Jackson. Wake Forest returns only four 1961 regulars, plus a dependable field-goal kicker, Mickey Walker. South Carolina has experienced hands everywhere but at quarterback, where eighteen-year-old Dan Reeves gets a quick test. High-spirited Virginia under coach Bill Elias could win five games for its best season since 1952. North Carolina State adjusts to the absence of runner-passer Roman Gabriel, fifty percent of the team's offense the past two years.

Despite quarterback Fred Colvard's withdrawal from school, West Virginia's comeback continues. Light V.M.I. exploits speed and end Ken Reeder's sure-handed pass grabbing. Virginia Tech has only two seniors on the entire squad, but envisions a capable first eleven. Richmond's hopes rest on quarterback Mel Rideout, already drafted by the pros. George Washington's big man is halfback Dick Drummond. The Citadel has only one starter from its 1961 champions, guard Gene Dice. Furman boasts fine tackles. Davidson returns ten first-stringers. William and Mary tries to improve on a one-nine record.

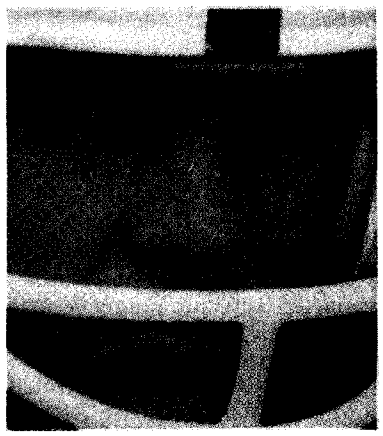
Pigskin Preview's 1962 All-American Team



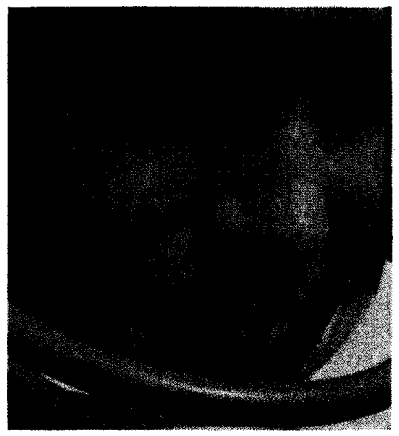
George Mira
Back, Miami



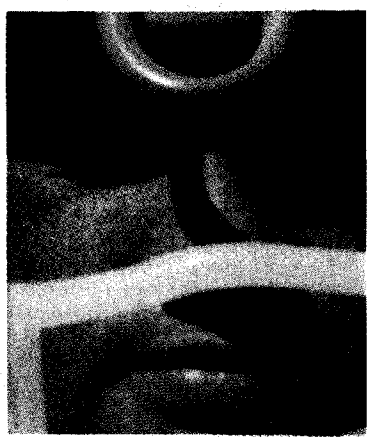
Lee Roy Jordan
Center, Alabama



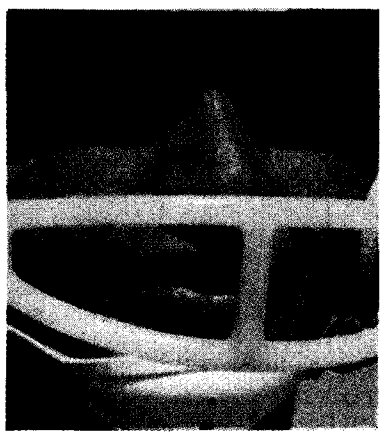
Ray Poage
Back, Texas



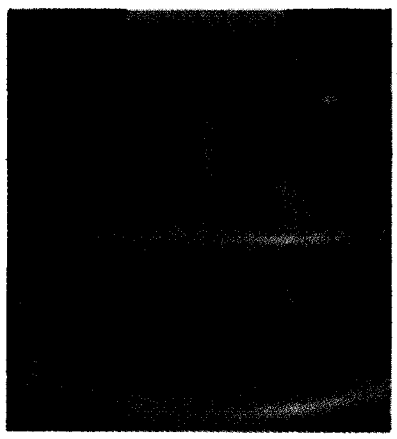
Dave Watson
Guard, Georgia Tech



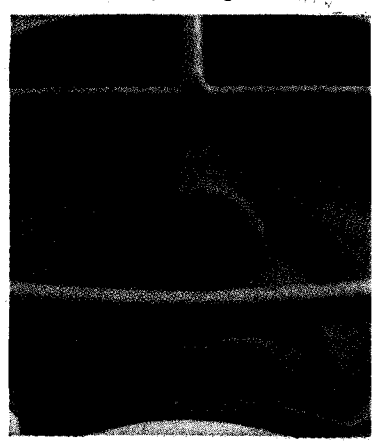
Dave Behrman
Guard, Michigan State



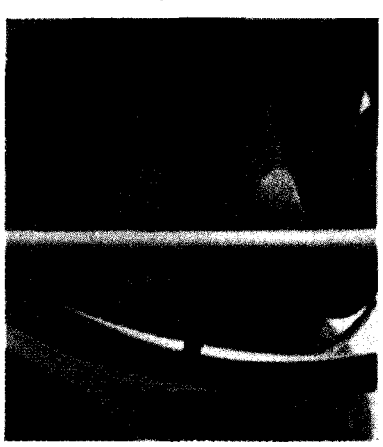
Dave Hoppmann
Back, Iowa State



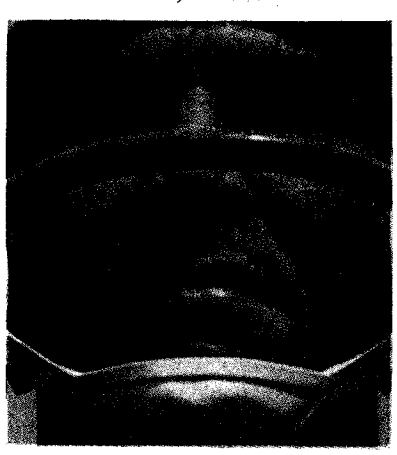
Bobby Bell
Tackle, Minnesota



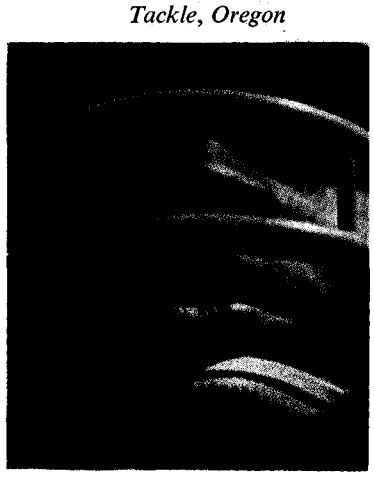
Steve Barnett
Tackle, Oregon



Jerry Stovall
Back, L.S.U.



Pat Richter
End, Wisconsin



Dave Robinson
End, Penn State

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SOUTHEAST

Southeastern Conference Champion:	ALABAMA
Runners-Up:	*Mississippi, L.S.U., Tennessee*
Above Average:	*Georgia Tech, Auburn, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Vanderbilt, Mississippi State, Tulane*
No. 1 Independent:	*Miami*

BEST OF REST **Memphis State, Southern Mississippi, Florida State, Louisville, Chattanooga, Middle Tennessee State, Tennessee Tech, Northwestern Louisiana, McNeese State, Louisiana Tech, Eastern Kentucky, Western Kentucky, Howard, Southeastern Louisiana, Tampa, Florida A. & M., Delta State, Northeast Louisiana State, Murray State, Southwestern Louisiana, Morehead State, Florence State, U.T. Martin, Jacksonville State, Austin Peay State, East Tennessee State, Mississippi College, Carson-Newman, Maryville, Sewanee, Alabama A. & M., Tennessee State.**

SOUTHEASTERN STARS *Linemen*—**Jordan (c), Alabama; Dunaway (t), Mississippi; Hutchinson (e), Kentucky; D. Watson (g), Georgia Tech; Baker (e), Mississippi State; Estes (t), L.S.U.; Babb (e), Georgia; Colquette (t), Tulane; Evey (t), Tennessee; Hays (c), Southern Mississippi; Kortas (t), Louisville; Farmer (g), Chattanooga; Williamson (c), Louisiana Tech; McDowell (g), Florida State; Dykes (e), Middle Tennessee State.**
Backs—**Stovall, L.S.U.; Mira, Miami; Faircloth, Tennessee; Griffing, Mississippi; Rakestraw, Georgia; Woolum, Kentucky; Fracchia, Alabama; Libertore and Skelly, Florida; Lesesne, Vanderbilt; Furlow, Mississippi State; Casinelli, Memphis State; Kinderman, Florida State; Hayes, Florida A. & M.; Shaeffer, Tennessee Tech; Pope, Middle Tennessee State.**

SOPHOMORES **Sidle (b) and Frederickson (b), Auburn; DeLong (g), Tennessee; Dupree (b), Florida; Namath (b) and Ogden (b), Alabama; Brown (e) and Jennings (b), Mississippi; P. Watson (g), Mississippi State; Morris (e), Georgia Tech; Screen (b) and LeBlanc (b), L.S.U.; Clark (g), Kentucky; Lankewicz (b), Georgia; Gaudet (g), Vanderbilt; Cortez (b), Tulane.**

The same three Southeastern Conference teams which finished in the nation's top five last year—Alabama, L.S.U., Mississippi—could do it again, but a better bet is that five conference teams will wind up in bowl games. The league's upper half is that good.

Alabama remains potent; sophomores Joe Namath and Ray Ogden stimulate the touchdown tempo, and stellar linebacker Lee Roy Jordan commands a defense which has allowed only four goal-line crossings in the past fourteen games. Quick-hitting Mississippi maintains enough run-pass balance for a seven-two record at worst. L.S.U.'s new head coach, Charlie McClendon, admits every position is stronger except guard. Superb tailback Mallon Faircloth behind an improved line makes Tennessee a menacing dark horse.

Georgia Tech has a powerful first-string line and, says Bobby Dodd, "the finest backfield material I've ever coached." Auburn is short on tested centers and guards. Florida's twelve experienced runners welcome improved blocking up front. Georgia moves up on Larry Rakestraw's passing. In the S.E.C. he's rated second only to Kentucky's expert gunner, Jerry Woolum, one of forty-nine Wildcats to survive new coach Charlie Bradshaw's spring housecleaning.

Vanderbilt's experienced backs include Hank Lesesne, college football's No. 2 punter last year; Nick Spiak, a 275-pound tackle transfer, shores up the line. At Mississippi State, junior-college graduates and sophomores hearten new coach Paul Davis. Tulane's new staff, headed by Tommy O'Boyle, adds the "lonely end" formation.

Strong-armed George Mira, tutored by pro master passer Johnny Unitas, is Miami's meal ticket through ten tough games. Memphis State, University of Southern Mississippi and Florida State are other tough independents.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN

Western Athletic Conference Champion:	WYOMING
Runners-Up:	*Arizona, Utah, New Mexico, Brigham Young*
No. 1 Independent:	*Utah State*
Runners-Up:	*Arizona State, Air Force Academy, Colorado State U., Idaho, Idaho State, Montana State, Montana*
Rocky Mountain Conference:	*Adams State, Western State, Colorado Mines, Colorado State, Colorado College*

ROCKY MOUNTAIN STARS *Linemen*—**Breinig (g), Arizona; Costa (t) and Fleming (e), Utah; Levine (g), Wyoming; Aldridge (e), Utah State; Locke (e), Arizona State; Bouyer (g) and Heard (e), New Mexico; Sicks (c), Air Force Academy; Brady (c), Brigham Young; Aizawa (g), Idaho State; Ames (c), Idaho; Jaynes (c), Colorado Mines.**
Backs—**Walker, Wyoming; Santiago and Cromartie, New Mexico; Isaacson, Air Force Academy; Kenley, Arizona; Taylor, Arizona State; Cagaanan, Utah State; Loehr, Idaho State.**

SOPHOMORES **Campbell (b), Utah State; Tollstam (b), Air Force Academy; Tvrdik (t), New Mexico; Marion (b), Wyoming; Fortie (b), Brigham Young; Allen (b), Utah; Carr (b), Arizona State; Garner (t), Idaho State; Roby (t), Adams State.**

Out where the football map is changing, the quality of play goes up, up, up. The Western Athletic Conference, a combination of former Skyline and Border Conference teams, inaugurates a new era of competition. Wyoming, with twenty-four lettermen and a new coach, Lloyd Eaton, gets a ready challenge from enterprising Arizona. Well-stocked Utah is especially deep at tackles and quarterback. New Mexico, a strong finisher last season, again has the runners. Brigham Young resurrects the "short punt" formation. Arizona State doesn't play enough league games to earn the title.

Utah State, ranked No. 10 in the nation last season, retains some battering backs. Air Force Academy looks to sophomores at vital posts.

MISSOURI VALLEY

Big Eight Champion:	MISSOURI
Runners-Up:	*Nebraska, Oklahoma, Kansas, Iowa State, Colorado, Oklahoma State, Kansas State*
Missouri Valley Conference Champion:	*Wichita*
Runners-Up:	*Cincinnati, North Texas State, Tulsa*

BEST OF REST **Drake, Northeast Missouri, Southwest Missouri, South Dakota State, Iowa State College, Augustana, North Dakota, Emporia State, South Dakota, Parsons, St. Mary's, Missouri Valley, William Jewell, Pittsburg State, Omaha, Baker, Central Oklahoma, Langston, Northern State, Huron, Luther.**

MISSOURI VALLEY STARS *Linemen*—**Reed (g), Tulsa; Hitchler (e) and Hertz (g), Missouri; Cross (g) and Lee (c), Oklahoma; Voss (t), Nebraska; Blair (e), Colorado; Schreiber (e), Iowa State; Elder (e), Kansas State; Wright (g), Wichita; Simmons (g), Cincinnati; Housman (t), Missouri Valley.**
Backs—**Hoppmann, Iowa State; Thornton and Claridge, Nebraska; Russell and Tobin, Missouri; Coleman and McFarland, Kansas; Mavity, Colorado; Zyskowski, Wichita; Smith, North Texas State; Boone, Tulsa.**

SOPHOMORES **Roland (b), Missouri; Sayers (b), Kansas; Taylor (t) and Vaughn (b), Iowa State; Condren (e) and Pannell (b), Oklahoma; McCloughan (b), Nebraska; Hollis (b), Oklahoma State; Dusenbery (b), Kansas State; Gibbons (e), Tulsa; Nelson (b) Cincinnati.**

Remember when they used to lampoon the Big Eight as "Oklahoma and the Seven Dwarfs"? Now there's a new champion every year, with 1962 tilting slightly toward Missouri. From tackle to tackle, tested reserves move up, and in the Mizzou backfield, rarin'-to-go sophomores augment a hardy crew headed by all-purpose fullback Andy Russell.

Nebraska, now coached by Bob Devaney from Wyoming, could get a piece of the title; or Oklahoma, young again and getting hungry; or up-and-coming Iowa State, with a remodeled offense but the same deft doer, Dave Hoppmann. His 1638 yards gained last year represented 77.3 percent of Iowa State's forward movement.

Ineligibilities ripped Colorado; former alumni director Bud Davis, chosen as the new coach, has only two 1961 starters. Oklahoma State's line is lighter but more agile. Kansas State hopes passing will quicken its scoring.

Experienced quarterbacks boost Wichita's chances for a third straight Missouri Valley Conference crown. Cincinnati could surprise if its sophomores develop. Indestructible guard Ken Reed spearheads Tulsa's rugged line.

Bobby Lisa, defending small-college rushing champion, rambles again for St. Mary's (Dodge City, Kansas).

SOUTHWEST

Southwest Conference Champion:	TEXAS
Runners-up:	*Arkansas, Rice, T.C.U., Baylor*
Above Average:	*Texas A. & M., Texas Tech, Houston, S.M.U., West Texas State, New Mexico State, Texas Western, Hardin-Simmons*

BEST OF REST **Sam Houston State, Texas A. & I., Arlington State, Lamar Tech, East Texas State, McMurry, Abilene Christian, Southwest Texas State, Trinity, Howard Payne, Sul Ross State, Arkansas Tech, Arkansas State, Southern State, Ouachita, Jackson State, Grambling, Texas Southern, Southern U.**

SOUTHWEST STARS *Linemen*—**Schoenke (t), S.M.U.; Raesz (e), Rice; Lucas (e) and Appleton (t), Texas; John (e) and Brabham (t), Arkansas; Hopkins (c), Texas A. & M.; Burk (g), Baylor; Nikirk (t), Houston; Parks (e), Texas Tech; Hernandez (t), Texas Western; English (e), Sul Ross State; King (g), Lamar Tech; Rowe (c), Ouachita; Simon (c), Southern U.; Buchanan (t), Grambling.**
Backs—**Poage and Cook, Texas; Gibbs, T.C.U.; Goodwin, Baylor; Moore and Moody, Arkansas; Brezina, Houston; Cox, Rice; Byer, Texas A. & M.; Hunt, Texas Tech; Pedro, West Texas State; Pilot, New Mexico State; Blanks, Texas A. & I.; McKnight, Abilene Christian; Davis, McMurry.**

SOPHOMORES **Koy (b), Texas; Simmons (t), Texas A. & M.; Gray (b), Arkansas; Walker (c) and Wayt (b), Rice; Henson (c) and Bulaich (b), T.C.U.; Davies (b), Baylor; Willis (c), Texas Tech; Knee (t), S.M.U.; Swedlund (g), Texas A. & I.; Lex (b), Sul Ross State.**

At mighty Texas the first team rarely gets to play in the fourth quarter. By then the Longhorns usually have a big lead, and coach Darrell Royal isn't one to pour it on. Nevertheless, the 1961 bunch set a new league rushing mark of 2858 yards and tied a school record by throwing eleven touchdown passes. Texas could do what it barely missed doing last year—win 'em all.

Arkansas depends on a stunting, slanting, buzz-saw defense to offset a below-par offense; its halfbacks are green. Rice returns only twelve lettermen but has some crackerjack sophomores. T.C.U.'s running must improve to exploit fully its giant air arm, quarterback Sonny Gibbs. Baylor coach John Bridgers says, "We could have the best passing team in the conference." But the injury-prone Bears are shallow at some line posts.

Upset-minded Texas A. & M., under new coach Hank Foldberg, generates striking power inside tackles. Texas Tech retains eighteen of last

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year's top twenty-two players. Former Arkansas assistant Hayden Fry takes over S.M.U. in its worst-ever slump, pitting his positive thinking against the imminence of at least seven defeats. Houston has more speed than size, causing new coach Bill Yeoman to develop an "outside" attack. West Texas State's Pete Pedro, who led the nation with twenty-two touchdowns last year, tangles head-on October 20 with New Mexico State's equally phenomenal junior, "Preacher" Pilot, who led in rushing (1278 yards) and scoring (138 points). Both Texas Western and Hardin-Simmons try brand-new coaching staffs.

One of 1962's unusual sights is East Texas State's tackle-guard twins, Ted and Fred Polser, each six feet, five inches tall and weighing 225 pounds.

PACIFIC COAST

Big Six Champion:	**SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA**
Runners-Up:	*Washington, U.C.L.A.*
No. 1 Independent:	*Oregon*
Above Average:	*Stanford, Oregon State, California, Washington State*

BEST OF REST **Fresno State, San Jose State, Pacific, Long Beach State, Los Angeles State, San Diego State, San Francisco State, California Aggies, Nevada, California Poly (Pomona), Whitworth, Humboldt State, Central Washington, Chico State, Linfield, Lewis and Clark, Willamette, Santa Barbara, Occidental, Whittier, Sacramento State.**

PACIFIC COAST STARS ***Linemen*—Barnett (t), Oregon; Campbell (e), Washington State; Mansfield (c) and Scheyer (t), Washington; Bedsole (e), Southern California; Profit (e), U.C.L.A.; Hildebrand (t), Stanford; Burke (e), Oregon State; Murio (e), Whitworth; Day (t), Fresno State; Gamble (g), Pacific; Robers (e), Humboldt State.** ***Backs*—Baker, Oregon State; Mitchell, Washington; Renfro, Oregon; Wilson and Beathard, Southern California; Gold and Nelson, California; Alexander and Haffner, U.C.L.A.; Reed, Washington State; Carter, Fresno State; Johnson, San Jose State; Valois, San Francisco State.**

SOPHOMORES **Morton (b) California; Hill (e) and Thomas (e), Southern California; Douglas (b) and Redman (g), Washington; Howard (e) and Ragsdale (b), Stanford; Zeno (b), U.C.L.A.**

For the first time since 1954, everything could come up roses for Southern California. The Trojans abound in proven offensive playmakers, plus several promising junior-college transfers, and any concern about the interior line isn't so serious as Washington's quarterback situation. The Huskies, solid at every other position and with established headliners in center Ray Mansfield and halfback Charlie Mitchell, must entrust the field generalship to fledglings. U.C.L.A. has lost ten of its 1961 starters, but twenty-three lettermen return and the first game isn't until October 6. The extra time helps in a transition to the T-formation, one purpose of which is to enable the Bruins to get their best passer and best runner in the game together.

Stanford expects a stouter line and added backfield speed, but anything better than a five-five record is unlikely. California's squad is 65 percent sophomore; exciting quarterback Craig Morton looks like a '63 or '64 All-American if he stays eligible. Washington State, admitted in June as the sixth member of the Athletic Association of Western Universities, exhibits the champion collegiate pass receiver, senior end Hugh Campbell. He topped the nation with sixty-six catches in 1960, fifty-three in 1961 and is only thirteen short of the all-time career record.

Oregon plays the severest intersectional schedule in its history with a seasoned, hefty line bulwarked by a "play-any-position" veteran, Steve Barnett, and a swift backfield featuring track sprinter Mel Renfro. Oregon State's mainspring is triple-threat Terry Baker, All-Pacific quarterback the past two years. **THE END**

Undefeated but tied last year, Ohio State is favored for the national title this season, despite graduation of Bob Ferguson, seen here driving for yardage against Iowa in 1961.

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President Kennedy Casts a Movie

By BILL DAVIDSON

At exactly 9:58 P.M. last April third, the telephone rang with strident persistence in the Hollywood apartment of movie actor Cliff Robertson. Robertson, a talented performer who had kicked around the boondocks of his profession for so long that he referred to himself as "the Archie Moore of acting," had had an exhausting day on the set of *My Six Loves*—and he was already asleep and dreaming of a Debbie Reynolds-less film world. The ringing phone punctured this pleasant fantasy, and when he answered he recognized the voice of his agent, Arthur Park.

Park said, "I'm sorry I woke you, Cliff, but you've got to be at Warner Brothers first thing in the morning."

Robertson said, "No, you're confused. I'm working at Paramount, with America's dear Debbie Reynolds."

Park said, "I know, but it's been arranged for Paramount to shoot without you tomorrow. You've *got* to be at Warner Brothers."

Robertson retorted, with some heat, "What do you mean, I've *got* to?"

Park replied, "You've been asked to test for the part of President Kennedy in *PT-109*."

Robertson gulped. "You're absolutely right," he said. "I've got to be at Warner Brothers first thing in the morning."

That was the beginning of Robertson's involvement in one of the most bizarre cloak-and-dagger situations in movie history. When he arrived for the test the next morning, Robertson met a pleasant man named Alvin Cluster. Being smarter than most actors, Robertson had read the Robert Donovan book, *PT-109*, and he mused aloud to Lewis Milestone, then director of the film: "Cluster, Cluster. Wasn't that the name of the commanding officer of President Kennedy's PT-boat squadron in World War Two?"

Milestone replied, "Forget about him and let's make the test."

"Thirty-eight, Tired and Beat-up"

Robertson made the test, a four-minute scene, with an actor named Lew Gallo. Then he went back to work at Paramount and forgot about the experience. As he told me, "I'd done a lot of movies and they were all bad. This was another test to me—I had made dozens of them. Besides, I couldn't figure out why they would want me to play the President as a twenty-six-year-old naval officer. I'm thirty-eight and tired and beat-up."

What Robertson didn't know was that the film of his screen test had been processed quickly and delivered to the mysterious Alvin Cluster, who indeed had been President Kennedy's commanding officer in the Solomon Islands. Then a lieutenant, he had skippered Motor Torpedo Boat Squadron 2, one of whose vessels was PT-109, and he had remained a close friend of the President. Cluster, who retired from the Navy in 1947, is presently marketing manager of a firm in Chatsworth, California, which makes components for aircraft, missiles and space vehicles. For some time prior to Cliff Robertson's screen test he had been assisting Warner Brothers as a sort of ex-officio technical adviser on the film *PT-109*.

The night after Robertson had been tested Cluster took the can of film, plus another test film of Jeffrey Hunter, and flew to Washington. Immediately upon his arrival he taxied to the White House and was admitted to the office of Pierre Salinger, presidential press secretary. Salinger viewed both tests. Then the President came into the White House projection room to look at them.

Two days later Robertson's picture was all over the New York papers, side by side with President Kennedy's. The next day, Sunday, his agent, Arthur Park, officially informed him that he had won the coveted role.

No Parking-Lot Attendant for JFK

On Wednesday, Robertson got a call from Alvin Cluster. "There's only one thing," said Cluster. "The President would like you to make your hair a little lighter and part it on the left side, as he does."

Robertson asked, "But why did the President choose me?"

Cluster sighed. "If you only knew how many midnight trips I made to Washington with cans of film under my arm!" he said. "We tested Peter Fonda, Roger Smith, Edd 'Kookie' Byrnes and I don't know how many others. The President approved you not only because you're a fine actor but because you're young-looking, and yet mature enough so that the world won't get the idea that he's being played by a parking-lot attendant or something."

So ended a talent hunt that involved not only the White House but other Government agencies too. Pierre Salinger told me, "I want to make it clear that the White House has not gone into the movie business. But we did have an unprecedented situation here. When we learned that Warner Brothers was making *PT-109*, we asked for the normal courtesy that the President be allowed to approve the man chosen to portray him—especially since the picture would be shown overseas and could disseminate an image that might be very bad for the United States if it were not handled with dignity. So I formed a committee of myself and experts from the U.S. Information Agency and we passed on all of Warner Brothers' selections—with the President, of course, having the final word. Under this arrangement we looked at five or six tests. The interesting thing is that the President not only liked Cliff Robertson but he told Al Cluster he was delighted with Lew Gallo, the actor who made the test with Robertson, and now Gallo is playing a part in the picture too. That was the extent of our involvement."

Salinger showed me a letter he had written at the request of the President to Secretary of the Navy Fred Korth, which read, in part:

Dear Mr. Secretary:

Warner Brothers will soon begin filming the movie *PT-109* based on the life of the President. The Navy is being asked to cooperate in the filming of this book. The White House has no objection to the Navy's participation, but we want to make it very clear that the Navy should not extend a single bit more cooperation to do this movie than it would to any movie in which it determined that the interests of the Navy as a fighting service were involved.

This letter has resulted in phenomenally minimal cooperation between the Navy and the *PT-109* production. To replace civilian volunteer Cluster as permanent technical adviser the Navy has assigned Capt. J. E. Gibson, who commanded Motor Torpedo Boat Squadron 10 in the Solomons in World War II. Apart from that, Warner Brothers has been more or less on its own. It got no PT boats from the Navy; instead it had to acquire five vessels which civilians had bought and converted into pleasure craft. The boats had to be reconverted, in a Miami shipyard, to look like wartime PT's.

In addition the film company has been denied the free use of active-duty sailors and marines, in contrast to the international army and armada provided when Darryl Zanuck shot *The Longest Day*.

I recently visited hot, steaming Munson Island in the Florida Keys, where *PT-109* is being filmed, to observe this minimum Navy cooperation at first hand, and to meet Cliff Robertson, still in a state of shock at becoming the first actor ever cast in a movie by the White House. The tall, lean, green-eyed Californian told me, "I still can't believe that this could happen to me. I don't know the President, I'm not even a member of the Frank Sinatra Clan in Hollywood, and I didn't even know Peter Lawford until after I got the part. In fact, the closest I ever came to those circles was in 1960, during the Democratic Convention. I was pulling my daughter, Stephanie, who was then a year and a half old, in a little red wagon along the beach in Santa Monica and I stopped at Lawford's house to peek over the fence at a lawn party he was having for Mr. Kennedy. I never got to see the President because Stephanie, who didn't understand those things, kept hollering at me to get going."

Sharpening a Blurred Movie Image

Until that phone call from his agent on April third, Robertson was one of the faceless craftsmen of Hollywood—an actor's actor, highly regarded in his own profession, but not well known to the public. He says, "I was confused in name with Dale Robertson, and in appearance with a dozen other actors whom people see every week. I was a blurred image. Maybe now the lens will freeze and hold me."

Robertson, who was born and raised in La Jolla, California, didn't even think seriously of becoming an actor until he was well into his

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The real Lt. (j.g.) Kennedy relaxes in the cockpit of PT-109 *somewhere in the Solomons.*

The film's Lt. (j.g.) Kennedy rehearses in a reconverted PT boat on location in Florida.

By Presidential choice, Cliff Robertson won the coveted role of young Lt. Kennedy in *PT-109*.

twenties. A descendant of "Pinky" Robertson, one of the cattle-baron founders of the Republic of Texas, he was reared by his grandmother and an aunt after his divorced mother died when he was two years old. When he was seventeen and had been graduated from La Jolla High School, he got what he calls "a juvenile notion that I wanted to make the sea my career." He hitchhiked to San Francisco, and was signed as an ordinary seaman aboard the tiny 3500-ton freighter *Admiral Cole*, which was bound for the Far East. The time was September, 1941, and Robertson soon found himself in a situation resembling Lt. John F. Kennedy's ordeal nearly two years later.

His ship was bombed by the Japanese on Pearl Harbor Day and was reported lost with all hands. Months later young Robertson returned home to learn that he had been listed as dead. His grandmother's house wore the first Gold Star insigne in La Jolla.

Shipwrecked, Bombed and Shelled

Says Robertson, "After a year at Antioch College, I went back to sea again in the Merchant Marine, where I became a lieutenant, j.g. I was shipwrecked off the coast of Sweden, bombed in the invasion of Southern France and shelled by a surfaced submarine going into Port Moresby, New Guinea. After all that, I decided that the sea was for the birds and that I wanted to be an actor. It seemed like an easy way to make a buck."

It wasn't. After learning his craft in New York while working as a busboy, taxi driver, and such, he began the long, hard advance through summer stock, off-Broadway and television. Finally he did *The Wisteria Trees* with Helen Hayes on Broadway, a role that led to a Hollywood contract with Columbia Pictures in 1955. But the struggle was far from over. Columbia put him into one mediocre film after another, such as *Autumn Leaves*, with Joan Crawford, and *Underworld, U.S.A.*

Robertson told me, "It was seven years of frustration, even in my private life. My wife Cynthia and I got divorced after only a couple of years of marriage. I went back to Broadway and to television, but the roles I created went to other, better-known actors when the properties were made into movies. They couldn't use me. I was one of the faceless ones."

One night last April wily director Lewis Milestone turned on his TV set and happened to see Robertson give a superb performance in a *Ben Casey* show. The next day ex-Lt. Cmdr. Alvin Cluster was on his way to the White House with Robertson's test film. Since then the picture has been beset by troubles. Milestone, who had replaced veteran director Raoul Walsh, quarreled with producer Bryan Foy and was replaced by a third director, Les Martinson. Yet few experts doubt that Robertson will emerge as a star. Robertson says, "So one of the faceless ones of Hollywood got a face—but it took an act of the President of the United States to do it." **THE END**

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Warming up for the campaign, candidate Alsop congratulates beauty queen Arlene Sebastian at a Hungarian Day picnic in Fairfield.

My Brother Runs for Governor

A Post editor takes an amiable look at his younger brother's campaign to win the Connecticut statehouse.

By STEWART ALSOP

It ought to be said right at the beginning that this is not the sort of objective, unprejudiced political report the readers of *The Saturday Evening Post* have learned to expect.

This article is about my younger brother John Alsop, whom the Republicans of Connecticut, in their wisdom, have chosen as their candidate for governor. It is difficult to be objective about a brother—who ever heard of a Kennedy being objective about another Kennedy? Besides, this article is an act of penance.

My father made this act of penance necessary. Father, who died in 1953, was a good man and a wise man, but he was also a wily old bird who liked to get his way. He once used me to get his way with my brother John, which is what makes this act of penance necessary.

One day in 1950, on his way to South Carolina to shoot quail, father stopped off in Washington and telephoned me. He said he'd like to see me. This surprised me. Father went south every year to shoot quail, but he never stopped in Washington. He was a tobacco and dairy farmer, a Connecticut countryman born and bred. He loved Connecticut, but he hated all cities—Washington more than any other city except New York.

So his stopping off in Washington should have made me suspicious. I should have been even more suspicious when, at lunch, he sang the praises of one Abraham Ribicoff, a Congressman from Connecticut. Father was a true-blue Republican. Except for one brief apostasy, when my great-uncle Theodore Roosevelt ran for President on the Progressive ticket back in 1912, father had never wavered from the true Republican faith.

Wasn't this Ribicoff a Democrat? I asked father. Well, yes, he said, he was a Democrat. But he was a most remarkable man—bold, intelligent, willing to put national above local interests—even the tobacco and dairy interests. And he made the most eloquent speeches, especially about foreign affairs.

If my black-Republican father could talk that way about a Democrat, I thought, Ribicoff *must* be a remarkable man. I was writing a newspaper column with my brother Joe at the time. Joe was abroad—unfortunately, since he is less innocent-minded than I am, and his suspicions would have been instantly aroused. Joe hadn't sent a column for some time, and I was beginning to feel a bit desperate for something to write about. So I went to see Abe Ribicoff—he seemed to me a personable fellow. I read some of his speeches, and they really were most literate and eloquent. So I sat myself down and wrote a column about Abe, and called it THE REMARKABLE RIBICOFF.

For some time after that column was published, my brother John and my mother could barely bring themselves to speak to me. John, it seems, had been approached to run for Congress against the remarkable Ribicoff and was thinking about it seriously. John was then vice president of the small insurance company of which my father was president, and father was dead set against his running for Congress. So he had set a trap for John. I was the trap. For that column ended the argument—all Abe Ribicoff had to do was to have a few thousand copies of that piece by John's own brother run off, and John was through.

Nobody was angry at father—it was just his way. He used to enjoy telling the story and chuckling about how he had made that "crazy jack" Stewart (he liked the phrase "crazy jack") look foolish. I felt even more foolish when I learned later that those eloquent and literate speeches I had admired so much had been written for Abe Ribicoff by a brilliant professional writer on the State Department's Policy Planning Staff.

So this article is an act of penance, and don't expect me to be objective. I think my brother would make a wonderful governor of Connecticut.

Not everybody thinks so. John was not exactly nominated for governor by acclamation. He was nominated at the closest, most exciting political convention I have ever attended. The convention was called to order in Hartford's Bushnell

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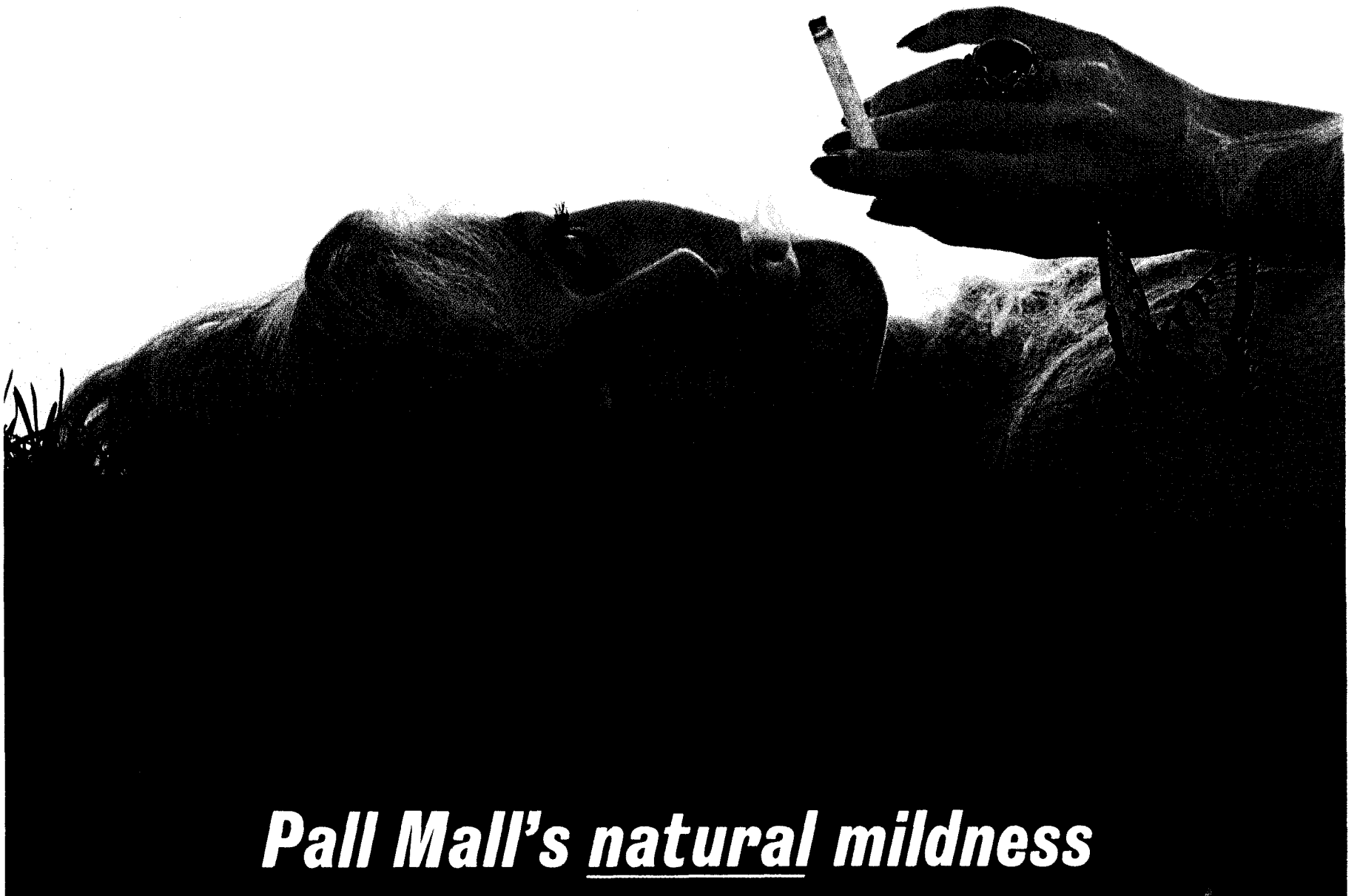

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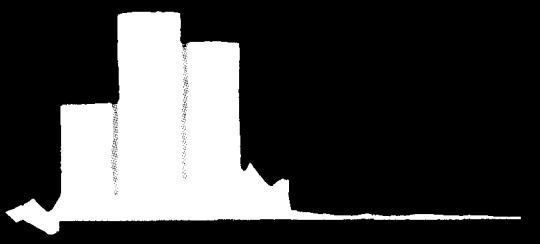

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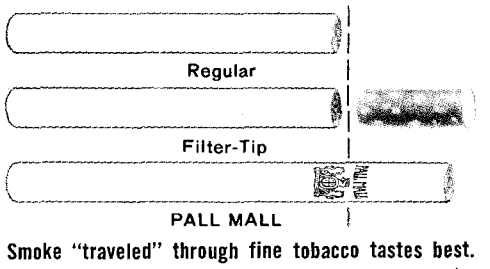

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Alsop Auditorium at 10:30 A.M. on June fifth, and the balloting went on without even a break for a meal until 1:40 A.M. on June sixth. John was nominated on the eighth ballot, and a shift of eleven votes out of 654 would have given the nomination to his chief rival, former Congressman Ed May.

So it was clear enough at the convention that a good many Republicans there—uncomfortably close to half of them—would have preferred another candidate to John Alsop. Their reasons ranged from the fact that he has a huge nose and floppy ears, and is therefore regarded by some as unphotogenic, to the charge that he is stuffy.

John is, frankly, not very pretty. I saw him make his acceptance speech—it seemed to me to class with one of Churchill's better efforts—on television. The lighting picked out his ears and his nose in such a way that he looked as though he were about to blast off into the wild blue yonder. John recognizes that he does not look very pretty on television, but he claims that he is "an acquired taste, like olives or oysters."

I've had plenty of time to acquire the taste, and I can attest that the one thing John is not, is stuffy. When I heard people at the convention say he was stuffy, I remembered various episodes from our joint past, like the time I pushed him up the stairs at the Navy recruiting station at 90 Church Street in New York in 1941.

This was before Pearl Harbor, and John and I were sharing an apartment in New York. We were trying to get into uniform—between us we applied a total of twenty-eight times to all three services—but we kept getting turned down for high blood pressure. We finally decided that we were suffering from sphygmomanometerophobia. The very sight of a sphygmomanometer, the thing they measure blood pressure with, made us nervous, and shot our blood pressure up into the stratosphere. So we jointly invested in a sphygmomanometer with the idea that we would get accustomed to the damned thing, and it wouldn't make us nervous. We used to take each other's blood pressure every night, and I noted a significant phenomenon. In his circumspect middle age, my brother is a sober fellow. But in his twenties, the stag at eve occasionally used to drink his fill, like other young stags. On the rare occasions when this happened, John's blood pressure would fall below normal. So we decided on an experiment.

Breaking a Medical Record

I bought a bottle of bourbon and poured its contents into John. Then I guided him into a taxi—he was grinning horribly and singing snatches of ribald verse—and propelled him up the stairs at 90 Church Street. Alas, the experiment worked in reverse. John's blood pressure broke all known medical records.

"You're not alive," the Navy doctor remarked in wonderment after reading the mercury. "You're dead."

I finally gave up and joined the British Army. John joined the Royal Air Force—he recalls, with a shudder, that his serial number was 131313. But after the Quebec conference his enlistment was rescinded, and he finally made it into the U.S. forces as a private in the Military Police.

We met again in England in the spring of 1943. By this time John was an M.P. 2nd lieutenant, bored with arresting drunken GI's, and I was in the parachuting business. I suggested that he get into the same act. He did, and jumped behind the German lines in France to fight with the French maquis.

After he got back from France, he was shipped to the Far East and went behind the Japanese lines in Southern China. He had grown a moustache, which made him a trifle conspicuous in China, and the Japs put up posters in the villages offering a reward of 10,000,000 Chinese dollars for the capture of "the huge ugly American with the moustache." At least this is what his Chinese friends told him the poster said. He is thinking of having a photograph of the poster which he brought home with him blown up for use in the campaign. But first he intends to have it reliably translated to make sure it's not a laundry advertisement.

Stuffy, no. But it's true that John takes his responsibilities seriously. John was the youngest in a family of four, and I suspect being a younger brother is good training for a future politician—Jack Kennedy's older brother Joe used to beat him regularly, like a gong, for his spiritual benefit. We didn't try to beat John much. He was somewhat broader than he was tall, and in early school days he was known as "Julius, the strongest little man in the world," after a character in the Mutt and Jeff comic strip. But as a younger brother, John had responsibility thrust upon him.

Mycroft, the Analyst

When some family chore had to be done, our mother, like mothers everywhere, would say, "Now, everybody help." John became known in the family as Everybody Alsop when, at the age of six, he asked sadly, "Why do I always have to be everybody?"

Much later, when my brother Joe and I had become political journalists, John got another family nickname—Mycroft Alsop, after Sherlock Holmes's brother Mycroft, to whom the great detective turned for help when his own powers of deduction failed him in some peculiarly insoluble case. John writes better than Joe and I do, in a classical, Churchillian style—he was editor-in-chief of our school paper, whereas we were mere assistant editors. He is also, I think, besides being more conservative by instinct, a shrewder political analyst.

In 1952, when I was covering Adlai Stevenson's campaign, Stevenson made a speech in Hartford. This being my native heath, I noticed a lot of familiar faces in the audience. The faces belonged to the leaders of the intellectual community, with traditional Republican names, and they passionately applauded Stevenson's highly intellectual speech. John was working hard for Eisenhower, and I called him up and asked him whether the phenomenon I had noted did not bode ill for his candidate.

"Sure, Stew," he said, "all the eggheads are for Stevenson. But how many eggheads are there?"

I plagiarized the remark in a column, and the unpleasant word "egghead" has been immortalized in the larger dictionaries. John says the word sprang unbidden into his mind, with the mental image of a thin outer shell with mushy white stuff underneath. In any case, John was dead right—there were nowhere nearly enough eggheads to elect

"He does not look very pretty on television, but he claims that he is an acquired taste."

Photographs by Ollie Atkins

Working to disprove criticism that he is "stuffy," politician Alsop enjoys himself at a glad-handing gathering with voters.

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Stevenson. Joe and I, remembering the 1948 upset, were too timid flatly to predict Eisenhower's election in 1952. We should have listened to Mycroft Alsop. Since then, when we have listened to Mycroft Alsop about politics, he has always turned out to be dead right again.

After the war, John turned down a good job in New York to come back to Connecticut, which he loves the way father loved it. In 1947 he was smart enough to persuade Augusta Robinson to marry him. Gussie is ten years younger than John, and markedly more pleasing to the eye. It annoys John when she is taken for his daughter, which happens rather often. But everybody agrees that Gussie is his most important political asset.

She is a rather combative sort of helpmeet. I was with Gussie in a hotel elevator during the convention, and a delegate in the elevator remarked loudly that he liked John Alsop—"a fine man, honest and all that, but he can't win in November."

"Of course he can win," Gussie announced decisively, and hit the delegate over the head with her handbag.

"Snouts in Public Trough"

John has been in politics in Connecticut on and off ever since he came back from the wars, first for two terms in the Connecticut legislature, then as one of the first organizers of the original Eisenhower drive in Connecticut. In 1958 he made his first try for the gubernatorial nomination, and missed by a hair. He made it by a hair this time, and in November the voters will decide whether he and Gussie and their three children will occupy the comfortable, unspectacular Governor's Mansion in Hartford.

I have been writing about politics and politicians for a good many years now, but I have never been quite sure of the answers to a couple of questions. Why does a man go into politics? And how does he go about it? My brother, whom I know better than any other politician, should make a good guinea pig on which to experiment in search of the answers.

Politics is a markedly unrewarding and insecure profession. Managing the state of Connecticut is big business these days, with the state's budget creeping up toward a third of a billion dollars. The state pays the chief manager of this big business, the governor, $15,000 a year—about a tenth what private industry would pay for the same sort of job.

The insurance company of which John is president is small, but it is growing, and John will have to take a painful cut in his financial prospects if he is elected. Moreover, as George Romney of Michigan has remarked, "Politics has developed a very low status in our society." A lot of people have been led to believe that a politician is almost by definition a crook or a bum. So why does John want to be governor anyway?

No doubt the family has something to do with it. Ours is a political family—it has been unkindly remarked that "the Alsops have had their snouts in the public trough for generations." John was the sixth Alsop to serve in the Connecticut Assembly. An earlier John Alsop missed a chance for immortality when he attended the Philadelphia convention but refused to sign the Declaration of Independence on the grounds that it was a subversive document.

My mother comes from a political family too—Theodore Roosevelt was her uncle, and Franklin Roosevelt a distant cousin. We Alsops are sometimes referred to as "Roosevelt kin." My father always maintained that the Roosevelts ought to be referred to as "Alsop kin." Both father and mother held public office of one sort or another while we were growing up—my mother is now, at seventy-six, the extremely active chairman of the State Building Program Commission.

The political virus is obviously inheritable—both Joe and I make our livings as political spectator-sportsmen. John showed early symptoms of the virus. Gussie remembers going to the governor's inaugural ball with John when they were engaged, and looking on from the balcony. The inaugural ball is an affair of pomp and circumstance—the governor's footguard parades in lobster-backed uniforms, and the incumbent governor and all living ex-governors march in top hats, escorting their ladies. John nudged Gussie and said, "Someday you and I will be down there too."

Gussie got another early inkling of what lay ahead—on her honeymoon. On the second morning she discovered John inspecting his craggy, flop-eared face in a mirror. He was muttering, "The Young Lincoln." Ten years later, she says, she found him in the same attitude, inspecting his now craggier face and murmuring, "The Middle-Aged Lincoln."

John swears this story is apocryphal, but, as it suggests, Gussie is not about to let John get stuffy. But Gussie also says, "I know it sounds drippy, but I really do think John got into politics because he loves Connecticut and wants to serve the state."

John himself adds another reason: "What most people don't realize is that politics is a lot of fun. It sort of reminds me of the maquis—you know, that one-for-all-and-all-for-one feeling you got behind the lines in France. And there's also that feeling you got in the war of working for something bigger than yourself."

Men Against Political Myth

The fact is that politics attracts a lot of remarkably able men, despite the myth about most politicians being crooks or bums. One reason is that "politics is a lot of fun." A man who has once experienced the curious electric fascination of big-time politics rarely gets the taste for it out of his system. Another reason is that "feeling of working for something bigger than yourself." A lot of politicians in both parties really do have the desire, however "drippy" it may seem to say so, to serve their state and their country. These are two good reasons why, despite the "low status" of politics, our political system works—not very well, perhaps, but better than any other system yet devised.

A politician has to have certain qualities as a candidate which also serve him well if he is elected to office. He must really like people and be interested in their problems—when a politician merely pretends to be interested in them, the voters are quick to sense it. A politician must also have vast physical energy, a sort of extra gland. By next November John will have traveled, at a rough estimate, 35,000 miles, he will have made 700 speeches, and he will have shaken uncounted thousands of hands. He will

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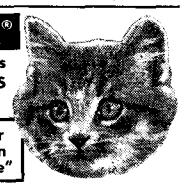

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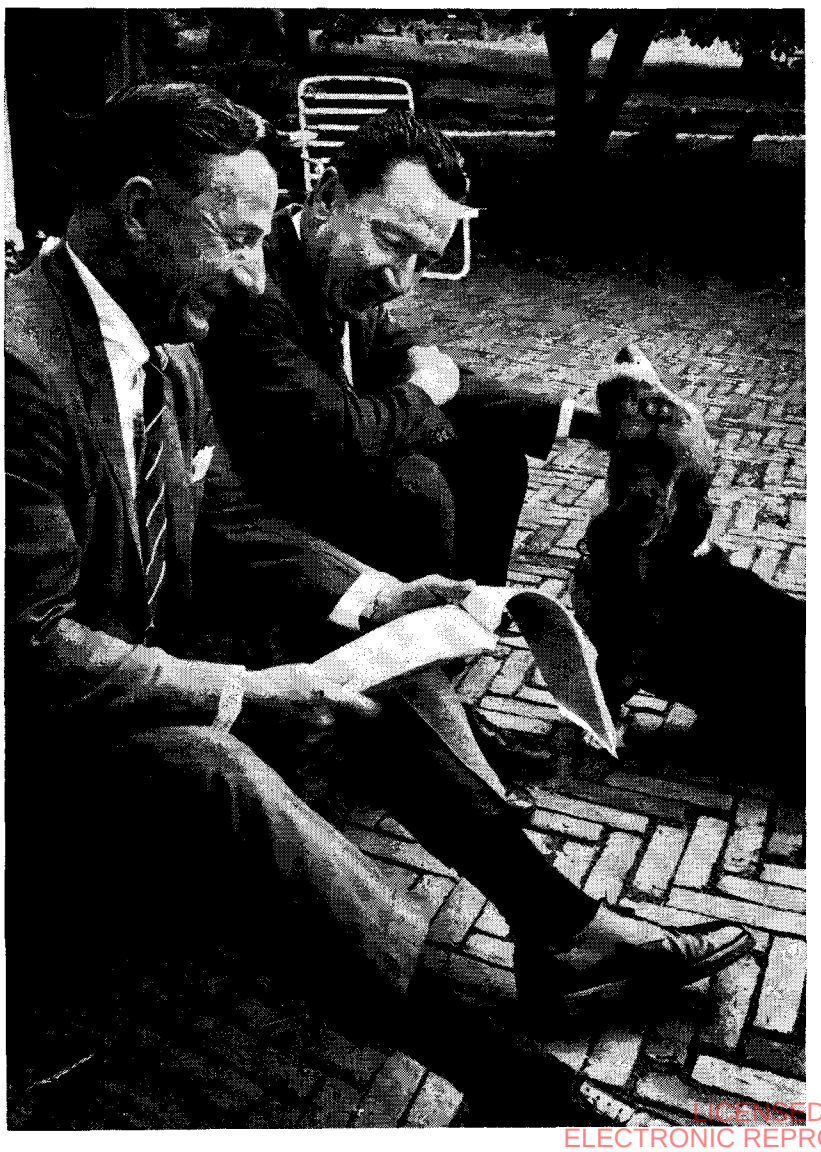
"My own guess is that the odds are seven to five against him."

The candidate and wife Gussie at home in Farmington with daughters (from left) Augusta, 11, and Mary, 13, and son John Jr., 10. Below, the gubernatorial hopeful enjoys a joke with journalist brother Stewart.



Alsop have been doing this sort of thing, moreover, for more than two years. Fortunately, John's blood pressure is normal these days, and he is still, at forty-six, as strong as little Julius in the comic strip.

More than in any other profession, a politician needs a certain indomitability, an undefeatable quality. My brother's loss of the nomination four years ago came as a searing disappointment at the time. But he got a stubborn look on his face, which used to irritate me when we were children, and began planning immediately for 1962. His defeat was an essential part of his political education.

There are other qualities a politician needs. One is luck, or serendipity, or a knack for being in the right place at the right time. A whole series of accidents, including a fight for control of the Republican organization in our hometown of Avon, helped to make John the Republican candidate for governor.

But it was by no means all luck. You don't get nominated for major political office overnight (not unless your name is Teddy Kennedy). A tight, dedicated, disciplined, professional political organization is essential. John began building such an organization soon after his 1958 defeat. Jack Hurley and Dick Sheehan, both among the best political pros in the business, are his chief lieutenants, and the organization is manned by a small army of young, enthusiastic and passionately loyal volunteers.

What does an organization do? Everything from buttonholing delegates or voters to providing an effective intelligence network—as important in political warfare as in the shooting kind—or organizing the inevitable "spontaneous demonstration."

After midnight on the second day of the convention, when the weary delegates had been balloting for many hours with nothing to sustain them but ice cream and bourbon, 1700 sandwiches miraculously appeared in the hall. The sandwiches were passed around by pretty girls wearing big Alsop buttons. John thinks he would have been nominated anyway, even without those sandwiches, but others are not so sure. In any case, the sandwiches were a tribute to the effectiveness of his organization.

Although the organization must be equipped to do everything, the candidate himself must be Everybody. For in the end it is up to the candidate to make the tough decisions. Only the candidate can judge for himself when to get tough and how tough to get.

Talk Behind Closed Doors

After the sixth ballot a key Alsop delegation passed the word that it was ready to switch to another candidate, which would have killed John. John met the leaders of the delegation behind closed doors, and my brother Joe was standing outside when they came out.

"Good God, Johnnie," he said, "what did you do to those people? They looked as though they'd been poleaxed." John just smiled grimly. On the next ballot the delegation stuck with Alsop.

A closely fought convention is as rough a testing ground as there is. After the convention Andy Gagarin, a Russian prince turned Connecticut industrialist, and an old friend of John's summed it up:

"Now I understand why democracy works. You take a lot of people and you give them too much to drink and too little sleep and nothing to eat but ice-cream cones, and you get them in a fight. Then you put up to the candidates a lot of live-or-die decisions to make on the spur of the moment. The man who wins the fight has to be a good man—he couldn't not be."

There are other qualities a politician needs in order to win. President Kennedy's grandfather, "Honey Fitz" Fitzgerald, had a saying that "you don't have friends in politics—just temporary allies." Watching my brother's cliff-hanging battle for the nomination, it seemed to me that friends—people who are for you, not just because it is to their advantage, but because they know and like and admire you—are very necessary.

Helping Hands From Friends

John has a lot of friends—Jake Rand, a boyhood friend who risked his own nomination for Congress by sticking to John to the end against heavy pressure from anti-Alsop leaders in his district; the famous parachutist Jacques Istel, who made a parachute jump to an Alsop rally to dramatize John's dashing war record; Lou Walker, a friend and neighbor who labored tirelessly in the thankless money-raising vineyard; Reeve Schley and Roger Faucher, who fought with John behind the lines in France and came along to lend a hand; and many others.

With the help of such friends—and also a lot of people who just thought he would make a good governor—John squeaked by in June. Will he squeak by in November?

My own guess, for what it is worth, is that the odds are about seven to five against him. The incumbent governor, John Dempsey, is a very likable man—even my true-blue Republican mother can't help liking him. John's running mate for senator, Horace Seely-Brown, is a ferociously energetic campaigner and a good man, but he is up against the remarkable Ribicoff, who carried Connecticut in his last race in 1958 by a three-to-two margin. The Democratic machine in Connecticut is run by the national Democratic chairman, the redoubtable John Bailey. Ribicoff and Bailey were John F. Kennedy's original supporters, and they can expect the all-out backing of the popular President.

For such reasons I first thought of calling this article, MY BROTHER HASN'T GOT A PRAYER. But now I'm not so sure he hasn't got a prayer. There have been odd signs of restlessness among the voters, even in traditionally Democratic areas. More than half a dozen normally Democratic cities and industrial towns went Republican in recent municipal elections. One reason may be that Connecticut, which is the most heavily industrialized state in the union, has its troubles, like a lot of other industrial states.

Since 1954 the cost of the state government has doubled, and the population of the state has grown by more than 300,000, while there are actually fewer people working in industry. The Democrats have been in power for eight years, and Connecticut is a swing state with a habit of throwing the rascals out.

These are some of the reasons why my brother stoutly maintains that he does have a prayer. And after all, there's nothing in the Constitution that says a man with a big nose and floppy ears can't aspire to high office. **THE END**

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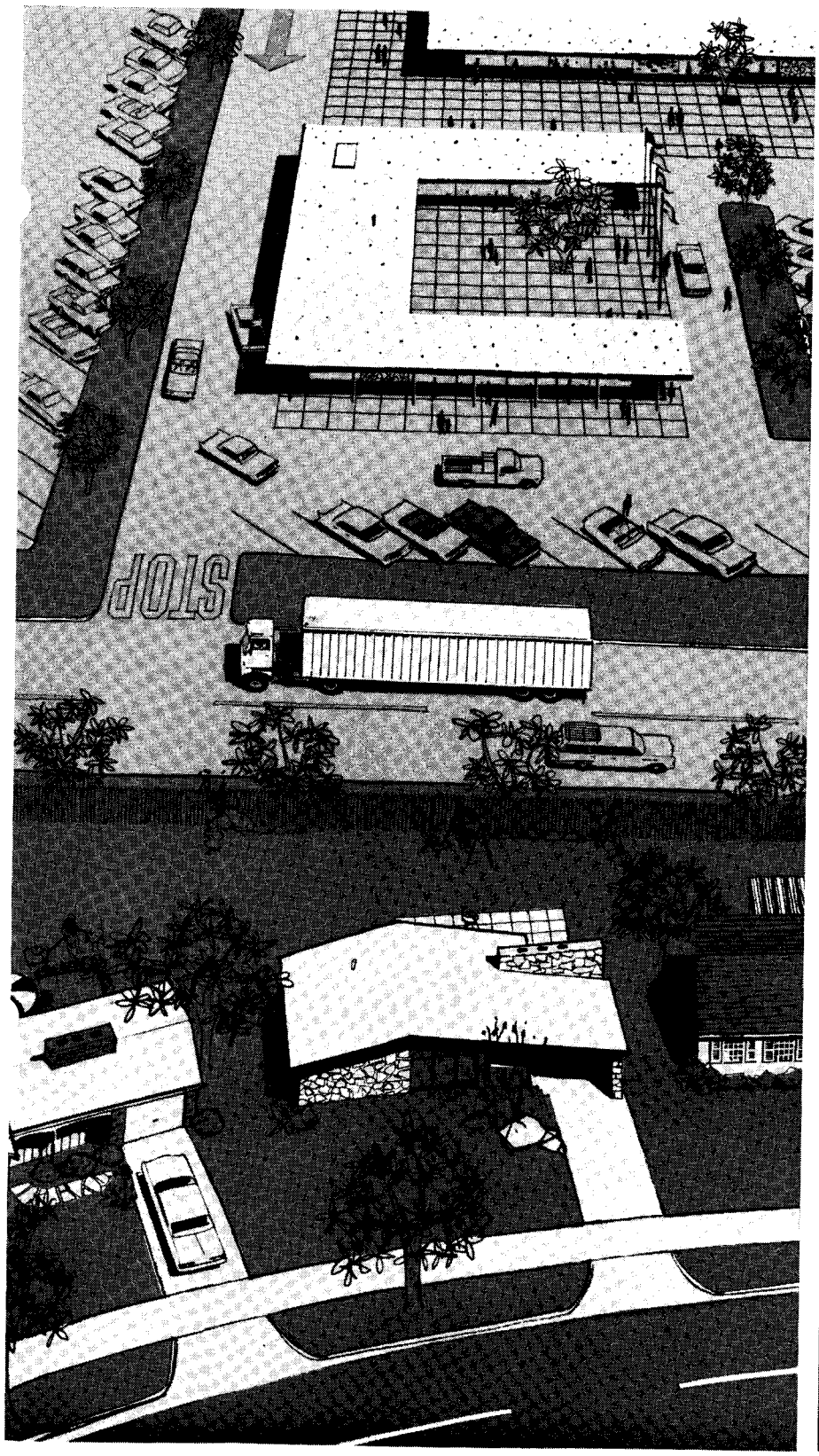

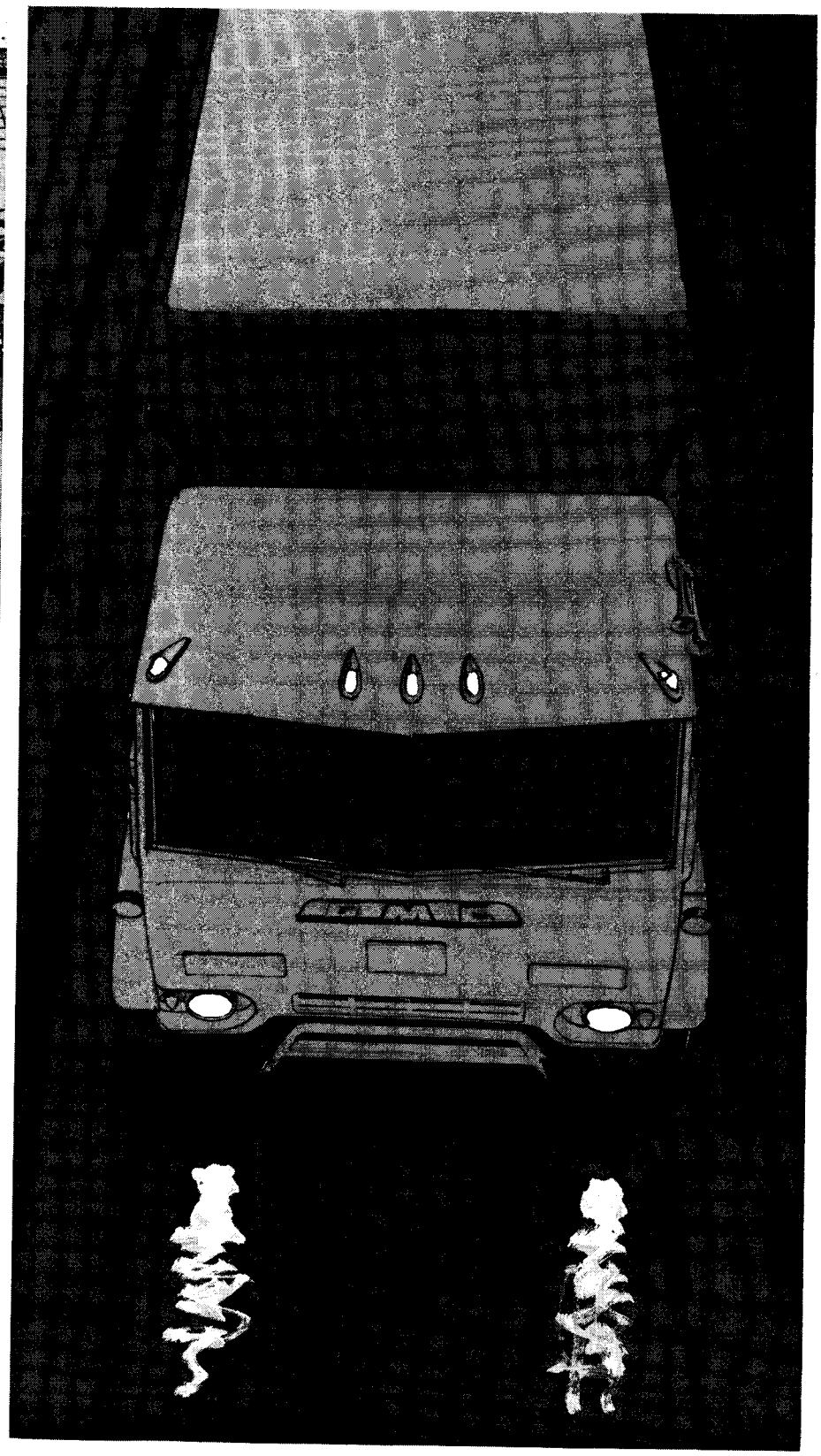

which came first?

The age-old question of which came first, the chicken or the egg, has not as yet been answered to everyone's satisfaction. An easier question to answer would be which came first, the modern town or the truck?

Twenty-five thousand cities and towns in this country are 100% dependent on trucks for their existence. Cities, accessible by other transportation, are 85% dependent on trucks.

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It was three miles deep and loaded with three hundred tons of explosives. With it, a group of young rocketeers hoped to make their mark on the moon.

the monster cannon

BY DAN TYLER MOORE

Illustrated By Jerry Martin

It was right after they discovered they owned three hundred tons of dynamite that the members of the Black Star Physics and Interplanetary Society proposed, seconded and carried a motion, under Robert's Rules of Order, to shoot a projectile to the moon. It was an impossible thing to do, of course, but they decided to do it anyway.

Pat Candler, the club's energetic eighteen-year-old exalted potentate, summed up things at their clubhouse. His intelligent blue eyes were bright with excitement. "Not every interplanetary club has three hundred tons of real live dynamite to horse around with," he said. "Enough energy there to put a bull moose into orbit—antlers and all." He smiled nervously. "If only we could focus the explosion in the right direction."

Pat ran his fingers over his crew-cut blond hair and paused for effect. "And," he said slowly, "the Black Star Physics and Interplanetary Society has discovered a way! We will have to be extremely careful, but I'm sure it can work."

The exalted potentate looked over the thirty teen-age scientists and fixed on Betty Gibson, the only girl in the club. Even looking at those nice high cheekbones and that pretty blond pony tail didn't have its usual effect. He hitched up his blue jeans. Boy, he must be really falling apart. Pretty tough, all right, trying to play it cool, as if nothing had happened. He had to keep his mouth closed tight or his lips would tremble like a baby's. He needed this meeting to forget that letter. It was burning a hole in his pocket, all right—from the admissions head at Trinity College, turning him down cold because of flubbing the dub in math. The exalted potentate tried to focus on his meeting. No use kidding himself. It was the end of absolutely everything, including Betty. He should have played safe, applied at several places. Too late in the year now. There were colleges as good as Trinity, no doubt, but he'd always been pointed there—where his father had gone, and his father's father. An old Candler tradition shot because he was a jughead at math. Pat swallowed hard. Had taken Trinity too much for granted over the years, had talked too much about it. Some of his "friends" would really yack it up when they found out. He banged his gavel.

"Let's stop hacking around and come to order," he said. "Our treasurer, Slim Caswell, will read our club's financial report." Slim started droning over the finances. Pat closed off his mind and looked around their twenty-by-twenty meeting room. It was a mile from town, and some jealous apes might call it a tar-paper shack, but it was the finest boys' club in Carbon Creek. He stared at their banner hanging on the wall. Absolutely perfect. His mother had outdone herself. A huge, black, many-pointed star on a white background; under it was their motto—A WINDOW OF KNOWLEDGE OPENING INTO THE BLACKNESS OF SPACE. Pat frowned. It had all started during that meeting when they finished their ten-inch telescope. That was their first small window all right. He had just been congratulating Stinky Hogue, the mirror-committee chairman, on the telescope's fine performance. Admittedly an exalted potentate shouldn't be leaning back in his chair. He had smashed back against the tar-paper wall and had broken right through it. He had fallen down into a black void. His wild scream had certainly electrified the boys—and Betty. He'd fallen on something that rolled around like wax candles when he tried to get out. The sharp acid smell had made him choke.

It had been scary before they fished him out—humiliating, too, letting out that screech with Betty there. It was not the sort of noise an exalted potentate would naturally make. One wall of their clubhouse covered a large cave. It was easy to see why the mouth had been papered over. Stinky Hogue figured there was more than three hundred tons of dynamite hidden there.

Pat's mouth had that straight unhappy look it always had when he thought of his father's death. The dynamite was his all right. Pat closed his eyes. He had sprinted home after the discovery to study his contract with Stackett, his father's former partner. The dynamite was Pat's, because Stackett had made him buy everything—their clubhouse, two hundred acres of useless brush land and one of the deepest dry holes in Oil County. The oil well was the gimmick. The state law said dry oil wells must be filled with crushed rock so people wouldn't stumble into them. Pat had got everything by promising Stackett he would fill up the three-mile hole.

Stackett got nasty, all right, after his father's death. He had been saying untrue things about his dad that really hurt. Pat's eyes had an anguished look. People were beginning to listen to Stackett. He always referred to his father's huge dry well as "Candler's Folly." The name with all its implications was catching on around Oil County. Maybe that's why even Betty seemed to be sort of chilly. Stackett was ten years older, but he was sure going all out for Betty—and evidently doing a knife job on him.

Stackett claimed his father had cheated him before his death—had said there were oil possibilities three miles down, "a formation of gigantic size." Now Stackett claimed it was Pat's moral duty to fill up the well, and transferred all the oil company's stock to him for one dollar so he, as sole owner, would have to fill it up. Stackett would sure explode when he heard about the dynamite. It must be worth a packet of money.

Pat snapped out of his reverie and looked around the meeting room. Slim was still droning away on the finances, dull as dishwater, always trying to be considered a "brain." Had even objected to Butch's being a club member because he was an "ape." Pat grinned. He had fixed Slim by repeating the theory he started the club on. "We must have a man for every place and a place for every man, a committee system like Congress. We have a place for strength and bravery—I'm appointing Butch our Sergeant at Arms."

Pat grinned across the table. Butch was sitting in the full dignity of his august position, all two hundred muscular pounds. His mace of office glittered on the table, a brilliantly polished automobile axle. It wasn't gold, like the mace in the House of Lords, but it certainly represented the fanatic scientific spirit of the B.S.P.A.I.S.

Pat closed his eyes against Slim's droning. That night they had found the dynamite he just couldn't sleep. *Three hundred tons of dynamite!* Must be some wonderful history-making thing you could do with all that power. More there than put Sputnik in orbit. He had dressed and tiptoed out of his mother's little house. The full moon cast a long scary black shadow before him as he sneaked up the hill to their clubhouse—made him feel like something horrible was creeping up behind him. He stopped and listened. Something *was* coming up behind him, no doubt about that. And then he saw it. It was thin and

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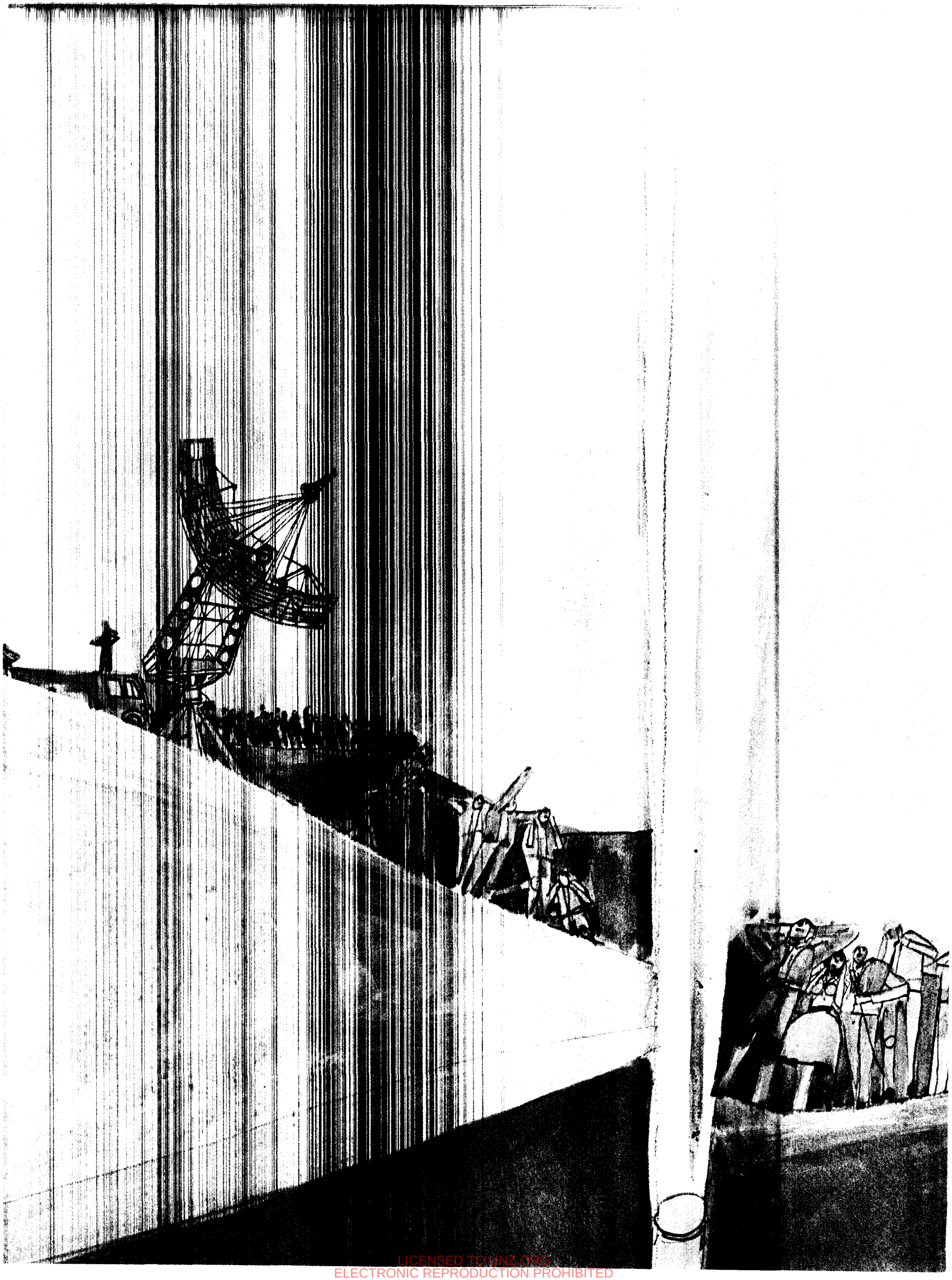

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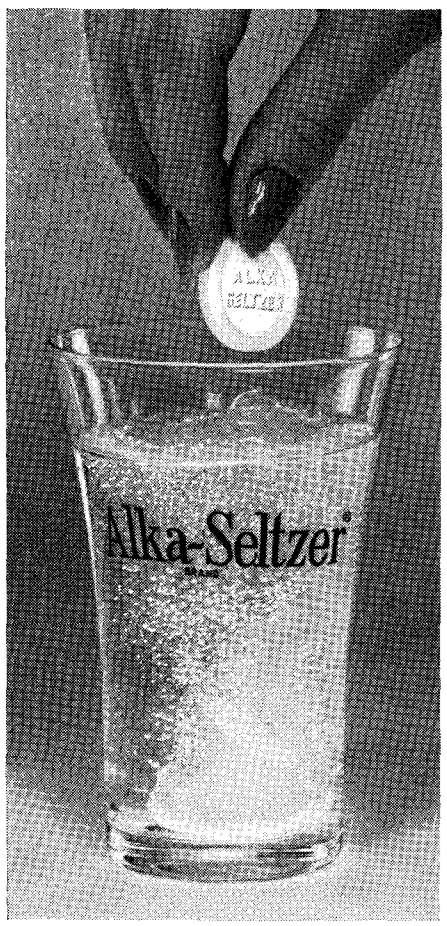

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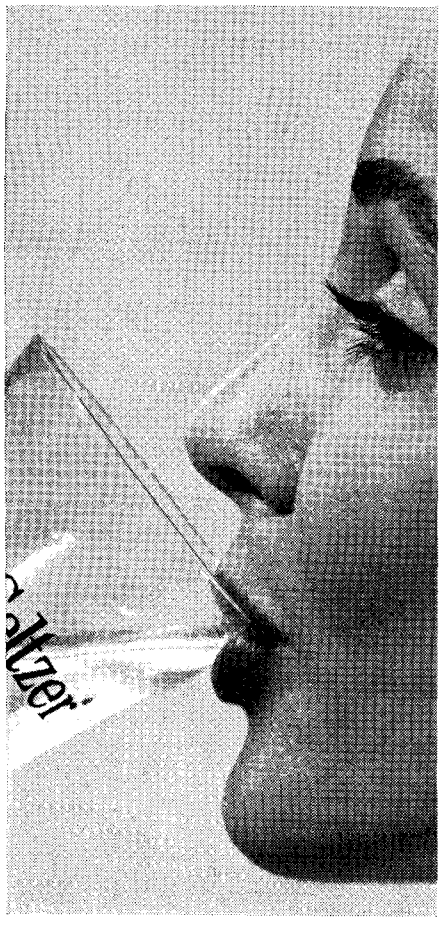

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cannon scary, a huge black spider chasing him in the darkness, running after him like the wind, with a thin wild moon shadow racing before it. Pat turned with a cry of horror and fled. He looked back terrified and then he saw that the spider was Betty all right.

"You startled me," he said, grinning lamely. Betty's delighted laugh was a cool medicine. Cured his humiliation. "I wanted to see if the dynamite was safe," he said.

"I couldn't sleep either," she said. He joined her conspiratorial laughter. Why did he always feel so shy with Betty? He glanced at her as they walked up the hill. He had been in love with her, all right, for over a year, but what did you do about a thing like that? What would it be like to kiss her, for example? It would take lots of nerve. Too bad he didn't inherit more of his father's famous courage.

They pulled the tar paper back and lighted a match. There, in its flickering light, they could see the hundreds of tiny crates and the terrible little waxy sticks, scattered over the floor—enough power to blow the whole of Oil County sky-high. The acid smell made Pat shiver.

They stood in the door of the shack and looked at the black rushing waters of Carbon Creek. His father had always loved those leaping waters. He used to sit by the hour staring into them, dreaming and listening to their constantly changing sounds. "I love Carbon Creek," he said once. "It enjoys itself so much." He had turned with laughing eyes. "When I die, I'm going to become its spirit." It would sure be nice if he was.

Pat was acutely conscious of Betty standing next to him. Their hands brushed accidentally, and the next instant their fingers were entwined. They swayed toward each other. He took her pony tail in his hand and pulled her unresisting head back. She stood motionless with her eyes closed and her lips parted. He kissed her and felt her warm bare arms wrap around his neck. "I've been praying you would do that," she whispered.

"I almost didn't dare," he confessed. He kissed her again, a much longer one.

"You're so funny," she gasped.

"Funny queer or funny ha-ha?"

"Funny queer. Being so much the leader of Butch and Stinky and Slim and all the others, and being afraid to kiss me. You're the only reason I joined the club."

Pat looked at her in astonishment. "I thought it was because you got those terrific marks in math and physics, because you were such a brain."

Her laugh was mischievous. "No girl is ever a brain. She is a girl. And that is something special." Betty put her head on his shoulder, but suddenly she was holding him at arm's length, staring at him. "Do you really love me?" she demanded abruptly.

An hour later his bent horseshoe-nail ring was wobbling around on her largest finger. It was sure funny being engaged to be engaged. Not funny queer or funny ha-ha—just plain funny nice. They were standing on the rickety porch looking at the ghostly moon shadows. The blackest was cast by the huge steel oil-well casing. What a hole to fill, three miles deep. Wow! Pat stared at it, fascinated—a massive tube of alloy steel jutting ten feet out of the earth, most of it under the surface, like an iceberg. His father's whole fortune had gone into it, and then a few dollars of Stackett's. Hard to understand. One of the greatest oil geologists in the world putting all his eggs in one basket that way—the wrong basket. And why all the dynamite? Three hundred tons of it. Pat turned. The rushing waters had abruptly changed their tone. Pat stared at them puzzled. It was an insistent, demanding noise. Sounded almost as if the waters were trying to get his attention.

Pat squeezed Betty's hand. He would never forget the triumphant look in his father's eyes that last morning. He had mentioned a "gigantic formation," but wouldn't elaborate—he wanted it to be a surprise.

After the shock of his father's fatal heart attack had passed, Pat had been haunted by that triumphant look. What had his father known? Pat stared at the vast steel tube. And that queer note they had found on his desk. "Start earthquake tomorrow." Pat turned his head. It wasn't his imagination. The waters really were getting noisier—they sounded impatient, urgent. It would be wonderful if his father really was the spirit of Carbon Creek, one of those old-time spirits that could actually talk to people. He glanced at the steel tube. It looked like an enormous cannon forged by some Norse god.

Pat's blue eyes widened, and his breath caught in his throat. He dropped Betty's hand, and his lips moved. She looked at him, puzzled. "A gigantic cannon," he whispered, "that's what the waters are telling me. A steel cannon, three miles long—the biggest cannon the world has ever seen." Pat's mouth opened and shut. "And"—the whispered words came out slowly—"we have the dynamite to fire it." He stared, openmouthed. "A window of knowledge opening into the blackness of space." All at once the waters were raging, exultant, triumphant, splashing high into the air. Something seemed to be shouting inside his head. *Do it! Do it now, do it now, now, now!*

Suddenly Pat was running madly down the hill among the eerie moon shadows. He could hear Betty's wail behind him. "Pat, what has happened? Pat! Wait for me, Pat!" But her words were drowned out by the frenzied, boiling waters. *Do it! Do it now, now, NOW!*

Pat left his dreams abruptly and rapped on the table. Slim was finally finishing the financial report. "Now the chairman will report on our moon project—putting three hundred tons of dynamite down our three-mile-deep oil well and using it as a moon cannon, the toughest project the B.S.P.A.I.S. has tried so far. We need everybody's brains." He pointed at the black star on their banner. "We must open another window of knowledge into the blackness of space." He paused. "Will Stinky Hogue report for the dynamite committee?"

Pat glanced at Betty. She was certainly avoiding his eye, just as she had the day after he kissed her. "But, Betty, I thought we were engaged to be engaged," he had protested. She had tossed her pony tail in an indignant circle. "You certainly are," she said. "To a steel cannon three miles long and eighteen inches in diameter." She had looked at him hotly. "Running off and leaving me in the darkness."

A tall thin boy, his torn shirt covered with oil spots, stood up. Pat tried to smile. Stinky's hair looked like a mussed-up porcupine. He was a brain, though, full of spunk and smart ideas. He had done a really good job on their telescope mirror.

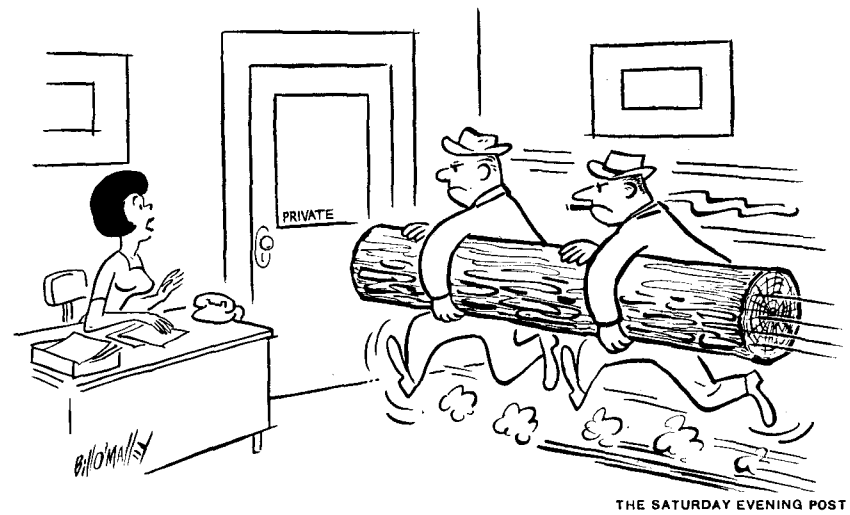
"Exalted potentate, we're fighting like crazy, and the dynamite program is now on the beam." Stinky frowned. "First of all, it isn't dynamite. It's amatol, a war explosive. Our exalted potentate's father must have bid it in from war surplus. Probably had to buy the whole batch at some arsenal. This must be what he had left over after he shot the well. My old man says amatol's better than dynamite, because it's safer. Amatol is for artillery shells. Even the awful shock when a shell gets fired doesn't explode the amatol inside. This solves our problem of getting it to the well bottom. Dad said just to heave the amatol into the well."

"Three miles straight down?" Pat yelped. "That would explode a sliced ham on rye!"

"Probably, but not amatol." Stinky grinned. "No one's ever shot off so much amatol in a place where it can't escape. It's going to do something frightful down there. Amatol's a detonant, like nitroglycerin. Flashes into gas instantly. It can't blow the earth's granite apart—at least we hope it can't. Dad says the pressure down there may hit a million pounds per square inch."

Pat looked puzzled. "Then how will we set the amatol off?"

"We'll drop our projectile with a percussion primer three miles down the well on top of it. When it blows, the whole batch will erupt like a volcano." Stinky frowned again. "Father's always been an oil-well shooter. Says he wouldn't miss this blast for anything. Three hundred tons of amatol exploding inside a cannon that can't explode. The world has never seen anything like that before. The old man really whistled. 'One thing, son,' he said. 'Don't be standing anywhere near the well. No telling what'll happen.'"



"Do you have an appointment?"

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cannon Pat felt the same scary feeling he had that night with the moon shadows. Maybe they shouldn't do it. What if they did blow the granite of mother earth apart? The molten interior might blast out and kill them all. "Nice work, Stinky. I'm ruling that no one touches the amatol unless your father is around." He paused. "The chair recognizes the projectile-committee chairman, Charles Rigney."

A tall, sandy-haired boy with freckles got slowly to his feet. Pat gave him a wink.

"We have turned this town upside down looking for a projectile." Charley's drawl sort of went with his stoop. "One thing we won't worry about is weight. The more momentum our projectile has when the earth's atmosphere tries to slow it down, the better." Charles shifted his feet uneasily. "Uncle Ben says to take the barrel of that Confederate cannon on his lawn. It's sixteen inches in diameter—an inch clearance between it and our oil-well casing. It weighs about half a ton, so it's strong enough. If the welding committee can plug up the muzzle for us, we'll shoot it out muzzle first." Charley grinned at their startled expressions. "Uncle Ben made one condition. Wants the Lone Star flag painted on it. Wants to claim the moon for Texas. Something about offshore oil rights."

Pat frowned. "Won't it tumble out, end over end, like a hockey stick?"

"Our subcommittee on rotation is solving that."

Pat touched the letter in his pocket. His stomach knotted up. Too much trouble for just one person. Just had to stop thinking about college. He looked at Betty—and thought about her too, about those soft lips and those lovely wide eyes. He had seen her talking and laughing with Stackett. His father's partner was a fast worker, all right. Hard to blame her, though, after the way he had run off that night. Pat looked glum. What had got into him out there in the moonlight? First kissing Betty and then running off that way. Seemed to be some force outside himself, something from the black rushing creek. Maybe his father *was* the spirit of Carbon Creek, ruling the lesser water spirits just the way he had always ruled everyone else—by sheer size and kindness and deep masculine laughter.

Pat rapped. "Will Fats Robbins report for the mark committee?"

Robbins heaved up ponderously. "Any mark on the moon has to be black, or we'll never see it. The blackest thing we've found is ordinary soot from mom's oil stove. We need all you boys can scrape up. We'll fill the projectile and put a charge in the middle. Spray a lot of fine black soot all over the lunar landscape. With practically no atmosphere or gravitation, it should make a huge black splash up there."

Pat rapped his gavel. "Let's everyone get behind the soot committee. Get a container, and we'll add some at every meeting." There was a murmur of approval as Pat looked for Joe Hawkins, their pro at handling tools. "You remember we figured all the power of our projectile would be lost just shoving the air out of our three-mile cannon. Has the vacuum committee licked that?"

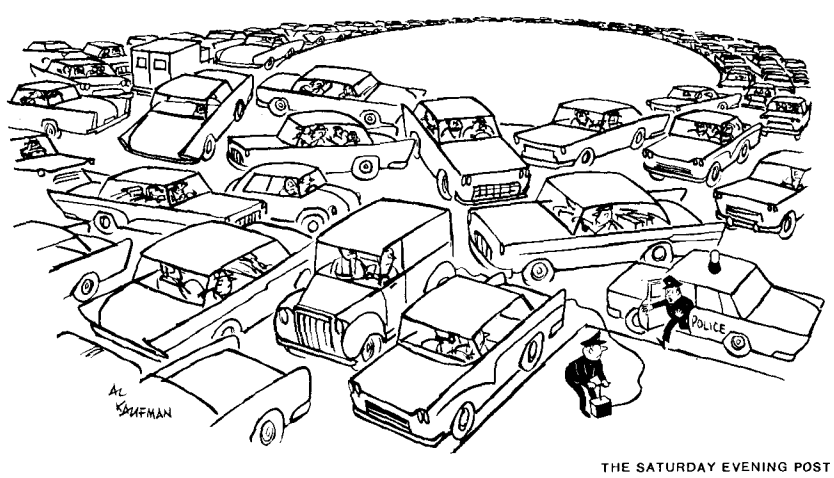
Hawkins stood up. "Exalted potentate, we capped the well and hooked in one of those portable vacuum pumps dad sells to the refineries. There's about thirty thousand cubic feet of air in the well. In two hours we got out ninety per cent of it, so it's pretty airtight. A greased metal sheet laid on top makes a good air seal. Our projectile will crash up through that like a bull through a china shop."

"Good work, Joe. We'll consider that one solved." Pat steadied his voice. "The chair recognizes Betty Gibson, the trajectory-committee chairman. This is our trickiest job. We can't aim an oil well, so Betty's committee has to figure when the moon will be crossing the path our projectile is going to take anyway. They've got to figure back and calculate exactly what instant we should fire our cannon. . . . Betty, can you explain what you're doing without getting too involved?"

Betty certainly looked pretty. She was deliberately avoiding his eyes, though. The blond pony tail shook mournfully. "There's no way to figure our trajectory," she said, "until we know the speed and weight of our projectile. Even then, it's rough. For example, how much is the atmosphere going to slow us down? . . . If we knew the pressure when things blew down there, Stinky, we might have a start." Betty looked unhappy. "We've got the astronomy prof at Teacher's College and the math prof and a lot of other brains helping out. We've just got to have more facts, though."

Pat had his voice under control. "We'll try to dig them out, Betty."

An hour later Pat looked around at the tired young faces. Mustn't violate Commandment One of Patrick's Rules of Order: "Thou shalt not keep a bunch of scientists sitting too long." He banged his gavel. "Our committees have made a wonderful start. Tomorrow we'll hear the beep, the rotation and the gasket committees." Pat stood and held his arms up to their flag. Everyone else did the



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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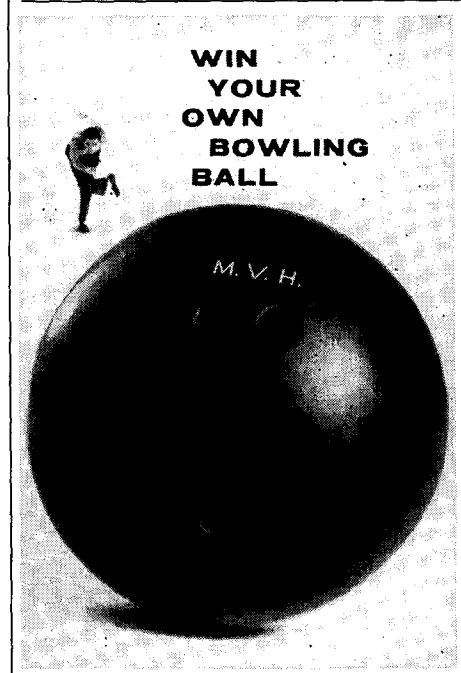

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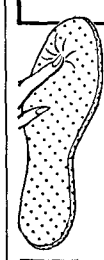

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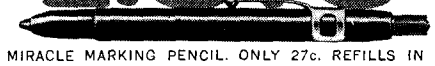

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cannon same. Their voices were solemn. "A window of knowledge opening into the blackness of space!" Pat banged the gavel. "We stand adjourned."

Pat slowly hung up the phone. Only three days before blast-off and now this. So Stackett claimed their amatol. He said he didn't know about it when he made Pat buy the property. At nine A.M. he was getting a court order forbidding them to drop "his" amatol down the well. Stackett would lose the lawsuit, but it would take weeks. According to Betty's trajectory committee, if they missed their shoot at five minutes past six A.M. Friday, the moon would not be right again for a year. Long before that the state inspectors would make them fill the well up. They were getting pretty nasty.

Pat looked at his watch—ten-fifteen P.M. Why not dump the amatol into the well tonight, before Stackett's injunction was served? But how could thirty teenage boys and Betty get three hundred tons of amatol loaded into the well before morning? Twenty thousand pounds apiece? Absolutely impossible.

Pat counted noses. Two hours after Stinky's call, and everybody was there, even Betty, with her blue jeans splashed with oil. The automatic silo loaders and the gasoline hoist from Fats's father's farm were already chugging like mad. It was a good idea, all right. The deadly little wax sticks and the wicked unopened boxes of amatol were moving up the endless belts and dropping into the well casing—wood, metal straps, nails and all. Pat cringed. They would really be traveling when they hit the bare granite, three miles straight down under their feet. He looked apprehensively at the steel tube. What if things blew down there? A frightful explosion would howl up the shaft faster than sound itself and would instantly set off the amatol on the conveyor belts. They wouldn't even know what hit them.

At five-thirty A.M., blast day, Pat started the countdown. The full moon was racing through the clouds, throwing a cold silvery light into the little amphitheater of hills that surrounded "Candler's Folly." Every one of the watchers had a scary black shadow of his own as he stood staring at the well. Betty and the trajectory committee had got everybody in on the act, including the scientists at the United States Naval Observatory, the rocket men at Huntsville and the astronomy department at Trinity College.

Pat looked at Butch. Everyone had a job except their sergeant at arms. It violated "Patrick's Principle No. 2," all right—"There must be a place for every man, and a man for every place." Too late to think of Butch now.

The dads looked good sitting proudly over there on their special bench, the place of honor, right on the bank of Carbon Creek. The black rushing waters flowed between them and the well. Pat's lips got that straight unhappy look. His own father would certainly have loved all the uproar. Pat picked up the microphone. "It's five forty-five," he announced. "Blast-off is at six-oh-five." Boy, the joint was really jumping. That newspaper publicity had almost wrecked things. Thousands of people were packed on the dark hillsides around them. The state police were keeping everyone a hundred yards from the well.

It certainly helped the prestige of the B.S.P.A.I.S., no doubt about that—that is, it did if their cannon went off. Pat smiled wanly. He would never forget the uproar when Stackett rushed up with his court order forbidding them to drop "his" amatol down the well. When he found it was already at the bottom of the three-mile hole, he really blew his stack. He could have sent their projectile to the moon with his temper. He yelled that he had been cheated, shouted he would get a court order against their setting the explosion off. He said the explosion would crack the earth's shell, cause a terrible earthquake. If he wasn't going to enjoy the amatol, they weren't either.

Pat adjusted the mike. Stinky's father wasn't too encouraging—he said the earth's temperature rose one degree per fifty feet of depth. A lot of heat three miles down. Just had to pray and hope the amatol was O.K. Pat could certainly never face anyone in town again if the whole thing flubbed. He looked at his watch and leaned over the mike. "The chairman of the trajectory committee, Betty Gibson, will continue the countdown. At 'zero,' the projectile-committee chairman, Charles Rigney, will turn that wheel on the well casing. The projectile, suspended in the vacuum inside, will start its three-mile, thirty-one-second drop. Then three hundred tons of amatol will explode—we hope."

There was a roar of laughter from the crowd. Everyone expected failure. They were going to have a ball either way, though. Betty's voice over the public-address system drowned out his own. "Five-fifty-five." Smart idea of Stinky's, pouring all that dry ice and the oil down the well—cooled things down. When the amatol blew, the oil would flash into vapor and give them that much more power, they figured.

The Army had certainly been fascinated by Pat's idea of using thousands of dry oil wells as intercontinental cannon—put the shells on course with vanes while they were still in the atmosphere. They would be heavier, more reliable, cheaper and safer than rockets. Nothing to sabotage. Thousands of cannons in every oil state, loaded and waiting for ultramassive retaliation at bargain-basement cost. Use huge cannon barrels already paid for by thousands of American oil promoters—let the Russians match that one!

"Those Army cameras will get our projectile's speed. Those radar dishes will plot its course—if our cannon goes off." Again came that cynical raucous laughter.

Pat felt Butch's elbow in his ribs. Far off at the edge of the floodlights a tiny figure was running toward them, shouting and frantically waving a piece of paper. It was Stackett. He must have got a new court injunction. Patrick spun around. The police would halt the firing if they got a court order. He glanced at the clock. Fire the cannon immediately? Five minutes would be fatal. They would probably miss anyway at a quarter of a million miles. Butch was staring at him. Butch? Pat stared back. He barked out an order. "Our sergeant at arms will prevent Mr. Stackett from trespassing on the property of the B.S.P.A.I.S."

Betty's voice rang out. "Six-oh-five—DROP!" Charles Rigney spun the wheel on the well casing. Pat's mouth was open. Their iron projectile was hurtling down the steel tube. Pat started counting.

He was knocked flat by a gigantic clap of thunder. It had no end, though—just kept right on thundering. He scrambled to his feet and stumbled back, appalled as the ground rocked beneath him. A piercing shaft of dazzling green light stabbed out of the well and extended in a vast curving arc to the zenith. A green brilliance seeming brighter than fifty suns lighted up the little valley and its thousands of staring openmouthed faces.

Pat frantically clapped his hands over his ears. His whole body shook in resonance with the ear-splitting noise from the well, a vibration that shook his abdomen uncontrollably, like a bowl of jelly. The exposed steel casing of the well turned cherry red, then dazzling white. Its steel lip bubbled with scalding drops of incandescent steel which melted off like white-hot butter. The ragged stump burned shorter and shorter and vanished into the ground. A volcano of dirt and rocks spewed up.

Pat screwed his eyes shut. Scores of shattering noises howled in concert. A monstrous three-mile organ pipe was blowing with a million pounds of pressure. Pat squinted against the green glare. The brilliant shaft of light had no end. It just vanished into infinity. A huge brown smoke ring formed a mile up and whirled massively outward, getting larger and heavier.

Pat leaned against the typhoon of wind that started blowing toward the well. The terrible jet was blowing away the air, and wind was rushing in to replace it. The huge trailer carrying the radar saucers started rolling, and dived into the roaring crater. There was a violent geyser of wheels and pieces of metal and a bright streak of aluminum. Pat looked up. A ten-ton Army trailer. When that came down—good night!

The frightful noise was dying down. It fell to a demoniac shriek and then to a howl and finally to a whisper. Suddenly there was silence—except for the loudspeaker. It was on full volume, "Beep . . . beep . . . beep . . . beep."

Pat yelled and started running for the well. It was their Confederate cannon, all right, hurtling out into space—no doubt about that—on its vast, cold quarter-million-mile journey to the moon. He could barely hear the thousands of thin cheering voices.

Pat stopped, puzzled. A deep rumbling had started under his feet. It got rapidly louder and louder. A shadow of fear brushed over his back. What was it? Maybe Stackett was right. Had they cracked the earth's granite? The rumbling got louder and deeper and more violent. The ground under Pat started to shake. He turned with a cry and fled. He heard a gigantic, devastating noise. It seemed like the end of the world as the well exploded behind him a second time. He felt water raining down on his head. He stopped and looked back.

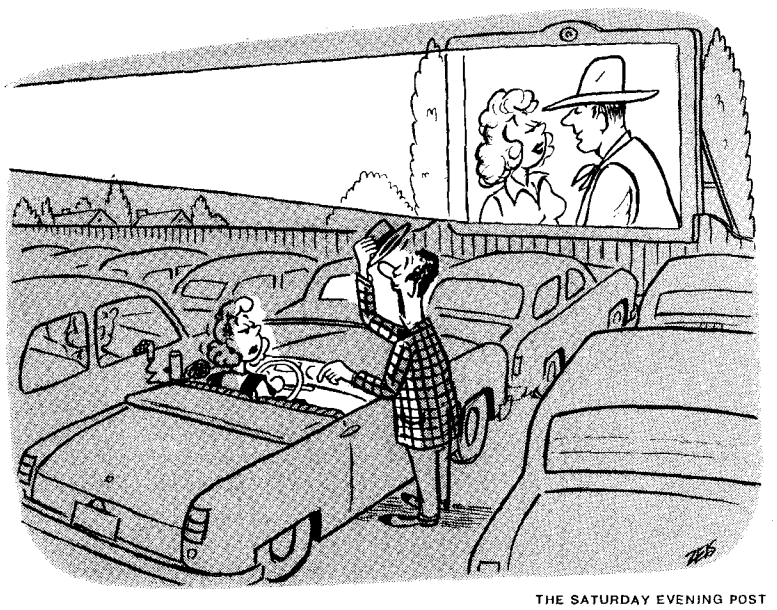
Silhouetted starkly against the disk of the full moon, a roaring black column of liquid was gushing up into the sky. Pat stared openmouthed at the massive moving tower. Must be a quarter of a mile high. He stared at his hands. It was oil, no doubt about that. It was the great-great-grandfather of all the gushers of the world, a dense, raging vertical Niagara of oil. Pat held his face up to the black rain and held out his cupped hands. He rubbed it in his hair and on the back of his neck. He shouted delightedly up at the sky. Here was the answer to his father's "gigantic formation" and the huge supply of explosive he had bought to break it up.

Pat rapped on the table and tried to look dignified. It was hard to settle down after the day before yesterday. "The Black Star Physics and Interplanetary Society will please come to order." He looked fearfully around the tent. It was scary having all those television cameras pointing smack at you that way, knowing you were being seen all over the United States. No time to flub the dub on your Robert's Rules of Order—not that the TV people wouldn't eat it up.

The Army cameras showed that their projectile had emerged at enormous speed, 'way over the earth's escape velocity. Air resistance had raised hob with that speed though, and probably its course. When the radar truck got smashed, they lost the projectile completely, knew only its speed. It would intercept the moon's orbit, 238,860 miles out, at about eight tonight. If the moon was there, the projectile would hit. If it wasn't, their missile would be lost in space.

The TV people had really laid the fish on the line. "We'll pay your club five thousand dollars for exclusive TV rights to your meeting. We want to broadcast your expressions at eight when your projectile either hits or doesn't. That's the kind of tense uncertain drama our TV audience eats up. We'll have a receiver here so you can see yourselves and the rest of our moon-shot program on TV."

Their clubhouse was flattened under tons of oil, but as soon as the gusher had been capped, Pat had made them erect the TV tent upstream, right beside Carbon



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Is this seat taken?"

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Creek. Couldn't have the Old Man missing the show at a time like this. Pat looked at the screen. "Will the sergeant at arms report what he did when Mr. Stackett ran up with his court order?"

Butch beamed. He was a hero and knew it. "I told Stackett he was trespassing on the property of the B.S.P.A.I.S. He got mad, called me a musclehead and started shoving me around. I gave him a couple of swift boots in the apogee, or maybe it was the perigee, and got him orbiting around the old tool shed at the end of the clearing. You should have heard him beep. He was still orbiting at just the velocity of escape and waving his injunction when our cannon blew."

Pat rapped sharply. Butch had turned into quite a wit. The boys were yacking it up too much though—the wrong time for all that undignified howling and screaming, right on a national hookup. "Now about our next project. We have a committee ——" He looked up. His face had vanished from the screen.

A strange announcer, excited and almost apoplectic, was shouting, "Our network's astronomers at Palomar report that the projectile of the Black Star Physics and Interplanetary Society has scored a direct hit, right at the edge of the great Copernican Crater. Please stand by. This network has arranged for an exclusive view of the moon through the huge telescope. Stand by, please."

Pat sat rigid, his hands against his mouth. The screen showed an extreme close-up of the moon, a single gigantic crater with the faults radiating from its center line like the spokes of a wheel. A black arrow was moving out, pointing to a tiny spot near the crater's edge. Suddenly the screen magnified that spot enormously. Pat stared. It was there, all right—an irregular, ragged splash of black. A rough, many-pointed star, almost as black as the soot from his mother's stove. Pat looked at their banner on the wall of the tent. His mother couldn't have made it any better if she had been up there herself. It was *their* star, no doubt about that, the symbol of the Black Star Physics and Interplanetary Society. A window of knowledge opening into the blackness of space—on the moon, for all eternity.

Pat blew his nose. It was embarrassing to see tears in your own eyes, especially on a national hookup when you were trying to look like an exalted potentate. Why didn't they aim at Betty or Butch? They were all jumping up and down like a bunch of maniacs. Their eyes looked sort of funny though too. The man behind the camera was signaling to him, writing on his little blackboard and holding it up. "Let's have some action. You're on the air. Remember, we paid for a regular club meeting."

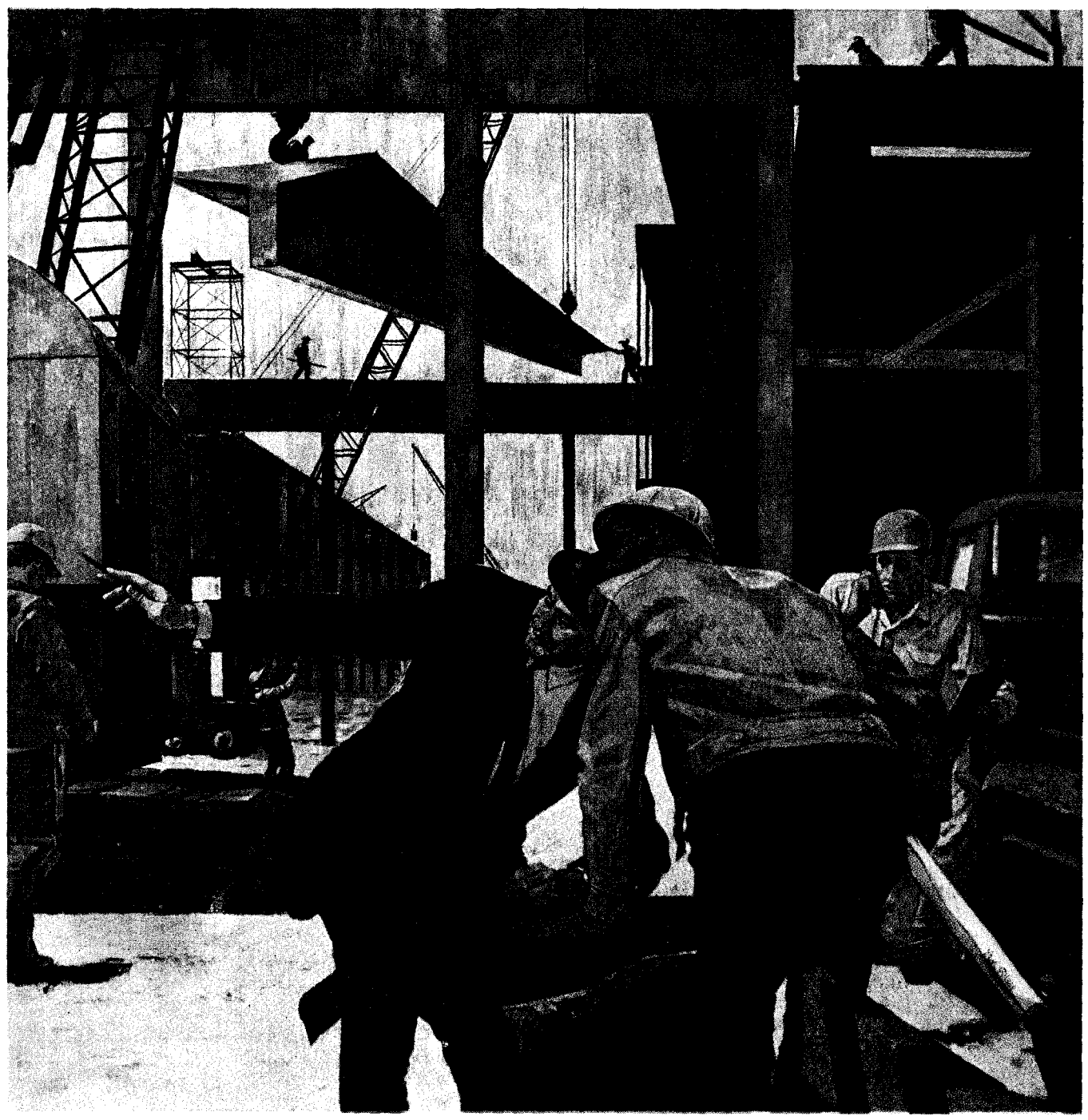
Pat slammed down his gavel. "Order," he choked. "Order!" He searched for words. "We members of the Black Star Physics and Interplanetary Society are extremely delighted at the success of our moon cannon. We feel definitely it is an even greater accomplishment than our ten-inch reflecting telescope." Pat hesitated. "Due to our oil discovery, our society will now have an income of about ten thousand dollars a day. We realize, of course, that both the United States and the Russian governments will make an attempt to beat us to Mars. With that sort of competition we have just got to get our committees set up and on the ball. We're up against the first team." He looked around the room. "A man for every place, and a place for every man"—he glanced at Betty—"and woman." Pat stopped and hunted desperately for words. He pointed to the banner. "A window of knowledge opening into the blackness of space." He sat down in confusion.

The announcer was waving a telegram. "There's another reason, too, Pat, to get going. This just came in." He started reading.

MY DEAR EXALTED POTENTATE:
HAVE JUST HAD SPECIAL MEETING ADMISSIONS COMMITTEE. FIRST AND PROBABLY LAST TIME HISTORY THIS INSTITUTION WAIVING MATHEMATICS REQUIREMENT FOR APPLICANT ADMISSION PHYSICS MAJOR. ADMITTING YOU THIS SEPTEMBER'S FRESHMAN CLASS. SUGGEST TRAJECTORY CHAIRMAN BETTY GIBSON ENROLL COLLEGE WITHIN ORBITING AND BEEPING DISTANCE.
DR. JOHNSON,
TRINITY COLLEGE

Everyone turned and looked at Pat. He glanced at Betty. She was fiddling with something on her finger. It was the same old bent horseshoe-nail ring, no doubt about that. There was an electric silence, except for Carbon Creek, which was leaping and splashing past the open front of the tent. Pat cocked his head. The waters had never sounded so raucous and delighted and happy. They were leaping high in the air with what seemed to be undertones of deep masculine laughter and approval.

Pat looked out over the rushing waters and grinned. The Old Man was having quite a ball for himself, no doubt about that. **THE END**



Never enough time

He's a construction boss from the mud on his shoes to the computer in his head. He's on the run from dawn till dusk . . . and later. So when it comes to insurance, he looks to a man with both the **time** and the **training** to help him plan a sound protection program . . . his independent agent representing USF&G. ☐ The USF&G agent is a good man for you to know, too . . . whether you're building a business or a home . . . or your family's future security. Select and consult an independent insurance agent or broker as you would your doctor or lawyer.

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One Of Us Must Die

BY EDMUND GILLIGAN

By lamp-lighting time alongshore, the *Medea* of Gloucester lay sound asleep at the herring wharf in Shelburne, Nova Scotia, where the Roseway River empties into the Atlantic. The schooner had hurried across the Bay of Fundy under a whole mainsail because she had never gone fishing so late in the year, and her people wished to find shelter to size things up. There had been signs of bad weather far behind her. Off Cape Sable, her landfall, she had found more reasons to hurry. The westerly wind had become curiously dry, and the barometer had risen. Later she had sighted hurricane rollers rising out of a very long swell. When she swept along the western edge of Roseway Bank, the squally halo around the first-quarter moon had vanished, and the barometer had fallen to "Fair." So she slept in peace, the uneasy peace of November.

Huddled under the eaves of the icehouse, three dark-clad men gazed at the *Medea* as she lightly rose and fell to bow line and stern line, her iron gear atinkling. By moonlight and starlight the *Medea* displayed her old-time beauties: bottle-green hull, cherry-stained bulwarks, white cross-trees and her name in gold, mildly gleaming under skeins of frost. Those men knew the *Medea* well enough, and they knew why she lay there: to buy their herring in the morning to make bait for the halibut on far Banquereau, which was her workshop. Herring they had in plenty on ice, and the sale meant much to them, coming so late in the season. They would have a little more Christmas money. They understood that the *Medea* had dared to make a November voyage for the same purpose. There had not been much money earned that fall on the Grand Banks; the price of halibut had been too low at Boston. Now it had risen.

Talking of these matters, they crossed the wharf, took a kindly look at her mooring lines and walked up the lane, praising the fatness of their herring and declaring the *Medea*'s skipper surely would be pleased when he ran his testing thumb down the herring bellies and found them fresh.

In the galley of the *Medea*, aft of her forecastle where eighteen of her dorymen slept in their tiered bunks, one man stayed merrily awake. He was her cook, known to the Grand Bankers as "Long Tom" because his handsome head, well silvered now, lay so far from his feet. The dorymen asserted that in any kind of fog he couldn't see his boots. He answered that his boots weren't worth such a difficult glance anyway.

Tom had finished his ordinary chores. Mugs and dishes were washed and put away, his pans scoured. He had just taken twenty loaves of bread out of his great oven. In there now his apple pies were already adding a cinnamon bouquet to the other delicious fragrances. He had yet to brush the top crusts with a gull's feather dipped in butter. The feather and butter were at hand.

At the moment, Long Tom was resisting temptation of the worst kind—one offered by himself. He was a cook who enjoyed his own cooking. In fifty years of labor in that one galley he had never tasted a dish which he could not praise. And he tasted all that he made. Even when he hard-boiled fifty eggs for the shack locker, where dorymen coming off watch could "mug up" on tea and cookies, he always ate one or two to make sure. His chocolate cake had made the *Medea* the envy of the Gloucester fleet. Such cakes bore fudge icing, and Long Tom couldn't tolerate an icing less than half an inch thick.

His present temptation had a chocolate nature too: precisely, a yard-square tray of fudge cooling on a shelf under the half-open port. He had used the last of his Jersey cream for it, and he had put into it an array of excellent English walnuts. He had a benevolent purpose in mind, and he intended to carry it out when the fudge had hardened enough to be cut. He had to combat his desire to taste. To that resistance he carried all the force of his plumpness and of his agile mind.

At such a crisis Long Tom took refuge in the Bible, not exactly for instruction but chiefly to employ his mind. *The Book of Job* had served him well a thousand times. Long Tom had never quite settled the question of Job. "Patience of Job, do I hear you say? Why, he don't strike me as being a model of patience. What answer did he make to his chum? 'Wherefore do the wicked live, become old, yea, are mighty in power?' And didn't he come out all right in the end? Aye, there's something of a sea lawyer about that man. Shouldn't be surprised if he'd once been before the mast—and a poor cook in the galley."

When he had beguiled his heart by thoughts of Job and Satan, he turned in a soberer mood to *The New Testament*, in which he always read much during the Christmas season. "Matthew, Mark, Luke or John?" He chose John, and for a time he sat enthralled, because these were saints whose hearts spoke well to his. He placed the Bible in its tin box and turned to the cutting of the fudge. He had all but finished when Satan whispered, "My dear Job—I mean, of course, my dear Tom—isn't that a rather odd-looking piece over there south by east, a little east? I mean that one with a whole kernel in it."

After he had eaten it and savored each crumb to the last, Tom looked behind him quickly and seemed surprised. "Well, now, I really didn't have to do that. I knew it was good, very good."

He filled three plates with fudge and climbed the companionway step by step, carefully. On the way aft he paused in the lee of the starboard nest of dories and measured the starry night. The Pole Star burned fierce as a bonfire, and he could make out even the faint stars of the Little Bear, so clearly they shone in the winter hovering aloft. He passed to the cabin and went below into its dusk. He put the plates down and rapped his knuckles against the great lamp, burning low in its gimbals. It was his duty to keep lamps trimmed and full.

Which man would choose
to sacrifice himself
to save the other?

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One Of Us

In the starboard bunk Captain Matthew Duane lay asleep, his boots near at hand, ready, even in harbor, to be jumped into. Under the black curve of his moustache his lips shaped a stern word. He frowned and gently struck his mouth, just as if it had spoken of its own accord and had vexed him mightily in his dreams. "I'd give a lot to know what he said," whispered Tom. He gave a plate of fudge. The skipper whispered again and began to turn over, his secret kept.

Long Tom stepped lightly to the port bunks. In the lower one lay Dick Rodney, the oldest hand in the *Medea* and the best sailing master ever she had. She liked him, that vessel did, and willingly performed things for him that she would not for others, especially when close-hauled and beating to windward to hit the lively Wednesday market at Boston. Neither chick nor child did that man have, as they used to say of bachelors in the bygone days. On the *Medea*'s tenth birthday he had come aboard, a greenhorn, and he had never left her even to lay off one trip. The sea and the oars and the hauling of halibut had shaped him into the Atlantic style: heavy-shouldered, lithe in the long legs and able, very able, in the many uses of the great frost-scarred hands calmly folded together in the grace of dreamless sleep. Dark hands they were, half again as large as the cook's, and his were not a boy's hands by any means.

"Happy birthday, Dick," whispered Long Tom, although it wasn't anybody's birthday and he was just trying to entertain himself. "Happy birthday—and may you have another one very, very soon." He placed Dick's portion at the foot of his bunk, where his pipes lay in a rack of white porcelain, an ancient thing with odd English words on it that had been fished up one day on Sable Island Bank.

In the upper bunk a man lay awake. Long Tom had no difficulty in standing face-to-face with him; he was tall enough for that. Such wakefulness surprised Tom not at all. He had expected it; in fact, this doryman—greenhorn, rather—was the reason for his night visit. He knew well enough what must be the thoughts of a youngster on his first trip to stormy Banquereau—and in November. He had known the lad's father, Dennis Nolan, a good man in a vessel and, in a dory, the best of dorymates. Now he saw in the gazing eyes and the thick wheaten-colored shock of hair the father's eyes and the father's head. The young man's forehead shone white in the dim lamplight because he had been living ashore. On the voyage across Fundy, Long Tom had watched the new hand with affectionate care and had helped Dick Rodney in the schooling of him, for Dick took charge of the greenhorns one by one through the Grand Banks seasons. This one now required something more than lessons in seamanship.

"You don't sleep, young man?"

"No, sir, I don't. I've been thinking—and it keeps me awake."

"You've Dick Rodney for a dorymate, and he's taught you well coming over, so you've no cause for worry, David."

"You both been good to me, cook."

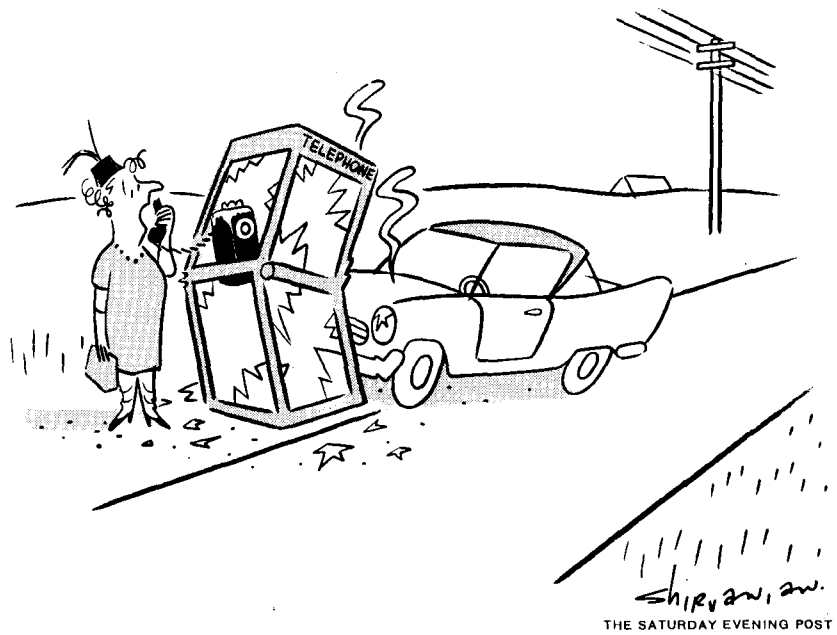
"And I brought something for you right now." He held out the plate. "Just you take some of this, David, for I know you've a sweet tooth, and a sweet tooth satisfied—ah! that puts a man asleep. So I guess you'll be all right, young man, if now you take another piece and fall asleep and sort of work up an appetite for breakfast by the right kind of dreaming. Aye, the young need sleep. And so good night."

In the afternoon, after her bait had been stowed in ice, the *Medea* took the tide that served her. Under headsails only, she passed through the harbor entrance and, once outside, laid on all her muslin and was soon running free to the chosen fishing grounds.

Now, standing among the other dorymen on her streaming deck, young Nolan learned to cut bait in the larger chunks required when a vessel is rigged for halibut. Dick Rodney stood by him and showed him how to thrust the chunks onto the big Norway hooks, hanging a fathom apart on shorter lines tied to the main line of the trawl. He taught him the skill of coiling the baited hooks on squares of canvas to be lashed into bundles called "skates."

"And once a halibut has taken hold," said Dick, "he ain't hard to haul—not in winter, I mean—because we'll be fishing in eighty fathoms maybe, and he's dead beat by the time he tugs all that way. Now in summer, when you take fish in forty fathoms, they have a short fight coming up and come to the gaff strong and frolicsome. You understand me, my boy?"

"Yes, Mr. Rodney."



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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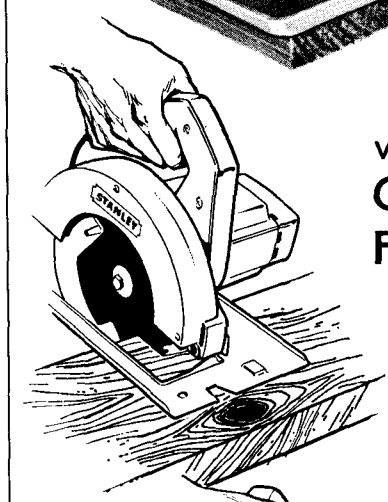

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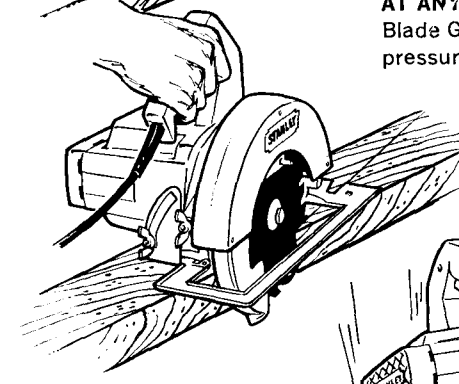

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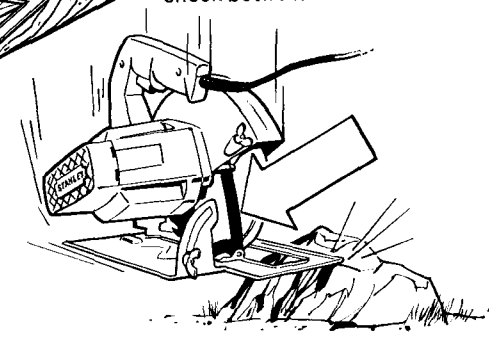

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"Ah, you must drop the 'Mister' now, David, though it's real respectfullike of you and all right in the beginning and shows your good breeding, but now you must learn to call me 'Dick' because we're dorymates now and forever friends, the best of friends, depending entirely one upon the other in the dory. Besides, you may be calling out a warning suddenlike, and 'Dick' is the quick word."

"I'll do so, Dick."

Before sunset the westerly wind became very cold and a fine rain fell, almost a mist. Everything cleared up for a time, and the sunset took on a violet coloring. Before the sun really got down, a cloud bank under it changed to a purple hue. Squalls burst out of that bank and ripped along the horizon, making quite a rumpus over the tide rips. Despite the unsteady nature of the weather, the *Medea* plunged into the dark night and, without taking a reef or changing course, crossed the Sambro Banks and swung away until she changed course to go along the southern edge of Sable Island Bank.

During this sailing toward the Gully of Banquereau, where the gear must be put to work, Dick drilled his greenhorn hard until he knew the use and place for each tool of their trade: bailer and water jar, bucket and food tin, the gaff to hook fish and the gobstick to club big ones. He showed him the bottom plug of their dory, which is knocked out when the dory is hoisted aboard.

"In this way, lad," he said, holding up the plug in his right hand, "brine and blood can be hosed out through the plughole and—watch now!—in this way the plug is jammed into place before we lower again."

"Dory away!"

Obedient to this order shouted by Captain Duane near the helm, Dick Rodney's dory, No. 1 of the starboard nest, came swinging out, and the dorymates went down in it for the opening of a brisk campaign.

Young Nolan sat to the oars and took the direction of the set from the captain's extended arm: southward. Dick sent down the first anchor to hold the trawl, and after it he flung the buoy carrying the dory's flag. He took up his heaving stick, a willow wand cut in the marshes of home, and began the deft lifting and tossing of the baited hooks, coil after coil. The baits sank, score by score, down to the halibut roving along the hills and valleys of the ocean floor. With the first skate down, Dick tied on another string, and young Nolan rowed on, eagerly watching the clever hands, the great arms and shoulders bending, swaying at their tasks.

Meanwhile, the *Medea*, under jib and jumbo, glided northward, dropping the other dories. She came jogging back again, and at eight o'clock, when the sun was well up, she gave the fishing signal: two whirls of her horn crank.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"If I order pastry, don't bring it."

"And now I'll haul, lad."

Wearing the white cotton gloves of his trade, Dick laid the trawl line over the wheel of a gurdy set near the bow, and he bent down to haul. The first few hooks came up untouched; the next one brought from him a cry of dismay.

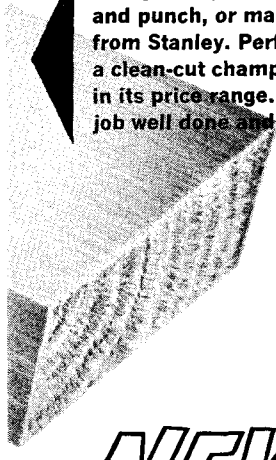
"Dogfish! Drat 'em!" He slatted the twisting fish against the gunwale and knocked it off. Over the quiet sea came the same slatting noise repeated in other dories, a dismal sound for all hands because it showed that the useless dogfish were swarming below. The shouts of anger soon ceased. The dogfish had fled before the voracious halibut.

"Greenhorn luck, lad! Here he comes!"

Its eyeless side uppermost, a halibut five feet long slanted violently to the surface, its snout tugging hard against Dick's strength. It thrashed in such force that a torrent of foam quite concealed its mottled, rust-hued length. For an instant it floated in an idling way and then turned over ponderously until the two eyes on its right side stared upward dully. Driven by a quick frenzy, it tried to dive. The tight line checked the halibut's thrust, and at that moment Dick swung the gaff down into the space between the eyes. He hauled on the gaff with both hands until the fish came over the gunwale. Dick struck three times with his gobstick before the fish ceased to struggle.

For the next three days Dick and young Nolan labored from daybreak until moonrise over their trawls, and often they pitchforked their fish aboard the *Medea* by the light of oil torches on her deck. On the fourth day Dick let his dorymate make his first haul, and up the fish came, hook after hook. Each conquest excited

No lightweight ever showed more heavy-duty stamina, packed more power and punch, or maneuvered more smoothly than this new power saw from Stanley. Perfect balance, coolness under stress, plenty of heart . . . a clean-cut champion that easily outclasses leading contenders in its price range. Ideal for the "amateur" who seeks only the satisfaction of a job well done and the "pro" who must have workmanlike performance.



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STANLEY ALL-PURPOSE ½" DRILL

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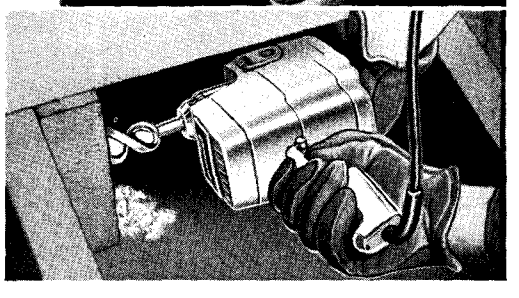

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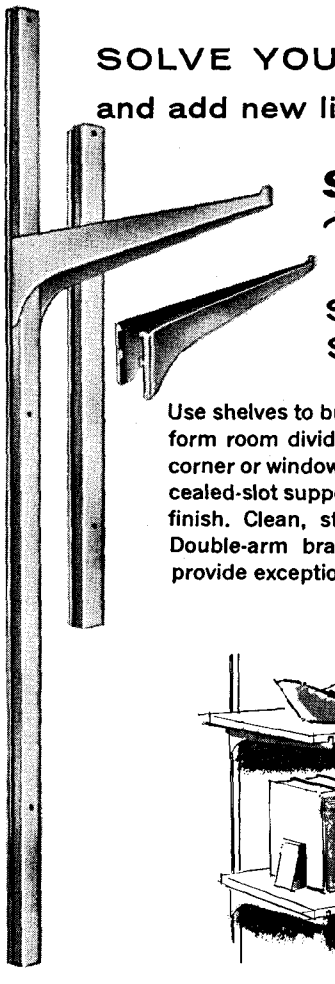

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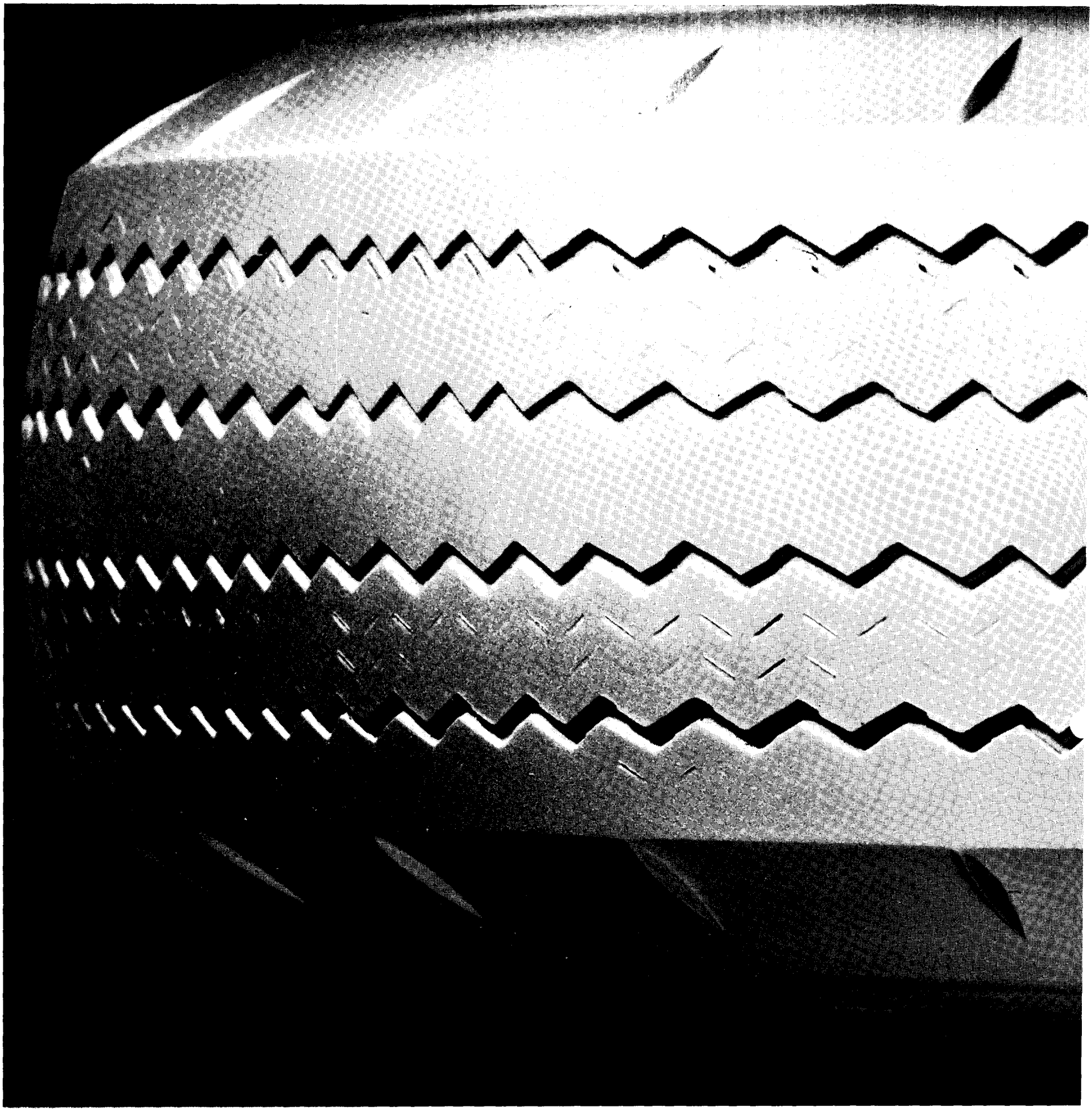

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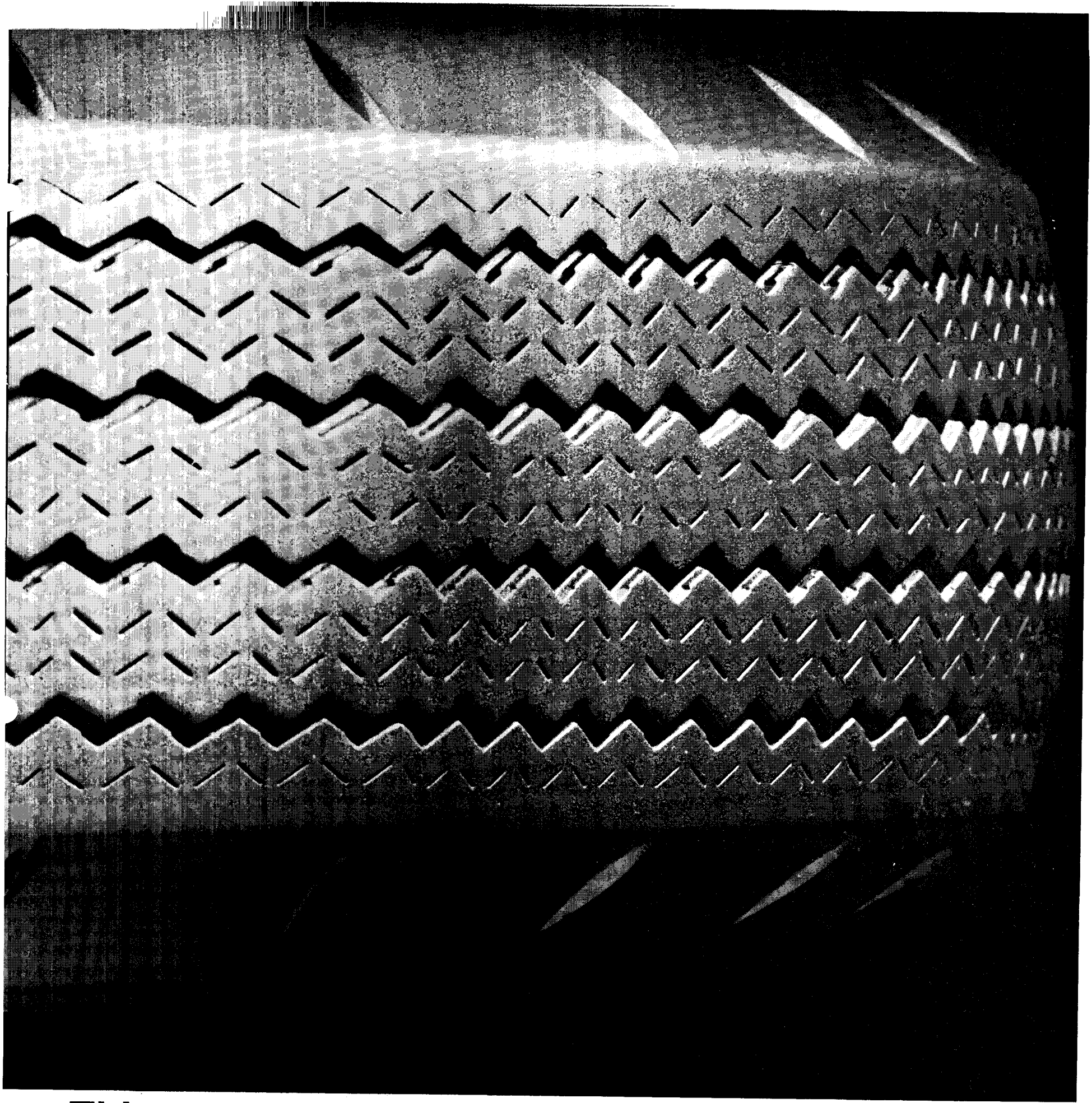

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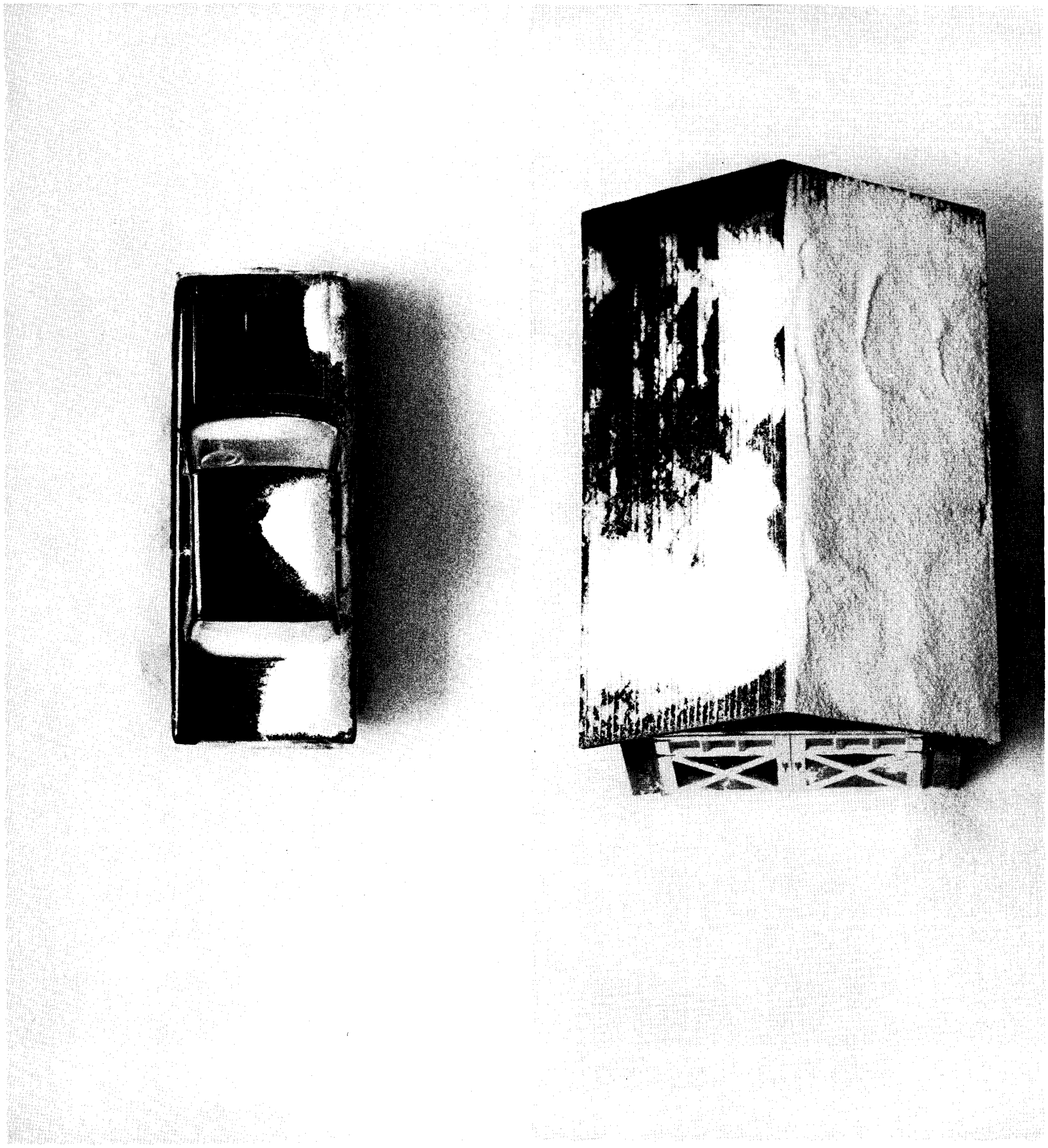

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young Nolan until he laughed aloud and struck the gaff so fiercely that Dick had to caution him to take it easy because the dory had almost a full load.

"Hey!" Young Nolan shouted in amazement at the repeated surge far below of a fish that drew the gunwale down. An immense halibut had taken the last bait, and the gashing steel drove it rampaging down and away, back and forth. "Ah, Dick, he's thundering big!"

Foot by foot, fathom by fathom, the fish yielded to the unfaltering strain on the line. Despite the freezing wind, and the sleet-chilled water, young Nolan sweated over the gurdy. His breath blew vapor out and he gasped harshly. He bent far down to renew his hold on the line and heaved so strongly that the fish came swerving to the foam. Maddened by the hook, it flung its bulk grandly against the dory. In falling, the halibut struck a blow with its tail that actually drove the dory off in a sideways glide.

"Now then, David!"

At Dick's signal young Nolan swung the gaff high and swung it down and into the massive head. This first blow stunned the fish. It lay sluggish, and thus young Nolan got his chance to club it three times with the gobstick. The fish shuddered its fathom length. Its tail sagged and its gills spurted water with an odd choking sound. The fish rolled on the surface, and they saw that it was by far the greatest yet taken by the *Medea*. No one man could haul such a fish over the gunwale. Dick lifted his own gaff, drove its blade into the thickest part of the tail, and hauled.

At that very instant, from far off, where the *Medea* sailed among the other dories, there came the wail of her horn, three times howling the danger signal: *Cut! Cut all gear!*

One upward glance revealed to Dick the onrush of a squall in which streams of sleet glittered. A November northwester had caught up with them at last. Out of blue water there had risen a black, white-capped sea. A second comber bulged in its wide path. Both seas joined and doubled in a wave that exploded against the dory. Even such an assault could not overwhelm a Gloucester dory. Its high sides and solid gunwales had been designed, through the Grand Banks centuries, to withstand such shocks and to yield sturdily before them. So their dory slid off smoothly. Half-hidden in the welter of that sea, Dick shouted the *Medea*'s signal: "Cut! In the name of God! Cut your gear, David!"

Young Nolan had already obeyed the *Medea*. In a sweep of his bait knife he sliced the line that held the halibut. At this sudden end to the strain, the halibut's head sank down with such force that the gaff sprang free and rose in David's hand lightly into the darkening air. Carried high above the gunwale by the sea, the halibut strove hard for a diving thrust of its tail. This furious action had the effect of raising its head once more. In this position it thrashed its tail and head in a vaulting action out of the water and into the air. It fell, and its great mass struck full along the gunwale. The dory turned over.

In the moment before the gunwale sank, young Nolan had tottered in his place, both hands upraised, the bloodied gaff against his yellow storm hat. In the same tick of time Dick had flung himself backward across the mound of fish in an effort to trim the dory and counterbalance the force of the falling halibut. He failed. The other gunwale came up violently. They were pitched outward into the sea.

The sea rolled over them. A second comber followed. Very soon nothing could be seen except the flat bottom of the dory. A ripple of foam spread down the bottom and split against the bottom plug, a battered cylinder of wood two inches high.

The halibut came up and swam awkwardly this way and that. It plowed through foam and flotsam—bailer, oars, mast—and reddening water ran out of its jaws. The fish sounded. A buoy swam up, struck an oar and swept away on the tide. A white-gloved hand reached out of the water, grasped at the buoy, failed and began a clumsy openhanded thrashing. Dick Rodney came up—first his hand, then his storm hat and at last his gasping mouth, spurting water. Burdened by thick winter clothes and by his boots full of water, he could make no headway.

The dory swung toward him. He flailed the water frantically with his arms. His hands clawed at the bottom of the dory and slipped off. The dory sank with a falling sea. He lunged once more and reached up for the bottom plug, the only thing on which a man could lay hold. In the crook of two fingers of his right hand, he drew himself out of the water. He lay moaning on the flat bottom, his face turned to the unlighted clouds.

Soon the strain of clinging to the plug weakened his grasp. His hand was too big for it. There wasn't enough wood for his hand to ply its strength. He seized the

Four ways the English keep cool!

(These summertime drinks are enjoyed by Americans, too!)

(1)

Gordon's Gin in a Gordon's N'Tonic

Pour one jigger of Gordon's Gin into medium-sized glass with ice cubes. Fill with any good tonic water. Add a slice of lemon or lime. Stir and enjoy. (Ah-h-h-h!)

(2)

Gordon's Gin in a Gordon's Collins

Jigger of Gordon's Gin, juice of ½ lemon, 1 tsp. sugar in highball glass with cracked ice. Fill with soda, stir well. Add orange slice. (Great!)

(3)

Gordon's Gin in a Gordon's Martini

Half fill shaker with ice. Use 4 or more parts Gordon's Gin to 1 part Dry Vermouth. Stir into cocktail glass or over "rocks". Add olive or lemon peel. (M-m-m-m!)

(4)

Gordon's Gin in a Gordon's Sour

Jigger of Gordon's Gin, juice of ½ lemon and ½ tsp. sugar. Shake well and strain. Decorate with orange slice and cherry. Add dash of soda. (Dee-lic-ious!)

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plug with his left hand. He spewed water, and sucked in air rapidly. As if the near-death had dulled his heart and senses, he lay sprawled, one boot dragging in the sea. "Ah, thank God, thank God!"

At once, his gravest duty brought him up to his knees. He looked wildly around, then carefully. He saw nothing. A thick gray vapor rolling in from the west drew over the water where the *Medea* struggled to find her dories. Dick shouted, "David! David!"

Not waiting for an answer, he made one up for himself—that his dorymate had not risen and must be drowning under the dory, where the trawl had caught him. Dick slid off the bottom. Holding to the gunwale, he let himself go down until he could reach into the dory. He came up to breathe. At the third trial his hand found a living thing. He laid hold and drew it toward him. A hand in there seized his arm. Dick bore backward and came up with young Nolan in his grasp. Dick tried to seize the plug, and, as before, a subsiding sea brought it near. He drew himself onto the bottom. He dragged young Nolan to his side and held him close while the water seeped out between the young man's clenched teeth.

"Breathe, lad, breathe! Safe and sound!" His hand clamped on the plug, Dick made a desperate venture into the lamed consciousness of that young body. He struck young Nolan's mouth a shrewd blow and rolled him over. The seeping of water became a rough belching. The fog closed over them, a sign that the gale was swinging away to the northward.

David spoke. "It was the fish, Mr. Rodney. Not me."

"Aye, the fish!"

The dory tipped. Under the force of the washing sea, young Nolan slid down and almost into the water. Dick shifted his weight to trim the bottom. When it lay level, he drew young Nolan back. The dory began to slant the other way, and again young Nolan slid down. Dick tried to sink his fingernails into the boards. This he couldn't do. Another sea struck over them. They lay a time underwater. A cross sea sluiced under the stern. This rising forced young Nolan toward the bow. "Hold to my arm, lad."

The other obeyed. In a moment of ease, while the dory rode nearly level, Dick changed his grasp on the plug from his right hand to the left. The strain had become intolerable under the weight and thrust of two bodies depending on his two fingers. Seeing this, young Nolan stared at the narrow hold of Dick's hand on the wood. "Even you, Dick—you can't do it."

"Change your grip to my knee, David. Hold hard now."

The flooding tide began to turn the dory round and round. Soon the whirling action became so strong that they sagged in a heavier way, and Dick's grasp on the plug began to weaken rapidly. His fingers slipped from the sodden wood, and they were sliding into the sea when the dory floated level again. Dick renewed his hold.

He could not long maintain it. Had the plug been the size of an oar handle, nothing save death itself could have broken his grasp. His two fingers might keep him safe until the *Medea* came in her search. Two fingers could not hold two such men. They could save only one.

The wounded halibut came alongside and died. The dorymen began their prayers, muttering together in the overwhelming salt, in the dark of night. Young Nolan cried out, "God have mercy on my soul!" And, "Ah, my poor mother!" Thereupon, he let go his grasp on Dick's knee and let himself fall down the tipping dory. He had made his choice.

That choice was not acceptable to Dick Rodney. He caught young Nolan at the edge and took his hand and forced the slender fingers into place around the plug. Three of the fingers took good hold.

"Hear me, David? Do you hear me? I'll swim to yonder buoy and save myself. Hold on desperate and she'll come to you. And to me." Saying this, he rose to his knees. He bowed his head in brief prayer. He bent down to young Nolan and said, "The Lord be with you, David. I'll be on my way now." He plunged into the sea, and the sea received him.

Long after nightfall the oil torches on the *Medea*'s deck flared yellow in the west, where she sailed in the traditional circle of search, closing in spoke by spoke to the position that No. 1 dory had taken. The schooner had a hard time finding the other dories in that fog. Now she swept round and round until she picked up the first buoy of No. 1's trawl, then the second. Very soon a man aloft made out the dory, where it had drifted—well away from its trawl buoys—and they took young Nolan off it.

The first thing they had to tell him was that there had been no buoy near to keep Dick Rodney up. They told him that even the strongest swimmer could not have lived in that sea, and more—that Dick could not swim a stroke. Nor could any man in that vessel. Dorymen refused to learn because nothing could help a heavy-clad man in the waters they worked in.

These matters were gently explained to him while he lay in the captain's bunk, where he could be better tended by the captain and Long Tom. Those two understood quickly enough that their greenhorn had been badly hurt, not in the body but elsewhere—the place of grief. He made no answer to their patience. Nor did he change the stare of his eyes or the firm set of his mouth. He could not sleep—or would not. He neither ate nor drank.

All the first night, after the *Medea* had swung away on the wearisome beat to windward and to home, young Nolan lay there, his eyes apparently set on the lamp swaying to the schooner's sway. Long Tom saw that this was not a true gaze, because, when he stood between the lamp and the bunk, the eyes kept on gazing. Thus young Nolan became a mystery to their hearts, one that they had found obscure in their Atlantic myths and legends. They believed he did not wish to live. His face became a white mask when the wind burn faded, and his eyes grew larger in the gauntness changing his cheek. He frightened them. Only his voice—a word—could guide them to his inwardness. He did not say it.

At midnight a change came in the wind; it hauled around until it blew fair for the *Medea* and once more sent her running free toward her landfall far away. She sailed quietly now; the wind flowing off her sails made the only music. This agreeable change relieved Captain Duane's anxiety for the other men, who had been handling sail so often. So he sat in the galley with Long Tom and talked in whispers of a sentence by a doryman at dinner: "Too bad. He had the makings of a good doryman." After saying that, the doryman had taken the watch in the cabin while the captain and Long Tom were at dinner, and he had since gone aft again to watch David's face. Captain Duane whispered, "They have given the youngster up? Is that it, Tom?"

Long Tom's answer was cut off by the hasty return of the doryman. "Captain, the poor lad has spoken."

"What words, eh? Tell us that, Jock."

"'Why?' And that's all. Just 'Why?'"

The captain stepped forward in an eager movement. "And I am just the man that can answer that word!"

Long Tom held Captain Duane back a time while he made a pot of fresh tea and cut a thick slice of bread. He buttered the bread and then poured honey over it. They went aft and stood by the bunk where young Nolan lay—unchanged, impassive.

The captain said, "You hear me, David? Do you at last ask why? And will I not give you the answer? Not mine, but another's. Were you not sworn friends with Dick Rodney? Dorymates that must cleave to each other even to death? Then ——"

Young Nolan had not seemed to be hearing or seeing. Yet, at the last question, his immobility broke. His right hand rose in a plea for silence. His eyes became expressive, and his expression one of bewilderment. He whispered a word. They could not hear it. They bent forward anxiously.

"Eh?" whispered the captain. "What's that, David?"

They heard: "I did so cleave. I made the offer first, captain. I was ready." He gave up and passed into a profound reflection, as if he understood for the first time the true meaning of the moment when he had taken his hand away from Dick Rodney's knee.

At the revelation of this secret, the captain's eyes turned to Long Tom's. They looked deeply at each other, not in the earlier questioning way, but in the way of wonder. And this soon changed to a kind of sober joy.

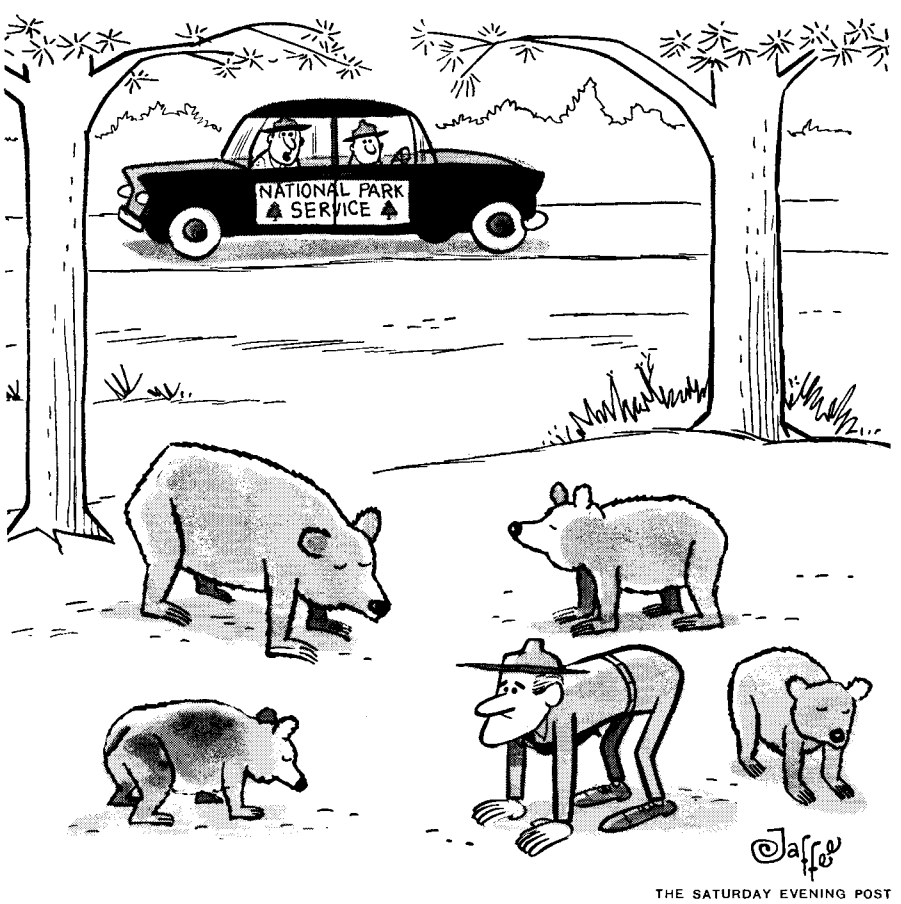
The captain said, "Even so, even so." In renewed eagerness he sought the words he wished to recite. "Then all the better is the answer, David, and I give it word for word: 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.' Ah! Were you not at that moment a friend, indeed? Was not his deed friendly?"

His voice loud in the certain power of words that had triumphed down the ages, he laid down the sacred law. In his belief that there could be no task now except the restoration of David's physical being, his right hand changed from its gesture of entreaty to a sign toward the bread. Nevertheless the sublime words failed, and his own words counted for little.

"Why?" Young Nolan raised his voice to clearness in his tenacious pursuit of an answer. "Oh, he never laid eyes on me before this trip! Oh, my God, why?"

At this, the cry of Job, Long Tom stepped forward and, laying his hand on young Nolan's forehead, said, "I will answer you, David, and it is my own answer. But first drink this and eat this bread." He lifted the young man's head and waited until the mug was empty and the bread gone. He then said, "Listen. This is the holy time of year for the giving of gifts, one friend to another. Didn't you tell me you was going to give Dick a pipe with a meerschaum bowl for his Christmas? Once we'd sold our fish and had our settlement day and our pay? Aye, you did! Now I hear you offered him another gift—your life. And, Dick, he has given you that very gift. 'Twas all he had to give—his life. Do you now refuse it, David? No! Take his gift and treasure it all your days. This is Long Tom's word."

Young Nolan's eyes closed. He fell back sighing, and his lips loosened in a return of tenderness. He said, "By the Lord Christ—yes! I will treasure his gift. Forever and one day more." And he fell into the saving sleep. **THE END**



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I think Griswold is due for a transfer."

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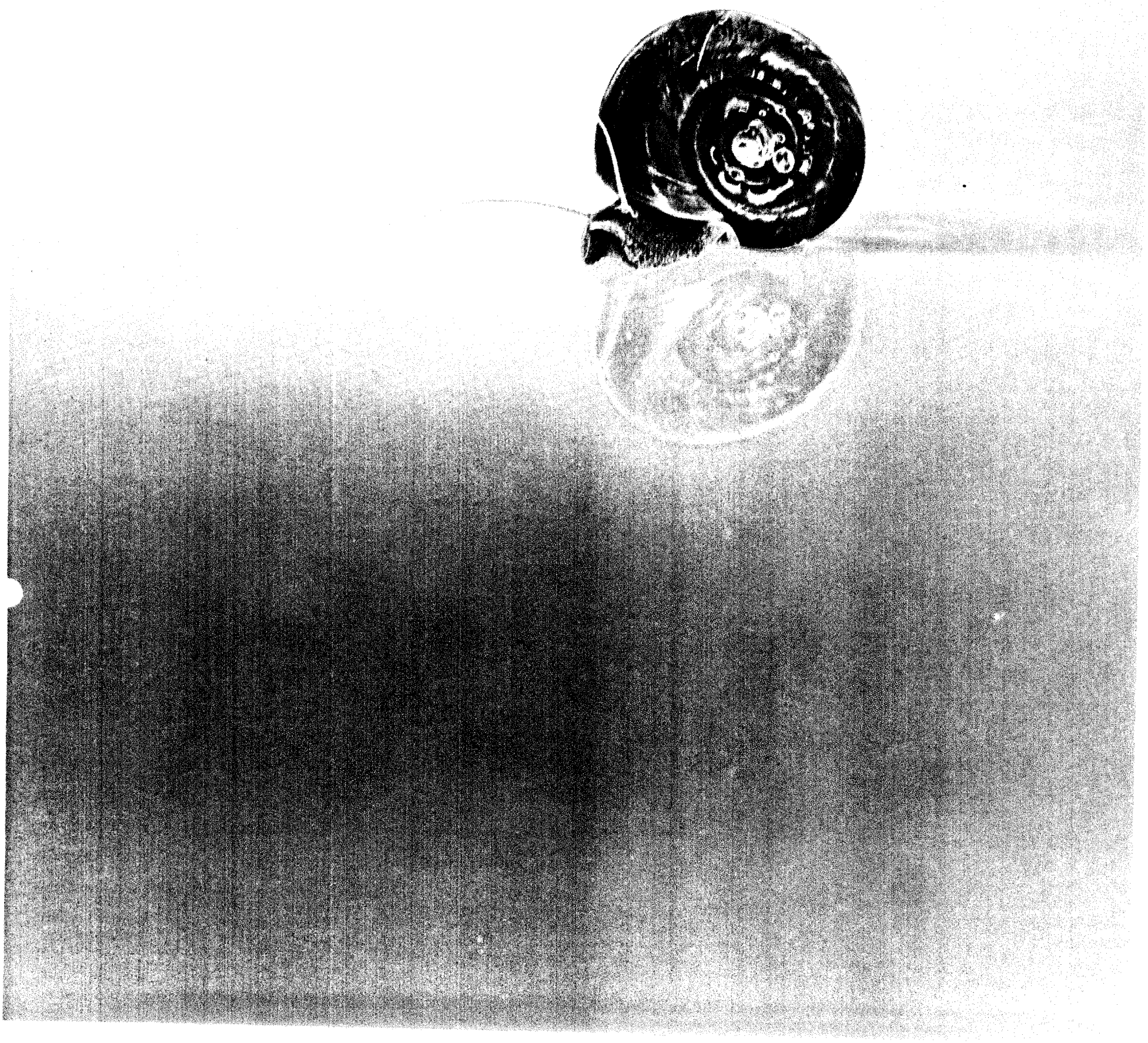

HARMLESS?

HE'S CLAIMED 100 MILLION VICTIMS!

"Snail fever"—another name for schistosomiasis, or bilharziasis—is one of the world's most urgent medical problems.

This disease is caused by parasites from three specific types of snails. These parasites penetrate the skin of humans and animals and invade the blood stream. Here they produce many eggs, which progressively damage vital organs.

An estimated 100 million people, most of them living in tropical climates, are now stricken by this debilitating disease. It spreads to new countries and afflicts more people every year.

For over 10 years, Parke-Davis scientists have been working intensively on methods to control "snail fever." One answer could be a drug to prevent infection or kill the parasites after they enter the body.

Research on "snail fever" is but one of several problems of world-wide importance now being investigated at Parke-Davis. Along with research against heart disease, cancer and other diseases, it represents a sincere and active concern at Parke-Davis for the betterment of the health of people in all parts of the world.

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Love finally bends a man of steel.

The Ballad of Iron Leo

By HARRY MARK PETRAKIS

First time I saw Nora Zymanski in years was at one of the Friday-night polka dances given by the steelworker local in Oakland. I wasn't much of a dancer, but I went stag with some of the guys from my turn and usually spent most of the evening drinking beer.

I hadn't seen Nora since we were kids growing up under the ash from the stacks of the blast furnaces and walking home together after school. She had grown up mightily since then, a sight to see, black-haired and black-eyed and graceful the way she moved. I made my way through the crowd to speak to her, and it wasn't until I reached her that I noticed she was standing with my brother Chester.

"Hello, Iron Leo," Nora said, and she recognized me with a smile that gave off heat enough to warm a cold slab.

"Hello, Nora," I said. "It's been a long time."

Chester grinned his crooked and mocking smile. "Leo ain't changed much," Chester said. "Still got two left feet and his tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth. Comes to dances to stand at the bar and drink beer."

I felt my cheeks flaming but held my temper. I'm a better steelworker than Chester, but when it came to girls he knew the way to tease them and make them laugh. He danced one of the fastest polkas in the valley.

"It's very nice seeing you again after all these years, Iron Leo," Nora said. "I would be happy to have this next dance with you."

"You sure are a brave girl," Chester hooted. "More girls in this valley on crutches because of Leo than you can count."

"Chester," I said grimly and then I felt Nora's hand on my arm. I ignored him and led her as politely as I could to the dance floor.

I said I wasn't much of a dancer, and holding lovely Nora in my arms didn't help my balance. I was cautious as I could be, but you can't dance a careful polka. About halfway through a whirl I stepped on her foot so hard she let out a moan that could be heard above the music. She was very nice about it as I helped her limping from the floor.

"I'm sorry," I said in misery. "I'm awfully sorry." She gave me her hand in reassurance.

"That's all right, Iron Leo," she said.

"It's not all right," I said bitterly.

Someone laughed beside us, and I recognized Chester's brassy bellow. "You dance like a one-legged bullfighter," he cried. "You come near crippling this pretty little girl forever."

"It was my fault," Nora said quickly. "I slipped and turned my ankle."

"Don't lie for my sake, Nora Zymanski," I said. "They should have a rule to keep lead-footed lunks like me off a dance floor." I paused and made a stiff, polite motion with my head. "If you will excuse me now, I think I want to get a little air." I turned and sheared my way to the door. Seemed to me she called my name but I didn't look back.

I stayed outside in the dark until my temper and misery cooled. I couldn't get that girl out of my head, the way she felt in my arms and the scent of wild flower in her hair. Thinking of her gave me the nerve to return to the dance. I saw Nora and Chester whirling together in the center of the room. She was flushed and laughing, and her skirt billowed around her knees. Seeing her dancing with him, so pleased to be in his arms, cut me like a knife, and I slipped out the door again before either of them knew I was there. When damn Chester held a girl in his arms, he looked as if that was where he belonged.

Where did I belong? Well, they called me Iron Leo, and to understand why, you had to look out over the valley of the Monongahela and see the great mills along the river under clouds of smoke and graphite dust. The big dark buildings with gabled roofs and the massive bins of ore and coal and limestone. The tangle of blast furnaces with the heating stoves clustered around them and the big blow from a Bessemer ripping into the sky. All that was my kingdom and my country until I held a girl named Nora Zymanski for a moment in my arms. Then I wasn't sure where I belonged any more.

Pa and Chester and me lived in a two-story frame house on one of the hills above the valley. Pa was an old iron puddler retired about ten years. All his life he lived and talked the making and rolling of steel, and he raised Chester and me to follow in his steps.

"It would sure please me to see one of you boys married real soon," pa said to Chester and me one evening after supper. "It would be a real delight for me to see a grandchild or two before I close down my turn for good."

"I could be getting married anytime now," Chester said. "I could have been married ten times in the past five years if the girls had their way. I'm just taking my time to pick and choose."

"One of these days, pa," I said, "you'll have us both married and be crabbing because you got a bunch of babies under your feet."

Pa puffed slowly and thoughtfully on his pipe. "Try me," he said. "Just you boys try me."

"It's sure hard to make up my mind," Chester said. "Those girls don't leave me in peace for a moment. They just jumping all around me begging to be given a chance."

Pa gave me a quick sly wink. "You make sure the one you pick, Chester, has a strong heart," he said. "Otherwise the poor girl might just expire from her joy."

Chester was down so deep in the well of his conceit he didn't catch pa's banter. He shook his head in stormy bluster. "I got half a dozen girls right now running uphill to catch me. One in the lead at the moment has big black eyes and is named Nora Zymanski. I might just let that lucky gal catch me."

"You got a big mouth, Chester!" I burst out. "You must have just about the biggest mouth in the whole valley!" I went to the sink and drank a glass of water fast to keep my temper from rising farther up my throat.

"When you going to get married, Leo?" Chester asked mockingly.

"When I find the right girl and she'll have me," I said.

"Where you going to find the right girl, Leo?" Chester asked. "Up in the crane on a night turn?" He bellowed with pleasure at his humor. "Or maybe in the bone yard with the rest of the slabs rejected out of a dozen heats?"

"None of your damn business where I find her," I said. "You just keep running so all them girls you got chasing you don't trample you to death."

"Chester," pa said. "You sure talk like a cobble-headed fool. Keep chewing at Leo, and someday he might beat your head flatter than a rolled slab. Serve you right too."

"Iron Leo is a pretty hard boy," Chester snickered. "I've seen him tossing blast-furnace men around. Someday we might find out if he's a harder boy than me. Meanwhile I'm just funning him a little."

"Go to hell, Chester," I said and started for the door.

"Watch out you don't run into any wild loose gals out there!" Chester shouted after me. "They just yearning to capture a strong and silent steel-man like Iron Leo!"

The mocking sound of his laughter followed me all the way to the street. But my anger faded quickly in the soft spring night. On the walks before the frame houses the children of millmen shrieked and played. They waved and called to me as I passed. A pair of them ran behind me singing:

"Iron Leo doesn't ever have to sleep
But to roll his steel he's got to eat.
Hot-steel soup and cracker slabs,
Stone-cold ingots for meat and crabs."

At the end of the street, where the twin willows hung their tangled branches across the walk, I started up the path to the top of the hill. The crickets chirped in the tall grass. A night wind, fresh with the scent of new flowers, felt cool against my flushed face. When I got to the crest of the hill, the whole of the valley glittered beneath me. Tongues of orange flame cut the dark sky, and a heat of ingots stripped of their casings stood like a score of shining shields far away.

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL WHITTINGHAM

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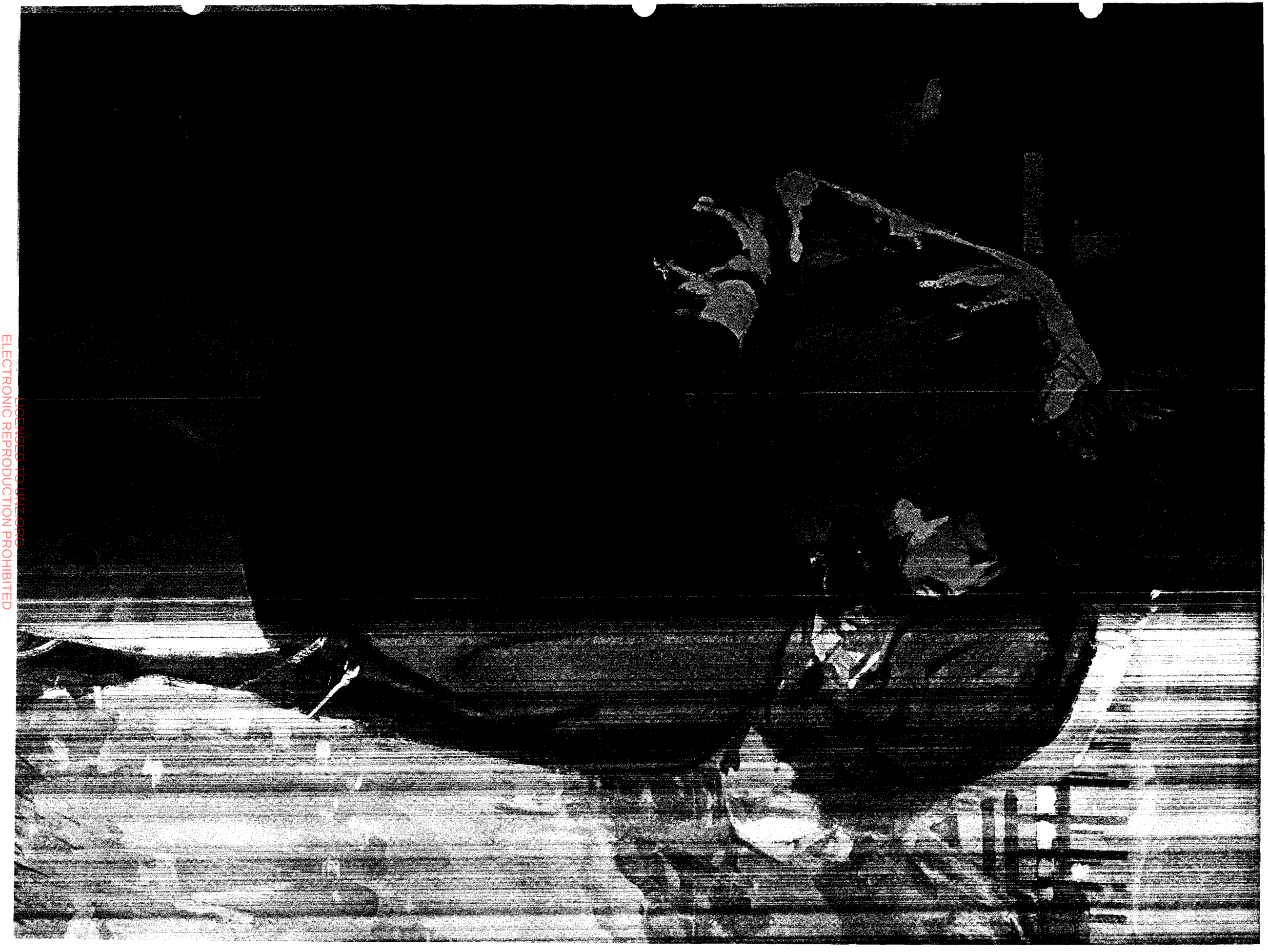

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Iron Leo

As a child I had stood on the hill and marveled at the wonder of the valley. I dreamed of becoming a steelman like Joe Magarac who heaped up Mesabi ore and squeezed out rails with his bare hands. But what was the good of a dream that could not be shared?

I was Iron Leo. I could charge a furnace and roll a heat of high-grade steel better and faster than any other man in the valley, but ladles emptied slag on my tongue. I could not find words to tell a girl that she had eyes blacker than any I had ever seen before, and lips the color of wild cherries that grew on the bushes along the river.

Spring charged into summer, and the hills of the valley turned green. The trees bloomed with great leaves, and the scent of wild flowers could drive a man crazy.

After finishing a day turn I sat with pa on the front porch and played checkers with him until dark. Sometimes after supper I'd walk down the hill to Flanagans' and have a few beers with some of the boys off my turn. I heard from some of them that Chester and Nora were dancing together on Friday nights.

Now and then I caught a glimpse of her. One Saturday morning I saw her going into Powalski's Bakery, and I stalled around the corner for fifteen minutes. When she came out I started toward her as if I were passing by accident.

"Hello, Iron Leo," she said smiling.

"Hello, Nora," I said and felt my cheeks flushed.

"You don't come to the dances any more," she said.

"I've been pretty busy."

"I asked Chester about you," she said, and her eyes were deep and dark pits. "I thought you might be sick."

"I haven't been sick," I said.

We stood for another long silent moment. "Nora," I said, and I took a deep breath, "I didn't get a chance to tell you the night of the dance."

"Tell me what, Iron Leo?"

How pretty you are, I meant to say. And how ever since that night I have had no peace. When the wild crane whistle blows across the midnight mill, I feel my heart flying from my body to find you in the dark.

"How nice it was to see you again," I said.

She smiled faintly, as if she had expected something else. She waited and I tried desperately to find the words to tell her how I felt, and then I remembered the way she and Chester danced together. When I seemed to have nothing more to say, she shook her head quietly. "Good-by, Iron Leo," she said. "Try to make it some Friday night."

"Good-by, Nora," I said.

And after she had gone I stood burning like a fool because of the words I could not speak.

There was a night in July when pa and I ate supper alone. As we cleared the table, we heard Chester singing loudly on the porch. He pushed open the door with a bang and staggered in.

"I got a 'nouncement to make," he said and waved his hand like a politician at a beer rally.

"Make it then," pa said, "and quit shaking the house."

Chester stood grinning in sodden triumph. "Nora and me are going to get married," he said.

His words opened a pit beneath my feet, like one of the soaking pits where the ingots are heated and, when the lids are pulled back, glow like a glimpse of hell.

"Did you ask her yet?" pa said.

"Going to ask her tonight," Chester said. "But you know she is bound to say yes." He paused as if struck by a sobering thought. "This is sure going to break the hearts of a lot of other girls in the valley."

"Go to bed, Chester," pa said in disgust. "You're up to your ears in prune juice, and in a couple of hours you got a night turn to work."

"I'm going upstairs all right," he winked broadly, "but not to go to bed. I'm going to clean up and then I'm going to walk over to Nora's house and tell her I decided she can be the lucky girl."

He turned and, using the railing for support, began to lurch up the stairs.

"Don't fall down and break your fat head," I said.

He turned and glared back at me. "Don't worry about me, brother," he said. "Just worry about finding a gal that will stop laughing at you long enough to listen to you propose."

I helped pa finish the dishes, and then he pulled out the checkers, but I didn't want to play. I had made up my mind to go down to Flanagans' and drink his place dry, when there was a knock on the door. Pa opened it, and Nora stood there in a light pink dress.

"Come in, Nora," pa said. "Nice to see you, girl. How is your daddy?"

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"Fine, Mr. Orchowski," Nora said. "He and Uncle Sigmund send their regards." She looked at me. "Good evening, Iron Leo."

"Good evening, Nora," I said coolly. All I could think was that she had heard Chester was going to propose and was so eager she came over to find him. "If you're looking for Chester, he just got home."

"It was such a lovely night," Nora said. "I started to walk and found myself on this street."

Pa walked to the foot of the stairs. "Chester!" he called. When there was no answer he shook his head at Nora. "That boy had a week's ration of prune juice in him and floated home. He is probably asleep."

"I'll go wake him, pa," I said.

"You stay here with Nora," pa said. "I'll walk up and see what I can do to resurrect him." He left us alone together.

"Leo," Nora said quietly. "This Friday night they are going to have a new polka band from McKeesport. Are you planning to come to the dance?"

"I'm usually busy Friday nights," I said frowning. "I play cards with some of the boys off my turn."

"You weren't such a bad dancer," Nora said. "I enjoyed dancing with you."

"I am a terrible dancer," I said bluntly. "Nora Zymanski, I almost crippled you for life."

"You were getting better," she said quickly. "You were bound to get better if you hadn't stopped coming."

"I could attend a thousand dances," I said grimly, "and never be as good a dancer as Chester."

"Chester is a good dancer all right," she said and tossed her head. "He knows it too." Her voice softened. "Even if you're not as good a dancer as Chester," she said, "you have a way of holding a girl that makes her feel like a queen. Most of the men hold on like they're drowning."

That softened me and I laughed. Nora laughed too.

"You've got a sweet laugh, Nora Zymanski," I said, and that just burst out of me. She looked at me with those black eyes I couldn't understand, and then we heard pa on the stairs.

"That boy just passed out," pa said in disgust. "I've got to get him ready now to work his turn, and he's laid out like a forty-dollar wake in Bauler's back room."

Nora drew the little brown sweater she carried about her shoulders. "I think I'll just walk back home, Mr. Orchowski," she said. "You can mention to Chester I was here."

"He'll kick himself for missing you," pa said. He gave me a strange look. "You walk Nora home," he said.

"Maybe Leo has other things to do," Nora said. "Maybe play cards with some of the boys. I can walk home alone."

"Leo don't like cards," pa said. "He never plays them. Now you both do like I say."

We were out of the house and through the gate of the yard before I dared look at Nora again. A few children broke up their game under a street light as we passed, and a boy threw me a ball.

"Play some ball with us, Iron Leo," he hollered.

"Not now, Tiger," I said and threw the ball back.

A little girl came up behind me and tugged at my shirt. I bent and swung her up into my arms.

"Iron Leo," she said. "Are you really made of iron?"

"Made of ore and coal and limestone," I said, "and some slivovitz for good measure."

She laughed shrilly and I put her back down on the walk. An older boy in a yard began to chant:

"Now if you think Iron Leo's not real, then,
Jump in a furnace and watch him cook steel."

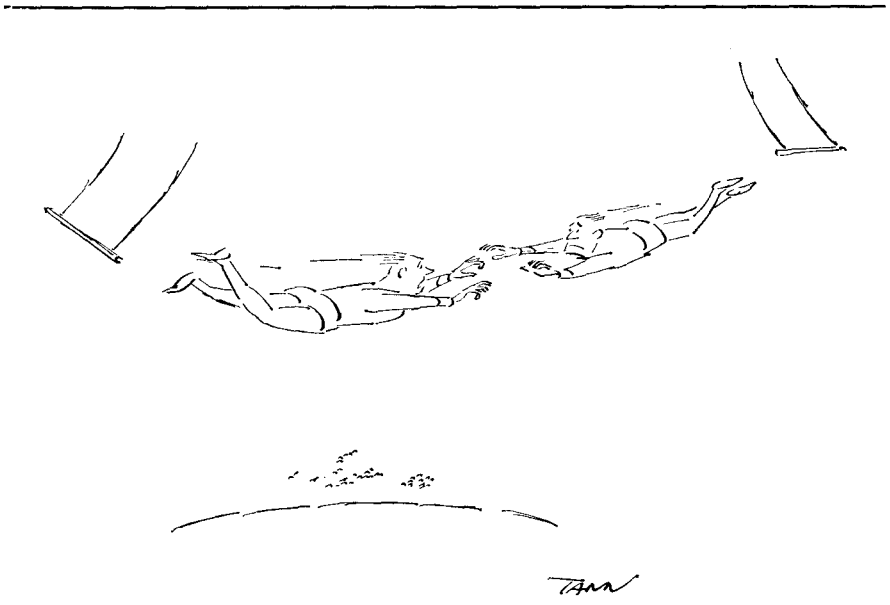
Nora spoke softly beside me. "They sing about you as if you were Joe Magarac," she said.

"Kids like to make a fuss," I said and was glad it was dark so she could not see my face. I stopped walking suddenly and turned to her.

"Nora Zymanski," I said. "I'm sorry I lied to you about playing cards on Friday nights."

"Why don't you come to the dances anymore?" she said. "I miss you, Iron Leo."

"So I can step on your feet again?" I said savagely. "So I can put you into a wheel chair for the rest of your life? So everybody can see me make a fool of myself and Chester can split apart



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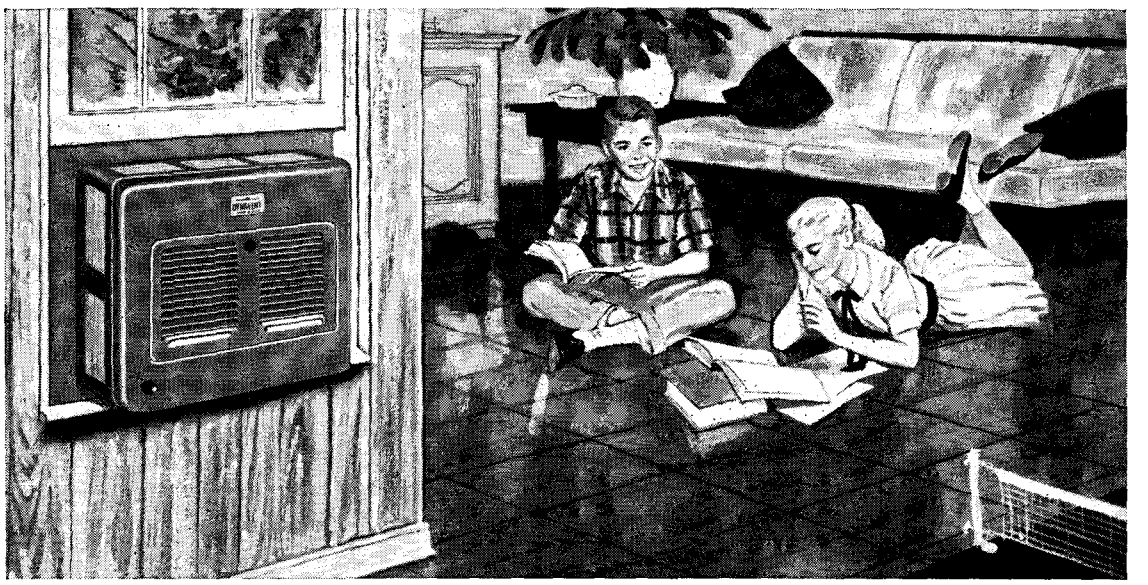

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Iron Leo

laughing?" I shook my head. "I don't belong at dances. I belong in the mills."

She made no answer and we started to walk again. I kicked once or twice at fallen twigs. We didn't speak again until we reached the end of the street.

"I can hear the crickets," she said softly. "They make a song in the night."

I heard her breathing quietly beside me. I thought of Chester and Nora being married and a terrible confusion bit my flesh.

"There is a place up on the hill," I said, and the lump in my throat almost choked me. "You can look down over all of the valley."

"Will you show me that place, Iron Leo?" she said.

I turned without a word and started up the path toward the crest of the hill. I reached back to help her but she was lithe and quick-footed and right behind me.

When we reached the peak, the wind blew against our faces. Beneath us spread the splendor of the valley dotted with a thousand lights and pockets of flame. Nora stood close beside me, her arm against my own, and I smelled the wildflower scent of her hair again and felt a fierce tightness in my body.

"There is my mill," I said, "at the bend of the river."

"I see," she said.

"Only the furnace crews are working tonight," I said. "The rolling mill is down. We had trouble with the scale breaker last night."

"Is that right?" she said.

"If they don't get it fixed by morning," I said, "we'll have to roll extra turns the rest of the week."

That time she did not answer at all. I could not see her face clearly in the darkness but I could imagine the cherry fullness of her lips and the vision left me shattered.

"There!" I said loudly. "Look there!"

"What?" Nora asked, startled.

"A Bessemer in blow!" I said and the excitement I felt at Nora so close to me jumped into my words. "Not many of those used any more, but it's something to see and hear!"

She stepped away and caught her breath.

"You should be ashamed!" she said angrily. "Iron Leo Orchowski, you should be ashamed!"

"Ashamed?" I said and I was shocked.

"What kind of a girl do you think I am?" she said, and her voice rang sparks off the night. "What kind of a girl to come up here alone on a hill in the dark with a man!"

"Nora," I said helplessly. "What in God's name have I done?"

"Don't Nora me!" she said fiercely. "A Bessemer in blow! The rolling mill is broken down! Trouble with the scale breaker! Are you going to kiss me or not? Because if you're not, I'm going home!"

"Nora!" I said and all the breath was knocked clean out of me. "What about Chester?"

"I belong to nobody!" she said. "I hate you, Iron Leo!"

"Nora," I said again and struggled to bring order out of what she was saying.

"Lunk!" she said. "You big lunk!" The words seemed to catch in her throat. "You're so busy worrying about Chester you don't think of yourself! You don't leave a girl an ounce of pride! I came to your house to see you, not Chester! I go to the dances on Friday night thinking you will be there!"

She brushed past me and started furiously down the hill. I stood there for a crazy moment as if a big rock had been bounced off my head to clear it. Then I let out a wild and savage yell and took off after her.

"Nora!" I caught at her arm. "I love you, Nora! From the first night at the dance, maybe before that even, but I never thought I had a chance!"

"Lunk!" she said and pulled away.

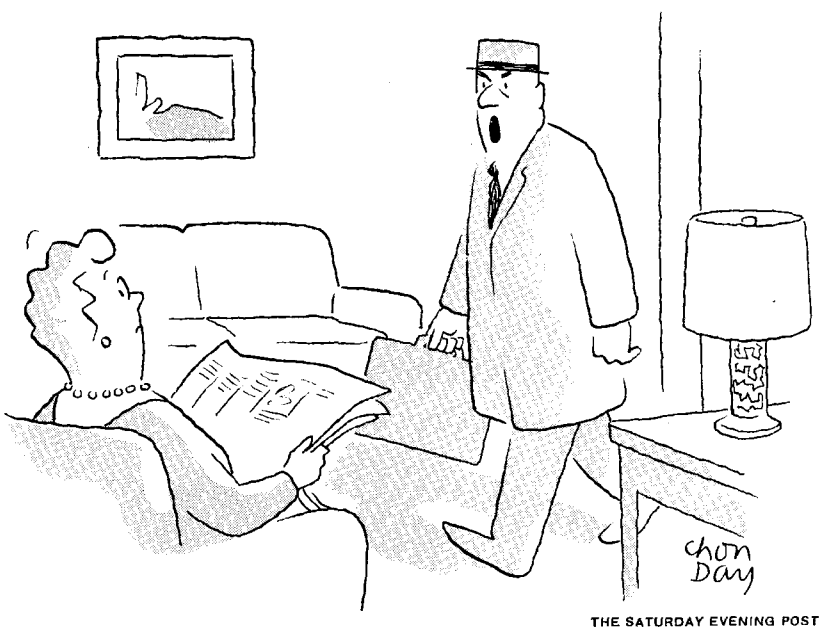
"Listen to me, Nora," I said and I flung the words into the wind and the dark. "I love you!"

"Leave me alone!" she cried. "I'm going to talk to Father Budny about becoming a nun."

"I love you!" I shouted in a voice that rang across the valley. "Nora Zymanski, I love you!"

And the echoes thundered about her head. She grew quiet and I saw the tears suddenly on her cheeks.

"You big lunk," she said, and for the first time she called me that softly. Her face was raised to mine, and I gently kissed the tears on her cheeks, and then I



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kissed her ripe cherry lips. And the summer and the wind and the night and the glory of the moment ran riot through my body.

"I love you, Nora," I said, "and you are right when you call me a lunk. I am Iron Leo with a head like a slab and a tongue coated with slag. A one-legged bear can dance a better polka than me, but one thing I know clear: Nora Zymanski, I love you."

She put her fingers gently against my lips. "You are Iron Leo," she said, "and in spite of the way you polka, if I had my choice of any man in any mill in the entire valley, I would choose you."

"All right," I said and then I kissed her again. When we came together the sparks flew as if they were struck off a molten ingot. I stroked the black softness of her hair. "Will you marry me, Nora Zymanski?"

"Yes," she said gravely. "Yes."

"All right," I said. "Let's go tell Chester and Pa."

We walked quickly down the path to the willows and started up the street to our house. I held Nora by the hand and walked with long swift strides and she half ran to keep up.

"Where you going so fast with that girl, Iron Leo?" A boy shouted from a yard.

"Taking her home," I hollered. "Going to make her Mrs. Iron Leo."

"Mrs. Iron Leo!" he shouted. "Iron Leo and Mrs. Iron Leo!"

The refrain jumped from child to child and from yard to yard and swelled and became a chorus of shrill voices.

"Iron Leo and Mrs. Iron Leo!"

Nora laughed a wild and wonderful laugh.

The children shrieked and came out of the yards scrambling at our heels. They followed us up the street chanting and shouting and making so much noise that by the time we came to our house, pa and Chester were standing out on the porch.

"Iron Leo and Mrs. Iron Leo!" the children shouted.

Pa came down off the porch and stood before us with a warm smile curling his mouth. He motioned the children to silence. When they had quieted down, he looked back at Nora and me. "Is this true?"

I nodded jubilantly and Nora held fiercely to my arm.

"What the hell goes here?" Chester roared, and though his shirt was open and his hair was mussed, he sounded cold sober. "That's the girl I was aiming to make my wife!"

"Not this girl, thank you," Nora said sharply.

Chester let out another yell and he cut the air in my direction with a menacing wave of his big arm. I moved away from Nora and walked toward the porch. On the top step Chester clenched his fists, with his face shining in the moon-streaked night and a growl beginning in his throat.

"Chester," pa warned quietly. "You're rolling the wrong furnace."

"Chester," I said patiently and spoke to help him make up his mind. "You better polka your fat and brassy head down to McKeesport and take some dancing lessons. You might just get yourself a girl you could hang on to if you didn't dance such a lousy polka."

That brought him off the porch with a roar. I waited to let him get in the first blow, and his heavy arm came down across my head like a battering ram and for a moment staggered me. He turned around quickly, swinging his arms, getting set to hammer me again and I measured him to the pound. I thought of Nora and the way Chester boasted and laughed. I remembered that I was Iron Leo, and a yardful of kids were watching who sang of spring steel in my arms, and my fists felt suddenly like hot iron ladles. Chester came swinging in and I smiled to comfort him and then I hit him.

He rocked like a big slab striking the scale breaker. I moved in quickly and just to make things clear I bounced him again. He shot back like he was on a reverse roll, for a crazy moment both his feet off the ground, and then he fell down hard. He looked asleep before he touched the ground.

For a long moment nobody made a sound. The kids watched and began to whisper, and then pa walked a few steps and looked down at Chester.

"Never seen the boy look better," pa said calmly, and then he winked at Nora, and all the kids began to shriek again. I took Nora by the hand, and we walked up the stairs into the house. By the way she looked when we got inside, I knew I was going to kiss her again. First I closed the door so we wouldn't hear the kids yelling and dancing all over the yard.

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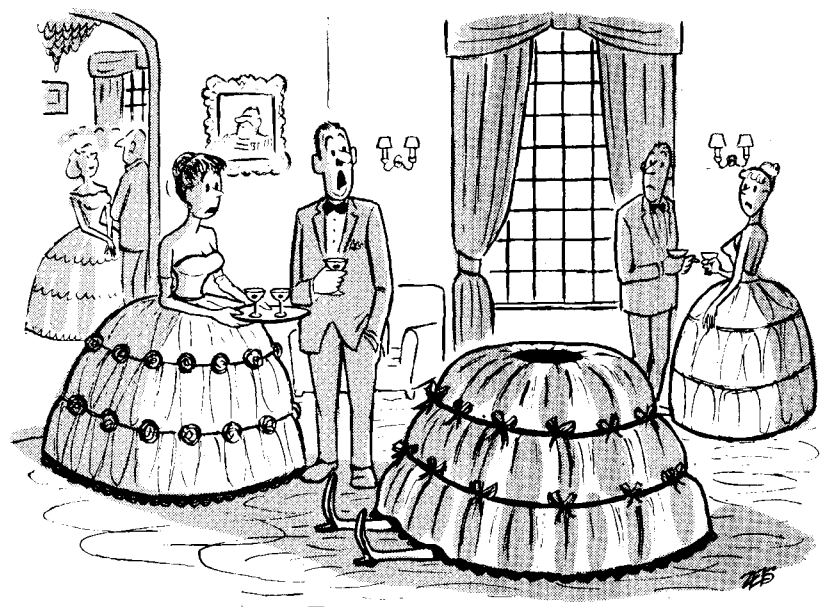
On Miss Amanda Tatersall.

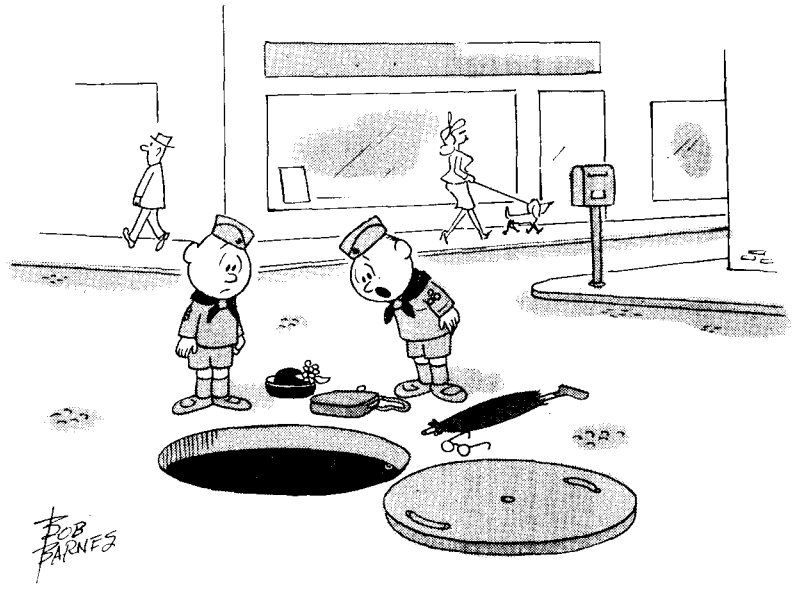
ETHEL JACOBSON



"No more for Emmy Lou."

MARTHA BLANCHARD

"Thank you! I just *had* to talk to somebody."



"I guess this just isn't my day."

"I'm worried about Ben Babi. His carpet came back without him."

"I was driving along enjoying the bongo drums and suddenly realized the radio wasn't on."

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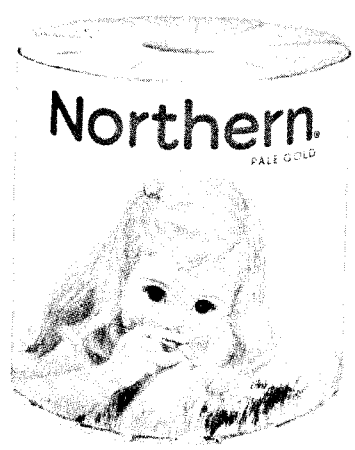

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My Matchless Mother-in-Law

An American wife living in Mexico tells of her wise and witty *mamacita*—invincible, independent and delightfully determined to take the best from life.

By ELIZABETH BORTON de TREVIÑO

My children have never called me mamma or mom or mommy. They have always called me *mima*.

One day in 1944 my two little boys—Guicho and Wiki, aged six and eight—came home from their Mexican school in San Angel and stood on the carpet before me to interrogate me. "*Mima*," they said, "what are you? Are you a German, or a Jap, or a *gringa*?"

It was clear that my sons, born and brought up in Mexico, had realized that there was something seriously wrong with *mima*. I wasn't like the other Mexican mammas they knew. I made the best explanation I could. "I'm a *gringa*," I told them, "but a *gringa* with a rose in her teeth. You tell that to anybody who wants to know."

Aiding a "Gringa" Daughter-in-Law

Over the years my sons have often had to explain and defend me. Yet from the beginning of my life in California, I felt inclined toward Mexico. I have lived in Mexico now more than twenty-five years and, although I have never given up my American citizenship, I am in some ways more Mexican than the Mexicans. Yet there is a little undying core of *gringa* in me too. *Mamacita*, my beloved mother-in-law, knew this, and she took steps to make sure that it was preserved. *Mamacita* was profoundly Mexican in her spirit, and she loved tradition, yet she was curious and independent, and I think she lived some innocent moments of vicarious excitement through the adventures of her *gringa* daughter-in-law. She loved me, and I loved her and, since my own mother was thousands of miles away, *mamacita* became my confidante and my adviser. And no matter what happened, she always took my part.

For *mamacita* solved all my problems as they came up, whenever I asked her help, and she went at them with the sharpened wits, the determination and the immense gusto of a master player sitting down to a game of chess. Without an education beyond primary school, plus a series of classes in music (as is the custom to this day for many young women in Mexico), she was wise in a special way. She loved life, and she observed it; also she loved people, and she knew, intuitively and through much experience, the fluid science of psychology. Woman's place, she would have said firmly, is in the home—but as the general's place is in his camp office poring over his maps and figuring out his strategy.

Mamacita knew all about the battle of the sexes. She studied her opponents in a spirit of gallant admiration; she deployed her strength and her weapons with consummate skill. And she always won.

My first glimpse of *mamacita*, in Monterrey, was of a comfortably stout, short lady, wearing a dress of dark flowered voile and manipulating a fan (for it was hot) in a tiny plump hand. She was then just turned sixty, she had had ten children, and she had lived through the Revolution of 1910, the yellow-fever epidemic and a flood of the Santa Catarina River. But there were only a few silver threads in her high-dressed, wavy black hair, and the small, even white teeth which flashed when she smiled were all her own. She had enormous velvety black eyes, and she looked me over very carefully. I thought her charming, sweet, gentle. I had no idea of the reserves of steel, guile and courage under the soft feminine figure and the still pretty and coquettish face.

I had come to Monterrey as a reporter, and the very first Mexican I had met was young Luis Treviño Gomez. The Monterrey Chamber of Commerce had sent him to escort the visiting woman journalist across the border; he was to serve as my public-relations manager and interpreter during my stay. The most Mexican of his family, the most traditional, the most conservative and the least impetuous, he was the last one they might have expected to get himself mixed up with a self-supporting, opinionated, independent American girl. But shortly after we met, something snapped, and he began to make love to me with old songs, romantic gestures, many meaningful glances from his fine dark eyes (*mamacita*'s eyes) and archings of his eloquent black eyebrows. The American girl reporter had made no plans to immure herself behind high walls and barred windows and devote her life to doing tatting and rearing babies in a country as devotedly Victorian in its mores as Mexico. But something snapped in my mind and heart, too, and before I returned to my native country with a sheaf of articles on prominent Mexicans, I was an engaged woman.

Cakes, a Kitten and Noble Luis

Luis took me to call on his mother in their big, old-fashioned home on Bolivar Street. She served me little powdery cakes (*polvorones*) and sweet vermouth, he had brought me a fuzzy kitten from the current crop of his father's pet cat Galatea, and he had played the piano for me. When he was out of the room, *mamacita* said only one word in praise of him. If she had said that he was good, hardworking, honest, reliable, pious (he is all these things), I might have paid no attention. But she said, "*Luis es un muchacho noble*." (Luis is noble.) I dealt in words for my living, and "noble" was a word I didn't hear applied to many people. It had overtones of heroism, dignity and glamour. In that first remark of *mamacita*'s, I now realize, I should have detected something of her skill and intelligence. She had always been fond of Americans, and was determined that one of her children should marry one. I might not have been the best choice, but she got me.

Married to Luis and living in Monterrey, I found that I had no rights and no civic duties, but I was a beloved daughter (*hijita*) in a warmly affectionate, tightly knit, quarrelsome, noisy and fascinating Mexican provincial family, whose heart and center was the rotund, indomitable, gay and wise figure of *mamacita*. *Mamacita* was no calm mother image, dispensing justice and comfort; she was flirtatious and changeable, and she flew into rages, but absolutely nothing could be done without her, and no problem was ever resolved before her comment had been heard. She maneuvered all barks into sunlit waters, outwitted all the men in the family and had everybody eating out of her small hands.

Mamacita's Matriarchal Magic

Mamacita was a wonderful organizer, a great planner of picnics, dinners, dances, first communions, weddings and wedding breakfasts. For every festivity she contrived a new gown or a new look on an old one, and the hairdresser was always summoned to build up some fresh and wonderful coiffure. *Mamacita* met life with sparkling eyes, well dressed and armored with the determination to cajole and flirt with it, or to fight and defeat it, but always to extract from it the best it had and to make it hand over all its joys and beauties.

She loved the daily struggle, and every day found her full of power and ideas. Her radiance and vitality were reflected on all her beloved family and friends. She was able to exert a sort of magic over us that held us all to her vision of life as a place of exhilarating triumphs, where she, *mamacita*, would never be defeated. Long before everybody began talking about emotional security, *mamacita* bestowed it, and with generous hands.

I have often wondered if, among the bloods of Spaniard and Moor which ran in her veins, there might not have been a drop or two of Gypsy. For

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Mamacita's *lacy Latin look concealed a reserve of guile and courage. She could outwit any man in her very Mexican family.*

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The hairdresser was summoned to build up a fresh coiffure.

Mamacita

she loved change, and she always longed for greener fields anew. When she could not move to another town, she would move to another house. Somehow or other, she achieved new surroundings every year. Perhaps this moving was partly to relieve the tedium of life in the provinces. She had many recipes for keeping life exciting. For instance, she might start a big family row which would end in a general discharge of emotion, like fireworks. Or she might plan a picnic—one of those Mexican expeditions of many families to the countryside for lunch, which took a month to organize, a week to cook for and a year to recover from.

When all else failed and monotony seemed to set in, she would decide to move. After a period of unease, during which she would try to work up some jealousy somewhere, or a good shouting argument, she would call out the horse and carriage and go house hunting. Because she had a new baby every year, there was always some obvious justification for her requiring more room. The family lived on Hidalgo Street, on Ocampo, on Padre Mier, Calle Washington, the Purissima Plaza, Pino Suarez, Madero—Luis lost count. The moving times were for him, a child of many tender attachments, days of utter horror. After a new house had been found, there would ensue a great tearing about, packing and boxing, at which *mamacita* would supervise all the maids and *mozos* (male house servants). Then moving carts would come, and *mamacita* would stand out on the narrow sidewalk, directing everything, her eyes bright and her curly hair tumbling out of its combs, and she would feel a heady surge of executive power.

Taking on a "Project"

At last she would send for the children, taking them from the now frighteningly empty house to a new and strange one, and they would creep into improvised beds and listen to the unfamiliar sounds in the walls and shrink from the unfamiliar shadows—while *mamacita* flew about, moving furniture, ordering new curtains and enjoying herself mightily. And yet, Luis tells me, she was always able to make the new place "home" within a day and fill the new house with song and laughter.

Mamacita became my passionate advocate, partly to protect me and partly because she was avid for new experiences. I became her "project," as people say nowadays, and I should have known it when, at my first family dinner as a Treviño *señora*, she hung around my neck one of her two last pieces of treasured jewelry—a jet cross, outlined in seed pearls, which had belonged to her own grandmother, *Doña* Dolores.

"Eleesabet" might make mistakes, and often did, but *mamacita* fought for me like a tiger. Under her tutelage I began to learn how to live the life of a Mexican wife and mother, and it has dawned on me, these many years later, that I discovered more about the meaning of Mexico from her than from anyone else. She taught me, just by being herself, what dozens of meetings and interviews with politicians and brilliant artists and perusals of pages of statistics never could. For *mamacita* was Mexico—Mexican in her pride and gaiety and sensibility; Mexican in her fierce loyalty to the Catholic faith she lived by and which had set the patterns and customs of social life in her land; Mexican in her appraisals of human values, of the family and of what is *correcto*.

Mother she was, of ten children. She reared nine of them, my Luis being her fifth, of whom she often said, "*No hay quinto malo.*" (This is an old saying, meaning, "Nobody troubles to make a counterfeit nickel." A five-cent piece is also a *quinto*, or a fifth, so fifth children love the refrain.) She brought up her children loving and petting them, quarreling with them, inciting them to ambition and achievement, ridiculing them, laughing at them and spoiling them. All adored her.

Working, Not Wailing

Wife she was, to a distinguished engineer, mathematician and astronomer, subjects about which she knew nothing. But he talked over his work with her, and he made no important decisions without knowing how she felt. When the Revolution of 1910 drove the family north into the United States, so that the children could be fed and educated, it was some months before *papacito* was called to work for a firm of San Antonio engineers. In those bad days, when there was little to eat, *mamacita*, who had always had four or five servants to wait on her, had to learn to wash and iron and cook and sweep. She hated the violence that had uprooted them all, but it was not in her nature to wail. She cooked, washed and swept in a furious temper all morning and spent her afternoons singing Mexican songs, in her rich contralto, for women's clubs and American friends. She developed a devotion, during those San Antonio years, for movies, for "beeskits," "ho-ca-kes" with "ma-play" syrup and for stores like her darling "Woolywort" and "Peely Weely."

I always held a certain place in her heart, for in me she had at last achieved an American to belong to her, and she greeted my firstborn son, a pink-and-gold baby, with a touching accolade, "My little *gringo!*"

Mamacita conducted one of her first campaigns in my favor when we fought the war of the *gasto*.

The *gasto* is the daily expense of the ordinary Mexican family. Usually the husband, wiping his lips after his last cup of breakfast coffee, takes out his wallet and lays by the plate of his *señora* the *gasto* for that day. Luis had nervously consulted with friends about the *gasto* and had fixed on a sum which just took care of the bread, milk, meat, vegetables, fruit and scraps for the kitty. But I found I needed money for hairpins, for buttons and safety pins and face powder and, having earned my own living for so long, it was tough to have to plead for money for such things. But Luis was adamant about charge accounts. He thought, perhaps with reason, that these were terrible temptations for impressionable women. We had words, I cried, and at last I dried my tears and went to consult with *mamacita*. After the problem had been outlined to her, she got a bright light of challenge in her eye, and she sat down and worked out for me a system. She made out an impressively long list of small purchases for which she instructed me to sign chits, or IOU's, to be delivered to Luis's office, not to our home.

Luis Learns His Lesson

Thus, all day long, Luis was kept busy paying my chits for fifteen *centavos*' worth of needles, eighty *centavos* for a bar of flea soap, thirty *centavos* for fifty grams of bicarbonate, ninety-five *centavos* for a paper of dress snaps, and so on and so on. I must say I awaited my husband's return home that evening with some trepidation, for he is a proud and sensitive man, and it was possible he had felt belittled by the procession of collectors. But perhaps he detected the fine hand of *mamacita* in what had happened, for he kissed me kindly and told me he had decided to set aside a sum for me for extra expenses and incidentals. And so peace reigned again at Morelos 829, under the far-reaching wing of *mamacita*.

Mamacita, quite frankly, had a favorite among her many children. It was Jorge, who had a beautiful voice and was studying music in Mexico City.

"Why Jorge, *mamacita*?" I asked her, feeling that my dependable, dignified Luis should not thus be lightly pushed aside.

"Why? Because Jorge is *alegre*," she answered. "He makes me laugh. And besides, he sings."

They were good reasons. Jorge was always surrounded by laughter. He was a marvelous mimic and a born entertainer, and he never forgot anything ridiculous or silly that anyone ever did or said. He was a raconteur and a clown, and he soon found out that by just being himself he could earn a good living.

He had started out in opera but, despite his fine *tenore robusto* voice, he found that opera engagements are few and far between, whereas comics are always in demand. *Mamacita* learned this truth in a rather shocking way one year.

Jorge had been away for years and, like most sons, he was not much of a letter writer. When his telegram came saying that he had a professional engagement in Monterrey, *mamacita* fondly believed he would come out on the stage in black tails and white tie and launch into *Celeste Aïda*. Rather rashly she got up a party for the opening, and she bullied everyone into appearing in evening dress and all his best real and imitation jewels. The fact that Jorge's appearance was to be in an outdoor dance pavilion didn't really deter her, for she had studied singing in Mexico City in her youth and had heard Caruso when he gave a concert in a bullring.

Nevertheless, she was unprepared for what happened when the MC called out "Treviño, Carr and Esperon." Jorge and his two cronies rushed out into the spotlight arrayed in tramps' costumes—broken shoes, patched shirts and baggy trousers. They wore false noses and funny moustaches and, worst of all, Jorge had some patent arrangement in his baggy pants so that, when he heaved them up and let go, his belly seemed to bounce down on the floor and then snap into place again. It was done with a weighted elastic globe inside, and as it hit the floor there was a fine "Boom!" from the drummer in the orchestra.

Poor *mamacita* was absolutely mortified when this happened and burst into tears. Drawing herself up to her scant five feet, she began to sweep out, the picture of disdain. But she made the mistake of looking back. Jorge, her darling Jorge, her favorite, had begun to tell a joke in his inimitable way. She laughed. She laughed so hard she had to hang onto *papacito*'s arm, and in the end the whole party went back to their table. She attended Jorge's act every night of his engagement. In time *mamacita* was almost reconciled to his being a comic, but she always hoped it might be just a temporary phase of his career. She longed to see him as the dashing duke in *Rigoletto* or dying in lyric beauty as Cavaradossi in *Tosca*.

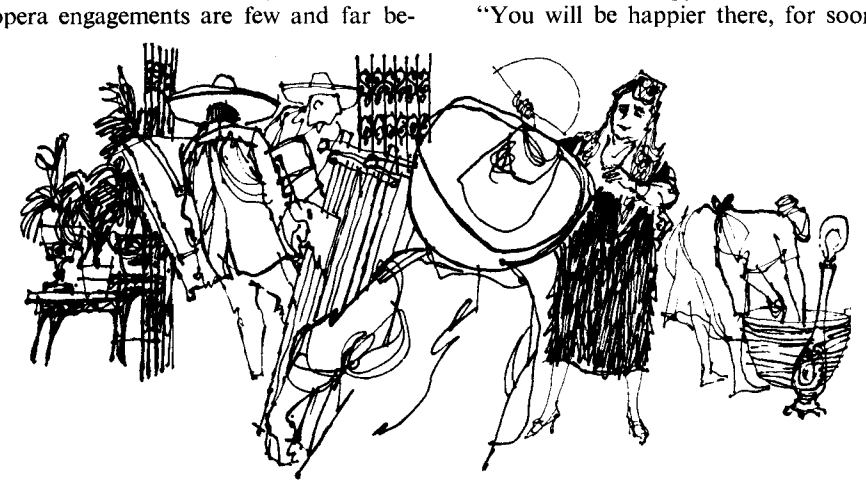
A Move to the Big City

It was *mamacita* who incited us to move to Mexico City. Luis was offered a position in the capital, but we were undecided about moving.

"Of course you must go," she instructed Luis. "Your best opportunities are there. The climate in Mexico City is wonderful, and Eleesabet will love the concerts, the ballet, the opera, the museums—all the things she has done without, here in this *rancho*." *Mamacita* called Monterrey a *rancho* when she was annoyed with it.

"But I've been happy here, *mamacita*."

"You will be happier there, for soon



When monotony seemed to set in, she would decide to move.

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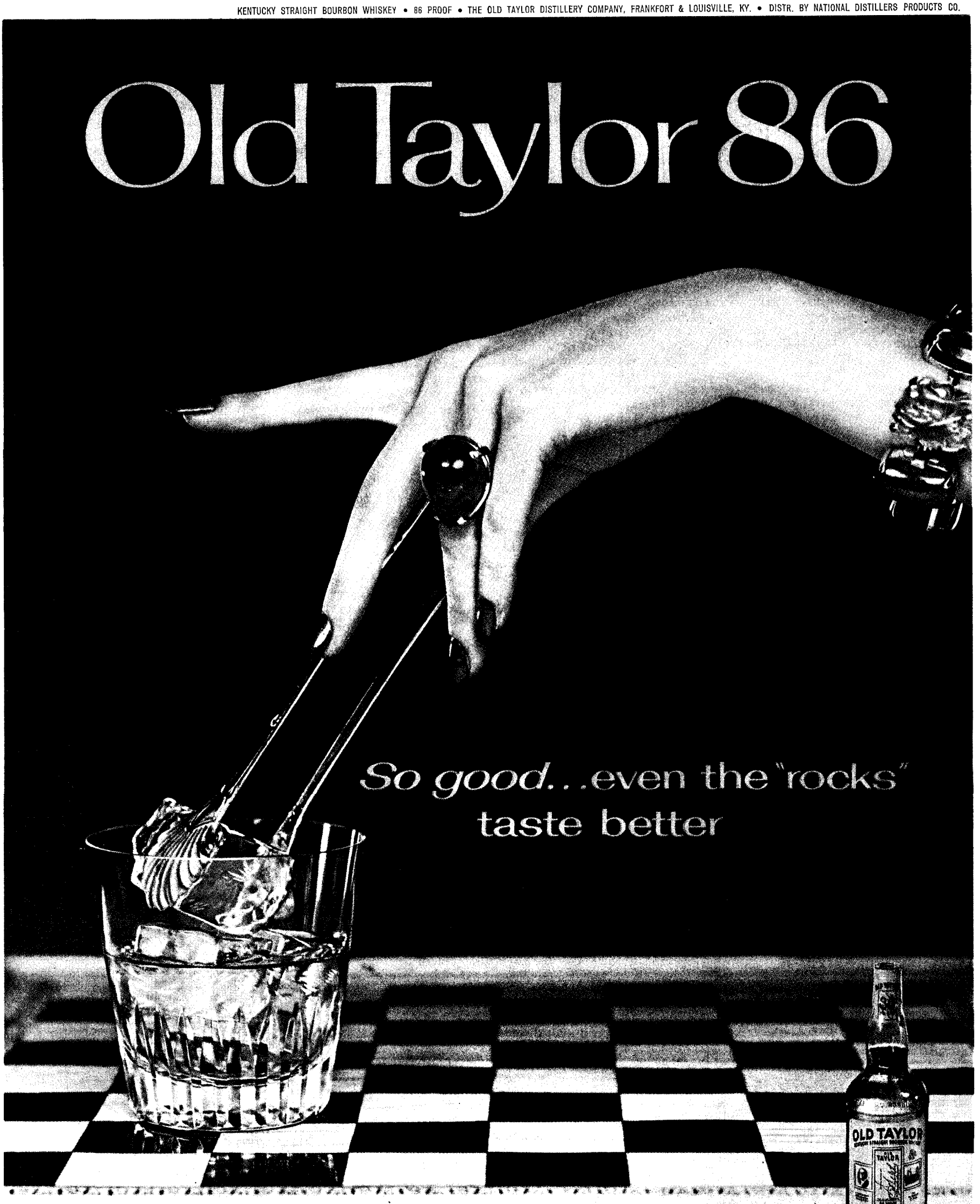

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She hung around my neck one of her last pieces of jewelry.

Mamacita

the boys will be in school all day, and then what will you do? Sit and watch the beans boil? Not for this did your papa send you to college and give you lessons on the violin. And I don't see any more babies on the way," she added, looking darkly at my waistline.

Our dear *papacito* had died very suddenly, and *mamacita*, restless and unhappy without him, spent a good deal of time in Mexico City. Partly to be near her, we decided to make the move.

When, after dreadful hardships and many adventures, comic and tragic, we finally arrived in Mexico City (we drove over the mountain highway from Monterrey), she was there, with open arms to welcome us to the apartment she had reserved for us and to show me, with pride, the list of free dinners with relatives she had nailed down for us.

Mamacita was always careful about religious duties and interested in all our religious festivities. She usually managed to arrive whenever there was to be a christening, a First Communion or a wedding. Thus she contrived to be with us in Mexico City when we held the ceremony of blessing our home.

There was a happy buzz of conversation from all the guests (and *mamacita* had ordered the women of the family to wear hats with feathers or flowers, thus giving my simple home blessing the status of a wedding, to which one always wears a hat *de ceremonia*). We awaited our gentle little priest from the Carmen church, but Luis, who had gone to bring him, was late. Even *mamacita* had begun to worry about what might have happened, when Luis arrived. But instead of our smiling Carmelite, Luis had with him a tall, spare, stern Spanish monsignor, who bent a severe eye on the table being loaded with good food and on all the feathers.

Holy Water in the Kitchen

Having quelled us all with a glance, the monsignor held up an imperious hand for silence and then read a prayer in Latin. Murmuring the ritual, he then visited every room in the house, sprinkling holy water over the contents—animal, vegetable and mineral—and urging everything in it to have nothing to do with any sort of sin that might get cooked up on the premises. The climax came when he threw open the door of the kitchen and, filling the door in his impressive robes, he cast holy water on Maria, the cook, and Teresa, the new housemaid. Maria paused respectfully in her work of decorating a platter of *enchiladas*, but Teresa staggered as the holy water bedewed her, gave a hoarse cry and fell over in a dead faint among the carrot peelings and lettuce leaves on the kitchen floor.

The monsignor instantly knelt, revived Teresa with a smart slap and told her in a strong bass voice that he would hear her confession at once. He waved us all out of the kitchen. Later, emerging, he would partake of no refreshment, but ordered Luis to take him back to his church at once. Maria, meanwhile, assisted the newly shriven Teresa to her room, where she lay in some kind of stupor until evening of the next day.

Mamacita rang up to inquire about her. "She must have been up to something," she told me. "The monsignor knew it, of course. I think you had better have him back, to exorcise her."

"Good heavens, *mamacita*, do they still do that?"

"Why certainly," she answered tartly, "and it's a good thing to know about. I can think of lots of people who would be improved by a good exorcism. You never know when you might have to arrange for one."

Mamacita had firm views on what was correct, what was suitable, and what was beautiful. Only once did I see her shaken in any of her opinions. This occurred after she had made a shopping trip to the United States. Returning, with a box of chocolates for me, she got to the point.

American Dining Habits

"Eleesabet," she said, "I don't understand American women any more."

"Why, *mamacita?*"

"Well, I was in San Antonio, and it was dinnertime. I went into the hotel restaurant and ordered a light, wholesome meal. A fruit cocktail, cream of asparagus soup, roast turkey with stuffing, potatoes and gravy and cranberry sauce, little 'beeskits' with jelly and apple pie. Now, I am not rich, Eleesabet. I count my money carefully when I am in the United States. But I saw an American lady come in and sit down, and she was evidently wealthy. She wore a fine dress and diamond rings, and she had a mink coat, and she had been in the beauty salon for some hours, I could tell. But, Eleesabet, she ordered a plate of hay!" *Mamacita* breathed heavily, just remembering.

"Everybody knows how indigestible such things are. Lettuce and raw carrots and cucumbers and so on. And all she put on this was lemon juice. Not even a drop of oil! And then she just ate a little of it and pushed it around on her plate. When she called the waiter again, I thought she might order a piece of cake, or at least some toast. But no! Only black coffee!"

"*Mamacita*, she was dieting. She wanted to get thin."

"Can it be so? Their husbands must worry very much about them."

"American ladies love to have people stop them on the street and tell them, 'You are looking marvelous. You must have lost at least twenty pounds.'"

"No good will come of it," prophesied *mamacita*. "Women should look like women. Something terrible will happen to my dear United States if all the American ladies are losing their minds."

Mamacita had built up her figure by a rich and well-chosen diet which she enjoyed very much, and she took enormous pride in her kitchen and her special *platillos* ("dishes"). Quite understandably she despised people who "didn't know how to eat."

Mamacita had taken *papacito*'s death very bravely. It did not occur to her to oppose, in even one tiny thought, the obvious will of God. And yet, after his death, she began to change. She became distracted and restless, like someone late for an appointment who is too polite to glance at his watch while talking to you. She often spoke of when she would be reunited with her *viejito*, which, I must explain, is a term of deepest endearment, as she used it, though it only means "old man." And once she said to me, rather wonderingly, "Nothing seems the same now that *papacito* is gone. It is as if I ate and was nourished, but there is no taste."

Appointment with "Papacito"

Unable to be calm anywhere, she sold her house in Monterrey and bought one in Mexico City. But she never lived in it. She wandered about, traveling, packing, visiting, packing again. She would never stay anywhere very long. Her only daughter, naturally, saw her most.

Many little things that she did then, I realize now, were forms of saying goodbye, of making ready to keep her appointment with *papacito*. Once in Mexico City she dug into her trunk and brought forth a black lace *mantilla* and high comb. "I will have a little picture made of myself, as a *recuerdo* (remembrance) for my children," she said. The photographer caught a hint of the old enchanting smile on the aging face, but she cried when she saw the proofs. "No, no. I don't feel that way any more," she said.

Her indomitable pride and personal grooming never faltered, whether she felt well or ill. Once in my home in San Angel on a visit, she complained of not feeling well, and early next morning I went to her room to see how she had "dawned." She was still in bed, her black-and-silver hair spread out on the pillow. "*Hijita*," she said, "I feel rather weak."

I told her I was going to call the doctor. He came quickly, but in the meantime she had got up and dressed. She was corseted and in a proper morning costume, and her hair was neatly combed. There was even a brave touch of rouge on each cheek. Only after much persuasion would she loosen her clothes and let the doctor examine her.

He found tender places and pain. In the way of doctors, he suggested a complete overhaul. She promised that she would have it done in Monterrey. Later, no doubt, she told them in Monterrey that she would have it attended to in Mexico City.

I think she knew that her time was growing short, and she had no intention of spending any of it in hospitals. And she looked around for a few last experiences to savor, probably thinking, in her innocent, literal way that she might tell *papacito* about them. She had never flown, and she decided to return to Monterrey by air after her Christmas visit in Mexico City. "I am rather frightened, but I wish to do it," she told me. "Get me a ticket, *hijita*."

But there was another indication, I see now, that she felt she might soon be keeping her appointment with *papacito*. We were at supper on the day before her departure for the north. Wiki said, "*Mima*, please pass the beans," and Guicho addressed a remark to his father, calling him, as he had always done, by their childish version of Luis—Wees.

Mamacita put down her fork. "Listen to me!" she said. "You must no longer call your father 'Wees.' I forbid it. When you were little, we overlooked it, but now you are big boys. The time has gone by. From now on you must call him '*papacito*.' And do not call your mother '*mima*' either. I want you to call her '*mamacita*.'"

So I was promoted and given my medal. But only later did I realize that *mamacita* felt she was going to resign her position so soon.

Looking Back No More

We took her to the airport, and there were the usual *abrazos* and kisses and promises to return quickly and to write often. Then *mamacita* turned and looked steadily at the great, shining metal bird that was to carry her up into the clouds. She went pale, but she threw back her head and squared her shoulders. She marched up to it like a soldier and got on board. We had one last glimpse of her, one more smile, a wave of her hand, and then she set her face forward and looked back no more as the plane taxied out along the runway and took off into the sky.

I never saw her again. Her illness became serious in Monterrey, and the day arrived when all her children were summoned. Luis went at once, but I stayed home with Wiki and Guicho. She spoke of me, remembered me and blessed me, and told Luis to be good to me.

Adiós, dear *mamacita*.

Adiós, adiós.

THE END

Mamacita's story is taken from the author's book, *Where the Heart Is*, to be published September 28 by Doubleday & Company.

Mortified, she began to sweep out, the picture of disdain.

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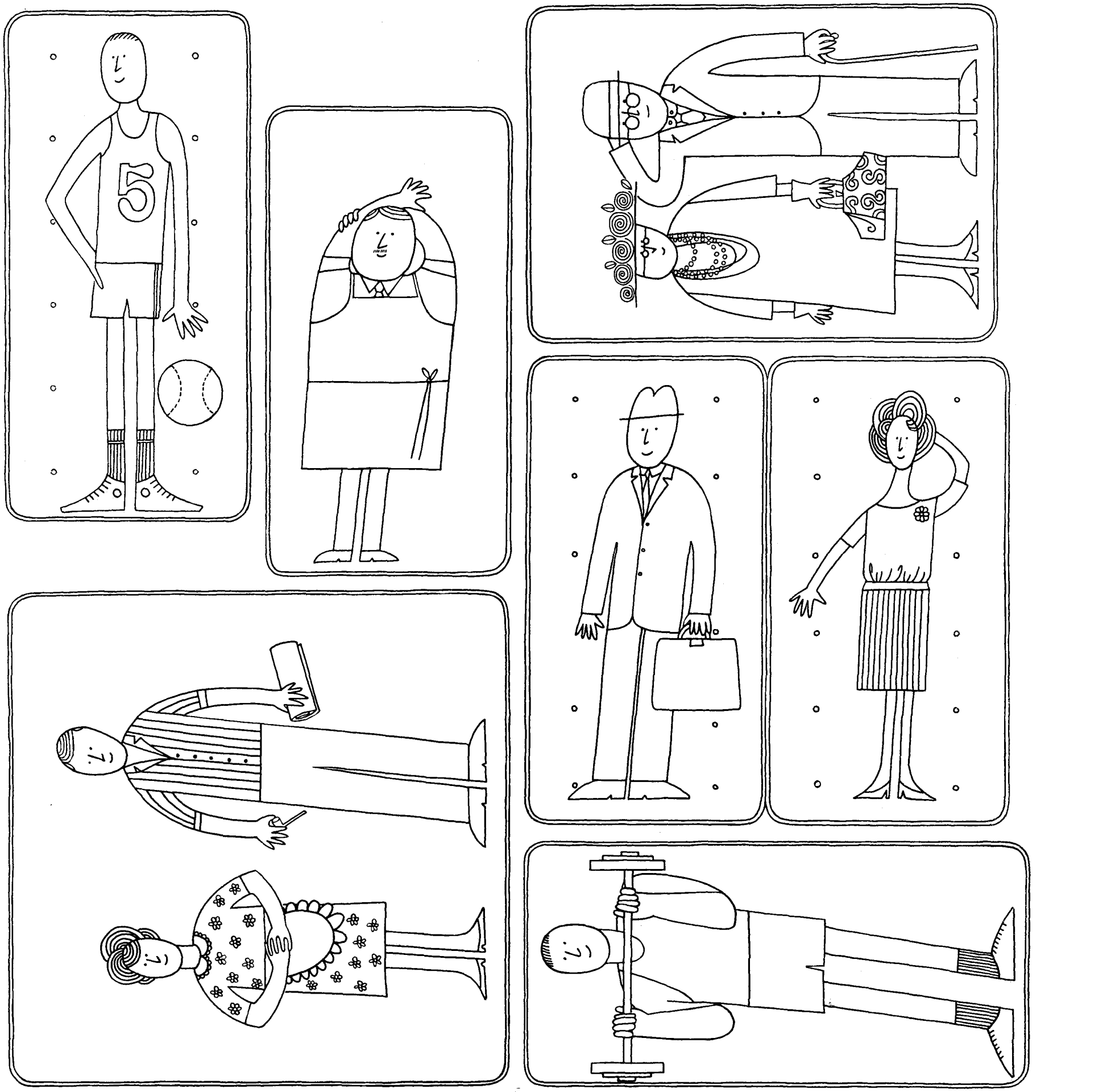

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The Narcotics Dilemma: Crime Or Disease?

A mounting controversy over methods of dealing with the U.S. narcotics problem is drawing to a climax.

By JOHN KOBLER

Among the 203 Federal prisoners serving life sentences, Gilbert Mora (Givie) Zaragoza, a twenty-seven-year-old inmate of the U.S. penitentiary on McNeil Island, Washington, has a dreadful distinction. All the other lifers—who include killers, kidnapers and rapists—stand a chance, with good behavior, of parole. But no matter how Zaragoza behaves, he can never qualify. Barring presidential clemency, he will die in prison.

The crime Zaragoza committed, in 1957, fell under Section 107 of the Narcotics Control Act, which Congress passed the year before. The toughest section of one of the toughest Federal statutes ever enacted, it imposes imprisonment for not less than ten years up to life on anybody over eighteen who sells heroin to anybody under eighteen, and it forever precludes parole or probation. Zaragoza is the first and so far the only violator to incur the maximum prison term. But he might have fared still worse; Section 107 also empowers the jury to decree death.

Under another section of the enactment, mere possession of a narcotic without prescription entails two to ten years in prison for the first offense, five to twenty for the second, ten to forty for the third. A single illegal transaction in narcotics, moreover, may involve several different felonies, each carrying a stiff penalty, such as using any form of communication to obtain the contraband, or possessing it with the knowledge it was unlawfully imported. Some judges fix the maximum penalties on all counts and sentence the culprit to serve them consecutively. Thus, for selling heroin, her first crime of any description, a hatcheck girl is now serving forty years; for selling marijuana, a disc jockey, who also had no previous criminal record, is currently serving fifty years.

Uniform Narcotic Drug Act

Forty-six states have adopted the Uniform Narcotic Drug Act, which incorporates most of the Federal provisions. The penalties and certain amendments vary, and in some states surpass the Federal limits. Connecticut makes life imprisonment mandatory for a third infringement of any provision. Massachusetts prescribes death for a sale to a person under twenty-one. In California addiction by itself was a crime until last June, when the U.S. Supreme Court struck down that statute as "cruel and unusual punishment."

A civilized penal code reflects two primary aims: to protect society and to rehabilitate the criminal. Throughout the United States today increasing numbers of jurists, penologists, legislators and doctors are protesting that the narcotics laws, the harshest in the world, accomplish neither aim. The net effect, these dissenters contend, has been to perpetuate the gigantic drug traffic, to abrogate human rights and to engender a climate of moral corruption which sometimes affects the law-enforcement agents themselves.

"The Narcotics Control Act," says James V. Bennett, director of the Federal Bureau of Prisons, "has made a travesty of our concepts of justice. With interminable prison sentences and no possibility of parole, these offenders now compose the second-largest group of prisoners, exceeded only by the car thieves. They have no incentive to improve themselves, and their very presence, bulking ever larger, is creating a formidable handicap for the prison staffs who are doing their best to rehabilitate them."

Report by Joint Committee

Last year a joint committee of the American Bar Association and the American Medical Association issued a report entitled *Drug Addiction: Crime or Disease?* Calling for a revision of policy, it pointed out that, despite forty years of increasingly stringent measures, the United States has more addicts than all European countries combined. Yet by comparison European laws are mild.

No responsible critics minimize the evil of the drug traffic or propose leniency for the jackals who fatten on it. What they deplore is the failure of the laws to distinguish between kinds of offenders. Juveniles in the early stages of addiction, who may still be salvageable, face the same sentence as hardened adult junkies. The addict who peddles a few caps of heroin to pay for his own supply can expect no more mercy than the nonaddicted professional pusher. The law's critics agree that the latter, the cruelest predator the underworld ever spawned, merits life imprisonment, if not death; but the former, they insist, needs medical care. The addicts, however, wind up behind bars far oftener than the mass distributors who belong to well organized mobs.

The most influential figure to oppose reform is seventy-year-old Harry Jacob Anslinger, who recently retired as commissioner of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, a post that he held since its inception. A passionate believer in punishment as a deterrent, Anslinger has consistently demanded tougher sentences. "I'd like to pull the switch myself on drug peddlers who sell their poison to minors," he once said, and he has variously characterized those who assail the status quo as gangland press agents, fuzzy thinkers, left-wingers.

Legal Sanctions vs. Therapy

Crime or Disease? The title epitomizes the basic issue. Is drug addiction to be solved chiefly by legal sanctions, as Anslinger maintains? Or is therapy the solution, as the A.B.A.-A.M.A. report concludes? The very Senate subcommittee whose investigations led to the 1956 act called addiction "a symptom of a mental or psychiatric disorder." Anslinger himself denies that he considers addiction as such a crime. "But," observes Rufus King, the Washington lawyer who headed the A.B.A. committee, "if addicts are sick people, it's barbaric to throw them into jail for possessing a narcotic. Obviously they have to possess the stuff to use it."

The controversy will reach a climax on September twenty-seventh at a White House conference on narcotics under the chairmanship of Attorney General Robert Kennedy. Because the case of Gilbert Zaragoza embodies so many aspects of the controversy, let us examine it more closely.

Zaragoza is an epileptic. He grew up in a Los Angeles slum, the third of eight children born to a Mexican meatcutter. He completed his first year of high school in his sixteenth year before his frequent seizures forced him to drop out. His IQ is a borderline 71.

After he left school Zaragoza fell in with a gang of neighborhood delinquents, was arrested on suspicion of car theft and placed on probation. He was soon arrested again for car theft. In view of his affliction the court committed him to the Camarillo State Hospital, which discharged him as improved eighteen months later.

During the next three years Zaragoza's police record grew to include two arrests on suspicion of robbery (charges dismissed both times for lack of evidence), driving without a license (fined forty-eight dollars), loitering (one year probation), drunkenness (a day in jail), suspicion of assault to commit murder, which was reduced to resisting arrest (fined thirty-five dollars). For cohabiting with a fifteen-year-old girl, who became pregnant, he was convicted of statutory rape, fined the sum of $150 and given two years' probation.

Zaragoza's epileptic fits made him a poor employment risk. He nevertheless managed to hold three manual jobs between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one. He had been working eight months as a maintenance helper in an air-products plant at sixty-five dollars a month when the rape charge caused him to be fired.

California has the second-highest incidence of drug addiction (7592 cases reported to the Bureau of Narcotics last year) of any state after New York (26,813). Of the total addicts reported for the entire country, 46,798, the vast majority came from minority groups. Fifty-six percent were Negroes, 10.2 percent Puerto Ricans, 7.1 percent Mexicans. Roughly half belonged to the twenty-one-to-thirty age group; 3.8 percent were minors. More than 90 percent had switched from marijuana or other drugs to "horse" (heroin), because heroin, a derivative of morphine, delivers the biggest kick.

A number of the delinquents Givie Zaragoza consorted with were no strangers to heroin, and he soon got the habit. According to his family, his epilepsy drove him to it. Within a few months he was a "mainliner," injecting into his veins as much as twelve grains a day. His source was a neighborhood pusher, Martin Dominguez, alias "Sheppard." What Givie's habit cost him he never disclosed. Black-market prices of a narcotic vary according to its availability and how desperately the addict craves it. "Hogs" (addicts who require maximum dosages) may have to pay twenty-five to fifty dollars a day. Often the only way to obtain such sums, or their equivalent in drugs, is to become a "mule"—that is, to work for a pusher.

Givie's Final Mistake

On the evening of February 12, 1957, Givie ran into a fellow hophead, Eddie Munguio, whom he had known since boyhood. Eddie was seventeen and he had a probation record dating from his twelfth year. He asked Givie where he could find Sheppard; he wanted some horse. Givie explained he was working for Sheppard and promised to furnish it himself.

The following day Givie slipped Eddie two caps of heroin—or about three

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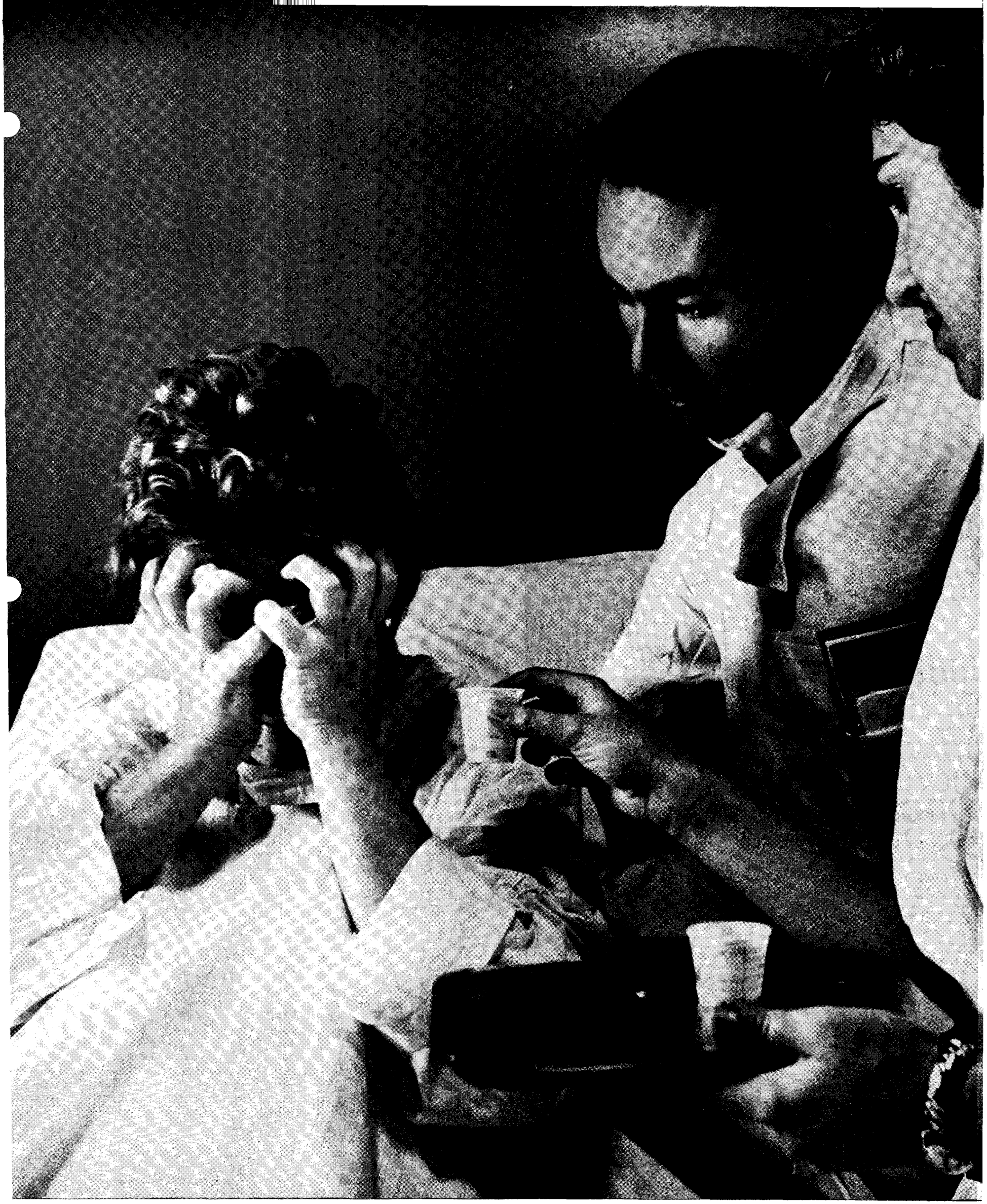

In a ward at the Lexington, Ky., Federal narcotics hospital, a new arrival undergoes the agony of withdrawal from her addiction.

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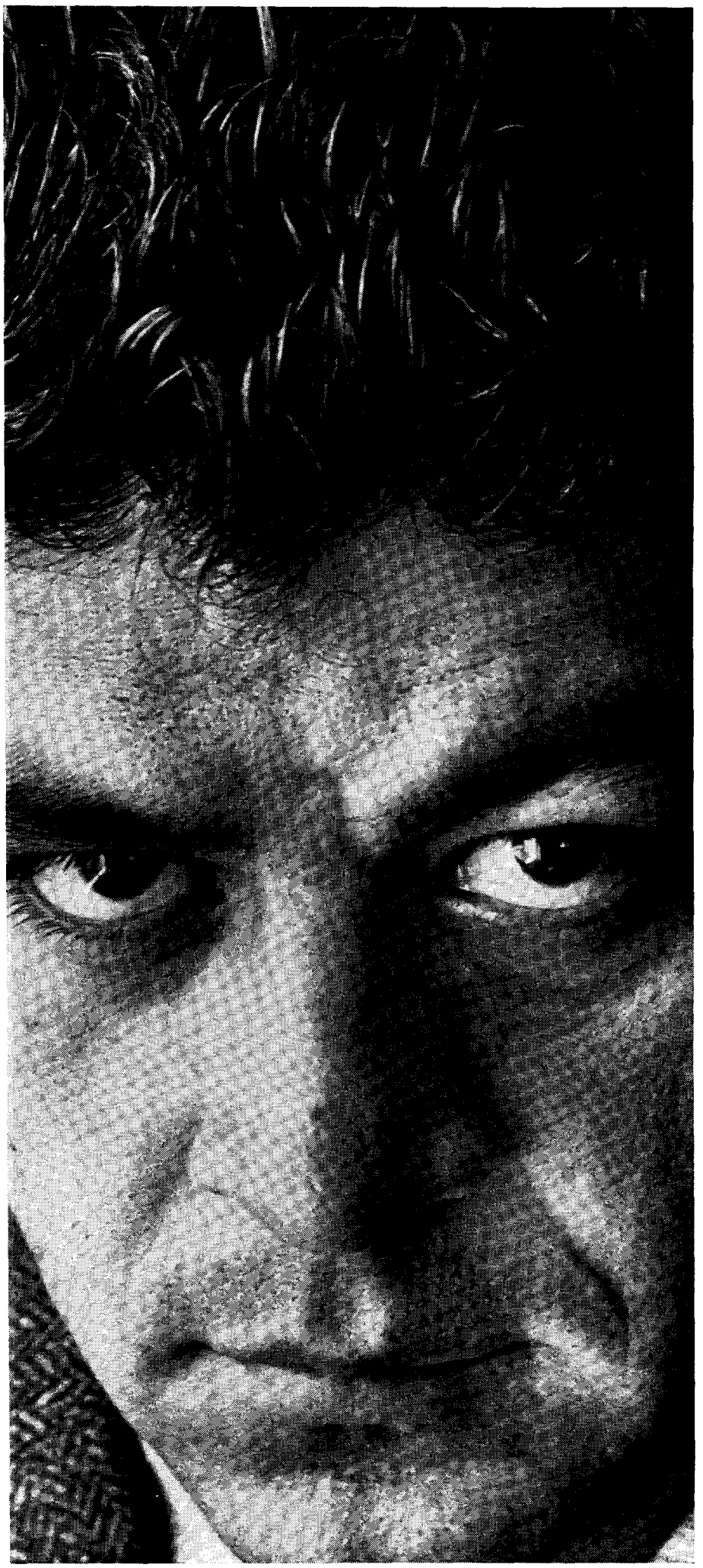
"Zaragoza is an epileptic. He grew up in a Los Angeles slum. His IQ is a borderline 71. . . . He can never qualify for parole."



Givie Zaragoza, convicted in 1957 for peddling narcotics, is the only Federal prisoner serving a life sentence who can never receive parole.

Narcotics grains—charging him five dollars. On the fifteenth he sold him two more caps and on the twenty-sixth ten caps for twenty-seven dollars. All three transactions were filmed from observation posts by Federal agents working with the municipal police. They arrested Givie after the third sale. The bills Eddie paid him had been dusted with a fluorescent powder, and under fluorescent light traces of it showed on Givie's hands and trousers. It finally dawned on Givie that his old friend Eddie was, in the Narcotics Bureau euphemism, a "special employe"—meaning stool pigeon.

Reliance on Stool Pigeons

Like most police agencies, the Bureau leans heavily on stool pigeons, and it finds no dearth of them among the addicts themselves, who will do anything to avoid the torments of abstention. As long as the addict-informer remains useful he can expect payment in cash, immunity from prosecution for his own narcotic violations and leniency, if under indictment for other offenses. State narcotics cops often pay off in narcotics.

The exploitation of addicts as informers is one of the standard practices most strongly condemned by the bureau's critics. Wrote Richard C. Donnelly, professor of law at Yale in *The Yale Law Journal:* "The spectacle of government secretly mated with the underworld and using underworld characters to gain its end is not an ennobling one." In a recent opinion Circuit Judge David L. Bazelon of the U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia declared: ". . . The present informer practice amounts to condoning felonies on condition that the confessed or suspected felon brings about the conviction of others. Under such stimulation it is to be expected that the informer will not infrequently reach for shadowy leads or even seek to incriminate the innocent. . . . The law recognizes that the only way to protect the innocent is by imposing safeguards which protect the guilty as well."

Anslinger demurs. "My attitude," he proclaims, "has been to use any means available to cut narcotic violations to a minimum, and where criminals or addicts will cooperate with us to that end I will deal with them."

Givie Zaragoza could scarcely have picked a worse time to sell heroin to a seventeen-year-old informer. The Federal agency, which can step into any narcotics case, was eager to see an example made under the new Section 107.

The presiding Federal judge was William C. Mathes, whom defense lawyers sometimes refer to as "Maximum Mathes." No evidence was produced that Zaragoza had ever sold drugs to anybody except Munguio. According to Zaragoza's probation report: "A combination of low intelligence and his epileptic condition is believed to be contributing factors to defendant's antisocial behavior."

Upon passing life sentence, Judge Mathes commented: "The jury gave you back your life. Now society should use your life to set an example for others."

Before he went to McNeil Island, Zaragoza got permission to marry the girl he had made pregnant. She later wrote to Mathes: "What he did he did out of desperation, for he couldn't keep a job on account of his attacks. Please modify his sentence."

The plea fell on deaf ears. So, for all practical purposes, did a request from the U.S. Pardon Attorney, Reed Cozart, for Mathes's comments and recommendations on Zaragoza's petition for clemency. "It would appear," wrote Cozart, "that the only reason a minor was used as an informer was to make it possible for Zaragoza to receive a life or a death sentence."

Mathes replied: "Apparently the severity of his sentence may have been some deterrent to others. I have no other comment or recommendation to offer."

The municipal police arrested Sheppard in connection with another narcotics offense and from a municipal court he drew a sentence of five years to life. Four years later he was paroled, then returned to jail for violating his parole.

It is conceivable that the heroin Zaragoza peddled was smuggled into the country through Mafia channels directed by Vito Genovese, one of the most powerful international vice lords since Al Capone. In 1959 a Federal jury convicted Genovese of narcotics conspiracy. His sentence: fifteen years plus $20,000 fine. With time off for good behavior, he will be released in eight years.

As a police force the Narcotics Bureau is acknowledged even by its bitterest critics to be struggling against enormous odds. Although its personnel totals only 424 and its annual budget less than $5,000,000, it manages at least to limit a traffic which, as Anslinger once told a Senate subcommittee, the Army, Navy and Coast Guard combined could not eliminate. With rare exceptions its agents have been honest, dedicated men. Anslinger himself has been acclaimed throughout the world as the foremost expert in his field, and he has fought hard to persuade other nations to tighten their narcotics controls. What aroused the current hostility to the bureau was not only its punitive attitude toward drug addicts but also, in the view of many authorities, a certain impatience with judicial safeguards which it feels hamper its efforts—an overeagerness to "make" cases.

Guile vs. Entrapment

The courts uphold the right of police to use guile against criminals. They draw a line, however, between legitimate guile and entrapment, which consists of tricking a person into committing an offense he might not have otherwise committed. Through its informer system the Narcotics Bureau has sometimes been led to cross that line. An extreme instance occurred not long ago in New York City.

For fourteen months, beginning in March, 1956, the bureau had been paying William Pabon, an ex-convict and mainliner, forty to sixty dollars a case. He spent most of it on heroin.

In July, 1957, Pabon scraped up a barroom acquaintance with another Puerto

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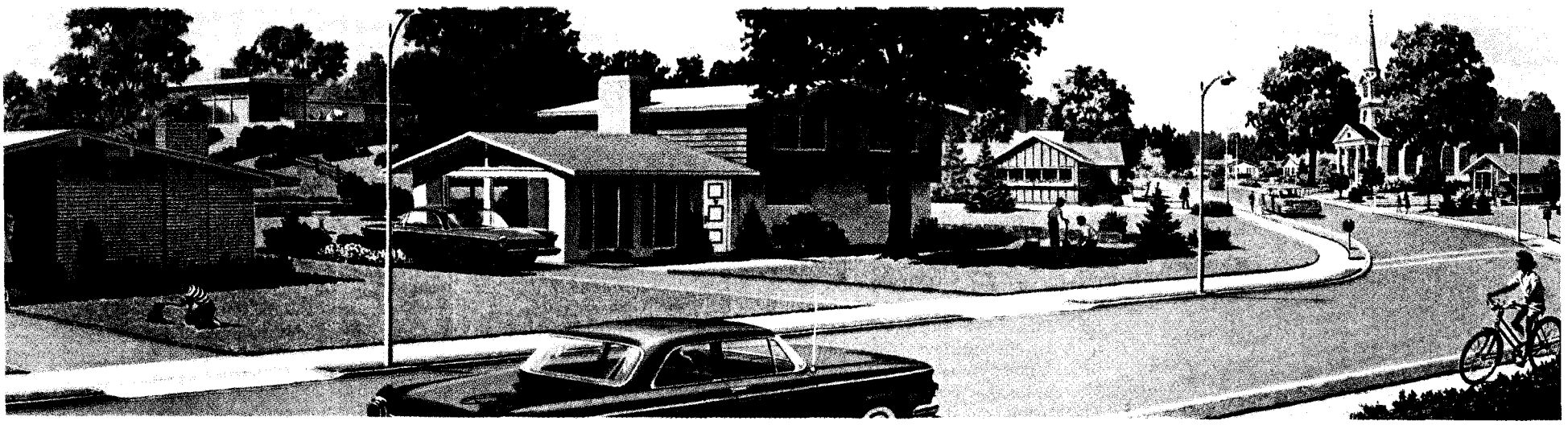

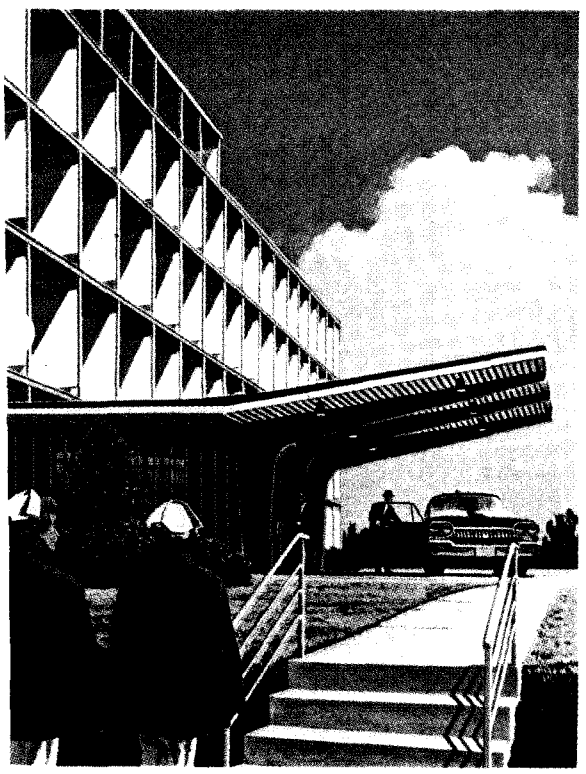

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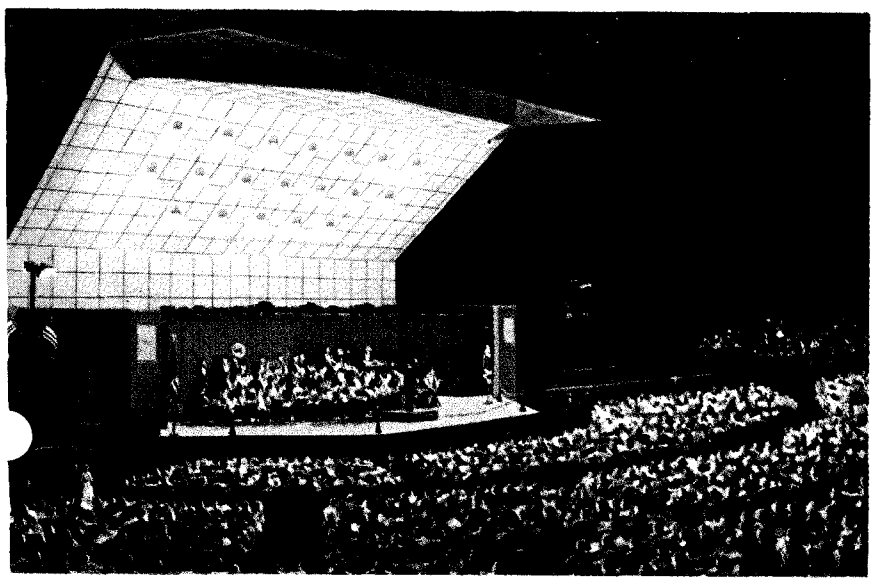

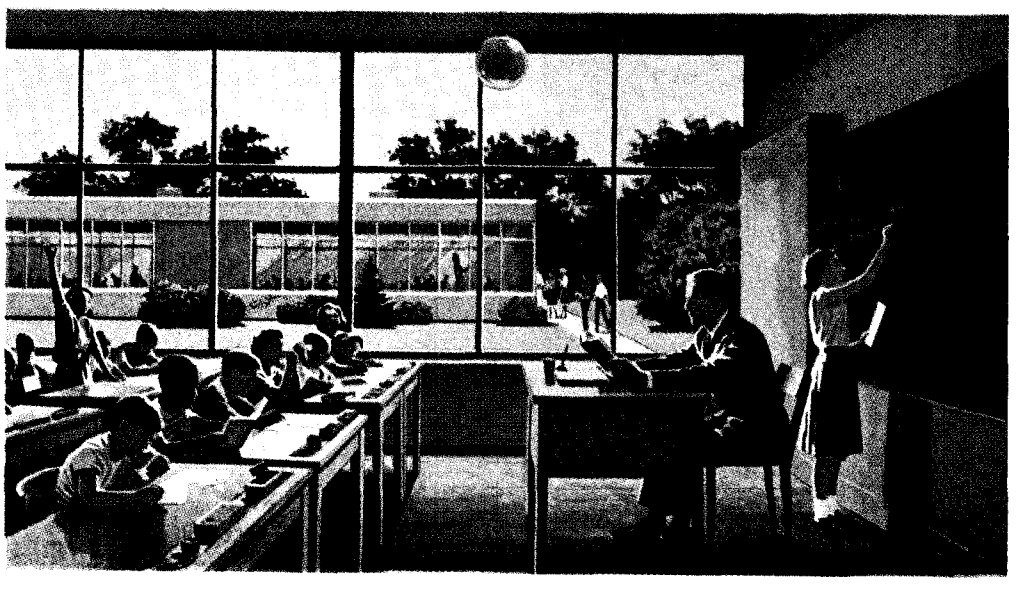

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"I'd like to pull the switch myself on drug peddlers who sell their poison to minors"—retired commissioner Anslinger.

Harry Anslinger, former Federal narcotics commissioner, takes a tough-cop approach to addicts.

Anslinger's successor, Henry Giordano, also supports rigid enforcement of narcotics laws.

Narcotics Rican, Angel Silva. One evening he took Silva to his room, injected himself with heroin and offered his guest a shot. Silva, who had never touched the stuff, declined. During subsequent visits the informer persistently tempted Silva. He finally succumbed to the extent of sniffing a little heroin. Pabon soon taught him how to mainline it. At first he supplied the drug free. Then he began charging five dollars a shot. In November he demanded a different kind of exchange. Silva must deliver half an ounce of heroin to a certain customer, who would pay $100. Crazed by his need, Silva obeyed. He repeated the errand two weeks later. The customer was narcotics agent Gabriel Dukas. Pabon's reward for corrupting and betraying Silva was $100.

Image of the "Dope Fiend"

Waiving jury trial, Silva appeared before Federal Judge Edward Weinfeld. The judge acquitted him. "I find," he stated, "that the criminal conduct participated in by this defendant was the product of creative activity by Pabon, the Government informer."

"The nature and size of the narcotics problem does not explain the peculiar severity of the laws," objects Judge Henry W. Edgerton of the District of Columbia Circuit. Alcoholism, he reasons, poses a far greater problem both numerically—there are some 5,000,000 alcoholics in the country—and as a menace to the community. Yet Prohibition produced no comparably severe statute. What, then, does explain it? Largely, say the voices of reform, the horrendous image of the "dope fiend" which has been stamped upon the public mind by the law enforcers and the sensational press.

To people inculcated with that image it is an astonishing fact that around the turn of the century American morality attached less stigma to drug addicts than to women who smoked cigarettes. No legal sanctions hindered the sale of narcotics. Cheaply priced opiates crowded the shelves of pharmacies and general stores. The physician was free to treat addicts as his conscience dictated, by gradual withdrawal if they seemed curable; if not, by maintaining them on drugs indefinitely. In 1902 the American Pharmaceutical Association estimated the number of addicts at about one person out of every 380. Thoughtful citizens decried the vice as an appalling health problem. But they spoke of the addict pityingly as a "sufferer" who needed medical help. Nobody advocated criminal action.

Neither did Congress when it enacted the Harrison Act of 1914. A regulatory measure cast in the guise of a revenue statute, the act was designed primarily to correct loose dispensing practices. By taxing narcotics, by requiring importers, druggists and doctors handling them to keep records and register with the Treasury and by requiring users to obtain prescriptions, Congress hoped to force supplies into controllable channels. Smugglers and pushers were the targets, not addicts. Congress had no wish to disrupt the bona fide addict-doctor relationship.

The act contained several ambiguous stipulations, however. For example, a physician could issue narcotic prescriptions only "in the course of his professional practice and for legitimate medical purposes." But what delimited professional practice? What constituted legitimacy? Many doctors continued to assume it as their duty to relieve an incurable addict's agony by giving him drugs. After World War I, in the same hysterical atmosphere that bred Prohibition, the Treasury published a report—gathered from what statistical sources it never revealed—which horrified the nation. The addict population, it claimed, had grown to 1,000,000, mostly minors.

The Department merged its Narcotics Division (later a separate bureau under Anslinger) with its Prohibition Unit and the antiaddict crusade began. A series of Supreme Court interpretations of the Harrison Act provided powerful weapons. The Federal agents set stool pigeons to collecting evidence against defiant doctors, raided their offices, jailed them. The conviction of a few real malpractitioners, no better than pushers, strengthened the Treasury's hand; and reputable doctors, thoroughly intimidated, turned their backs on addicts.

The Supreme Court later reversed itself in the case of a Doctor Linder whom a stool pigeon tricked into prescribing four tablets of cocaine and morphine. Vindicating Linder in 1925, the court repudiated the Government's contention that doctors "may never give an addict moderate amounts of drugs for self-administration to relieve conditions incident to addiction." But it was too late. The doctors' retreat was complete, and to this day, despite the Linder opinion—which the narcotics regulations ignore—few doctors care to have anything to do with addicts.

Deterrence by Terror

Thus, in its application the Harrison Act transformed patients into criminals. The Narcotics Division, seeking support for its policy of deterrence by terror, depicted them as monsters. There arose a body of myths which obscured the nature of addiction and impeded a calm, scientific approach to it. For example:

The myth of intrinsic criminality. According to Anslinger, addicts are criminals before they become addicted.

The fact: A statistical analysis of 1036 addicts committed to the U.S. Public Health Service Hospital at Lexington, Kentucky, showed that 75.3 percent had no criminal history. Again, of 119 inmates who developed the habit as a result of drugs prescribed for illness, ninety had otherwise unblemished records. On the other hand, among addicts from city slum areas delinquency was shown to have frequently preceded addiction. In short, the incidence of prior offenses depends on the particular group studied.

That most addicts commit crimes to support their costly vice every study agrees. The crimes mainly take nonviolent forms, such as drug peddling, petty larceny, shoplifting. Dr. Lawrence Kolb, dean of authorities on the medical aspects of addiction, dismisses as "an absurd fallacy" the notion that violent criminals commonly use drugs to acquire Dutch courage. "Opiates," he explains, "inhibit aggressive impulses. Under their influence the addict becomes passive, free of tensions, contented. One way to render a man with homicidal urges harmless would be to put him on morphine."

The sexual myth. Dope incites to rape, orgies and assorted perversions.

The fact: Heroin, the drug of choice, depresses the libido and replaces sex and other normal emotional satisfactions. Drs. David Maurer and Victor Vogel note in their monumental study: "The reduction of sexual desire tends to remove the opiate addict from the category of psychopathic sex offenders, even though he might have a tendency to commit sex crimes when not addicted."

Addiction's Physical Dangers

The myth of fatal effects. Drugs eventually wreck the addict's body and brain.

The fact: Various dangers incidental to addiction may indeed prove fatal. Dosages beyond the tolerance the addict has built up, for one. Tainted drugs, as they often are in the black market. Anemia and malnutrition, since the impoverished addict has little money to spare for food. But opiates of themselves need not wreak physical and menta havoc. "The addict under his normal tolerance of morphine," reported the late Walter G. Karr, assistant professor of biochemistry at the University of Pennsylvania, "is medically a well man."

Doctor Kolb cites the case of a woman who reached eighty-one, healthy and alert, although she had taken three grains of morphine a day for sixty-five years. "I know brilliant doctors," he adds, "who would be drunk in the gutter instead of successfully practicing medicine, but for opiates." No sane scientist, of course, holds a brief for addiction. The addict is a psychological cripple. But his vice is the symptom, not the cause.

Nevertheless, since World War I the specter of the slavering, maniacal "dope fiend" has haunted the halls of government and together with the booming dope traffic inspired ever harsher laws, culminating in the Narcotics Control Act. To prove the efficacy of those laws, the bureau frequently issues dramatic charts indicating a sharp decrease of the addict population. Carefully analyzed, however, the charts appear less impressive. The latest number of addicts reported, 46,798, is actually about 3000 higher than in 1959. The bureau's estimates, moreover, rest on the dubious assumption that no addict can long escape its vigilance.

Both police officials and legislators concede the need for scientific inquir into the root causes of addiction, abou which we know next to nothing. But while addicts in Federal prisons or hospitals cost the taxpayer close to $14,000,000 a year, the Government allocates barely half a million to research. The two Federal narcotics hospitals—at Lexington and at Fort Worth, Texas—which together admit about 3500 voluntary patients a year and about 500 committed by

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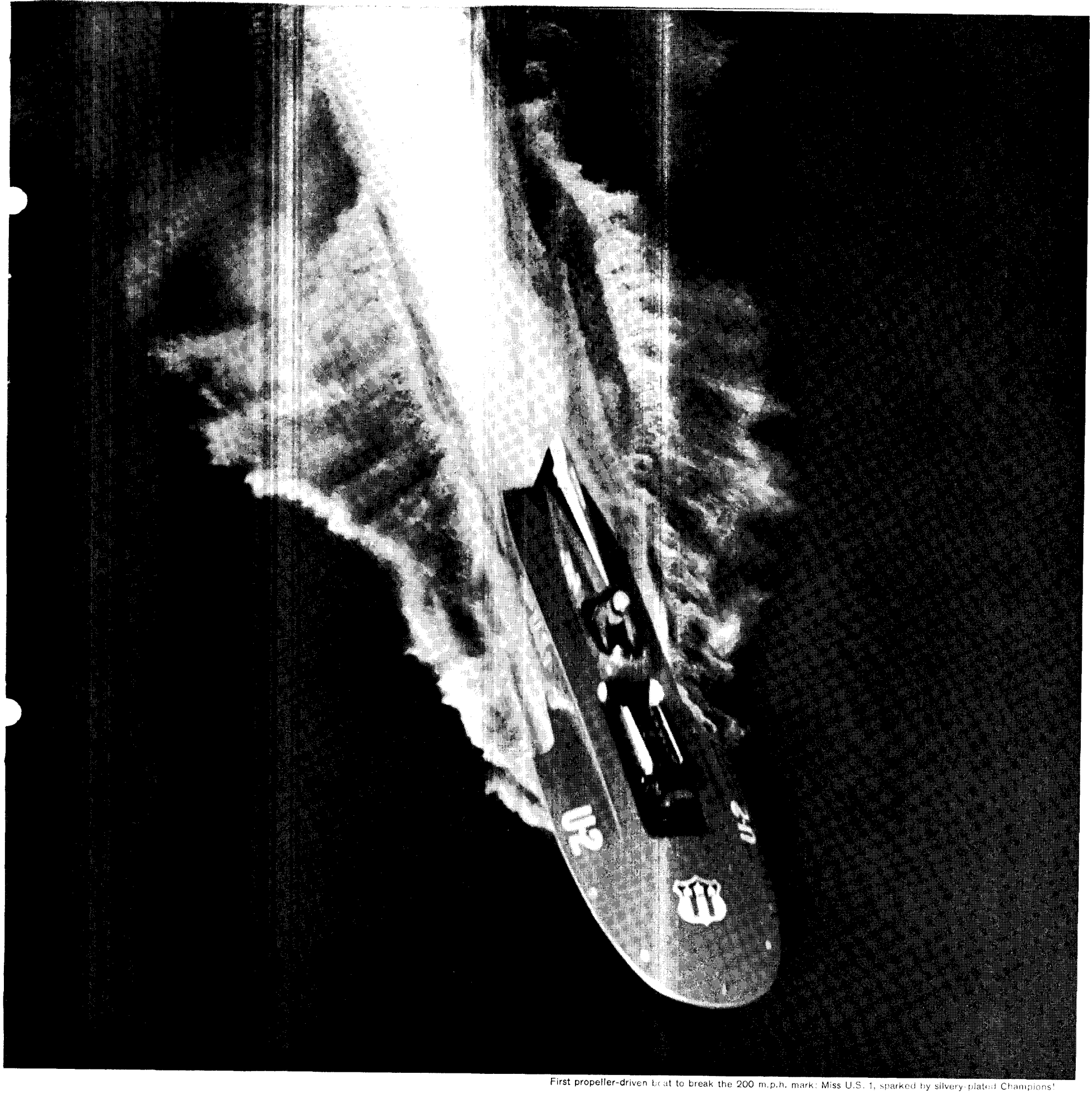

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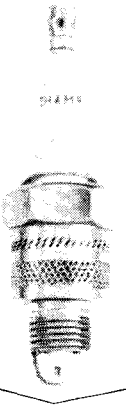

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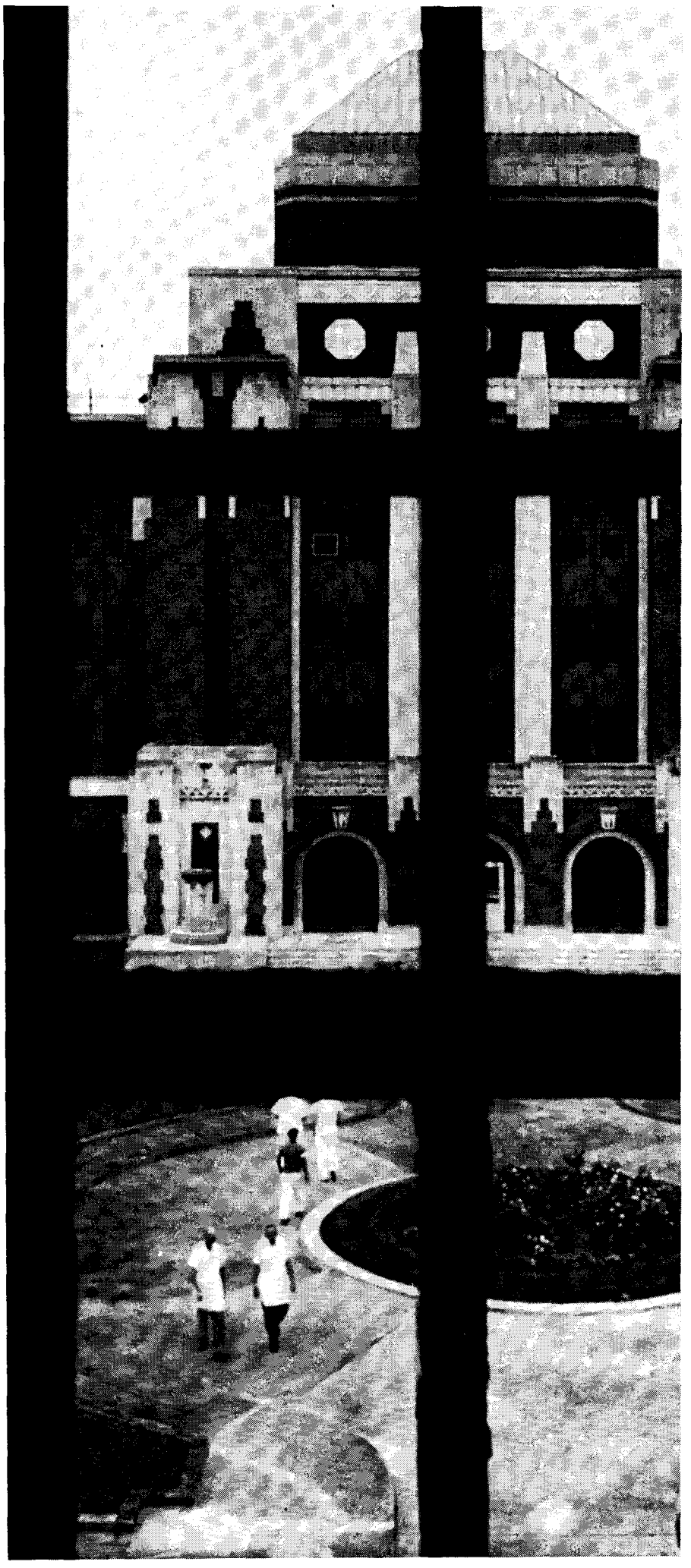
"The most radical scheme, which no legislator supports, is the nationwide establishment of clinics to dispense free narcotics."



The quadrangle of the Public Health Service Hospital, Lexington. Follow-up studies show that 90 percent of patients suffer relapses.

Narcotics the courts, can accomplish little beyond temporary repairs.

It is relatively simple to rid an addict of his physical dependence on drugs. Methadone, a nonaddicting narcotic, greatly reduces the tortures of withdrawal. The process normally requires less than two weeks. Diet, fresh air, exercise complete the standard treatment usually in a few more weeks. But psychological dependence remains, which the doctors, in their present state of knowledge, can seldom eliminate. Returned to his old environment, faced with the same frustrations which originally drove him to drugs, the patient is likely to backslide. A follow-up study of 1192 patients discharged from Lexington showed that about 90 percent relapsed, the majority within six months.

The reform factions, however, do not consider poor prognosis any justification for jailing addicts. Several bills now before Congress reflect a more compassionate spirit. One of them, sponsored by Sen. Roman Hruska of Nebraska, would allow the courts discretion in applying mandatory no-parole laws and so enable them to distinguish between major criminals and simple addicts. Senators Jacob K. Javits and Kenneth B. Keating of New York are sponsors of bills which would provide Federal aid to state-hospital programs and permit civil commitment of addicts guilty of no other offense.

The most radical scheme, which no legislator supports and the mere mention of which outrages the bureau, is the nationwide establishment of clinics to dispense free narcotics. Its endorsers, who include the New York Academy of Medicine, advance two main arguments: By removing profits, clinics would end the illicit traffic; by taking the addict out of the criminal class they would make it easier to cure and rehabilitate him. Under British law, the scheme's proponents point out, doctors may administer narcotics to addicts who they feel cannot exist free of suffering without them, and Great Britain has only about 430 known addicts. The narcotics laws of the Scandinavian countries, Belgium, France, Switzerland and Italy are also mild compared to America's. No vast drug traffic plagues those countries; in none does the number of addicts exceed 1000.

Argument Against Free Drugs

But the arguments against free clinics are compelling. Addicts require continually increasing dosages up to a formidable degree of tolerance and, unless they got it, would revert to underworld sources. To gratify their craving, even if practically feasible, would be to evade the basic problem of what created it. England provides no valid model for the United States. With their homogeneity and traditional respect for the law, the British do not have the same susceptibility to addiction as the mixed American population. Their system also prevails in Hong Kong, where addicts number more than 100,000. Regarding the other European countries, it is a question whether their laws are comparatively lenient because they have no serious narcotics problem, as the United States did before the Harrison Act, or whether they have no serious narcotics problem because their laws are comparatively lenient.

The overriding objection to the free-clinic plan is a moral one: Society must strive to eliminate degrading practices, not subsidize them. Although the A.M.A.–A.B.A. report favored the plan, the A.M.A. has since repudiated it.

Among the experimental projects now under way, the most promising was initiated six years ago by the New York State Division of Parole. It extends to paroled addicts continuing help—psychiatric, familial, educational, vocational. Under the direction of Meyer H. Diskind, a highly skilled parole officer approaches each parolee as a friend first of all and only incidentally a law-enforcement agent. He visits his home several times a month to discuss the personal frictions that may have contributed to his addiction.

A Plan for Rehabilitation

Most addicts lack trade skills. The parole officers refer them to trade schools and later to employment services. Out of a special fund the project lends money to needy parolees to tide them over until they receive their first paycheck. The Parole Division expects the addict to relapse at least once, but unless he commits a crime he is not returned to jail; rehabilitation continues.

The project, for which the state legislature had appropriated $40,000 a year, covered 346 parolees up to the end of 1959 (the last period for which complete statistics are available). Almost half had never relapsed, an unheard-of percentage. Sixty-four have since finished their paroles with clean slates. Pennsylvania and California have instituted similar projects.

"We have stopped treating our insane population as felons," writes Rufus King, summarizing the aims of his fellow reformers, "we have raised the stigma from leprosy and epilepsy and transformed our penal philosophy from one of vengeance to one of rehabilitation. But we have not shown comparable understanding of the addict.

"All the billions our society has spent enforcing criminal measures against the addict have had the sole practical result of protecting the peddler's market. No other nation hounds its addicts as we do, and no other nation faces anything remotely resembling our problem."

For the moment, King adds, no ideal solution is in view. To reach one, various roads must be explored. They lead to relief from persecution for the addict, to therapy programs and follow-ups, and to provisions for incurable addicts.

How far along those roads the U.S. may travel depends largely on the outcome of the approaching White House conference. To succeed Anslinger, President Kennedy nominated—and the Senate has confirmed—deputy commissioner Henry L. Giordano, a soft-spoken, vigorous, deadly efficient man of forty-eight, who joined the bureau in 1941. "I plan," says Giordano, "to continue the general policies of Mr. Anslinger." **THE END**

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He heard a drummer in the forest...

Henry D. Thoreau

YOU CAN'T QUITE grasp all of a man like Henry David Thoreau.

He could sit quietly on a log and confront a woodchuck, and pretty soon get it to give him its paw.

Or get a partridge chick to parade on his palm.

Or get the whisper of the forest to tell him that a fellow should be a part of it, and feel free, and *think* free—not the way everyone expected him to think.

Thoreau said it like this: "*If a man does not keep pace with his companion, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer . . . let him step to the music he hears.*"

He heard his music in the woods of Concord. He built a $28 hut, chimney and everything, at Walden Pond and he lived there alone—if you call it alone when you have sky and wild honeysuckle and the woods and its creatures for companions. He lived deep and dreamed deep until he could almost see a universe in a bluebird's eyes, or what life might be all about in the reddening of a leaf. Like acorn to oak, what he thought and wrote has grown to span continents since he died, one hundred years ago.

He asked us to walk tall, self-reliant, free. He walked that way himself, all through our destiny, and we hear his steps now.

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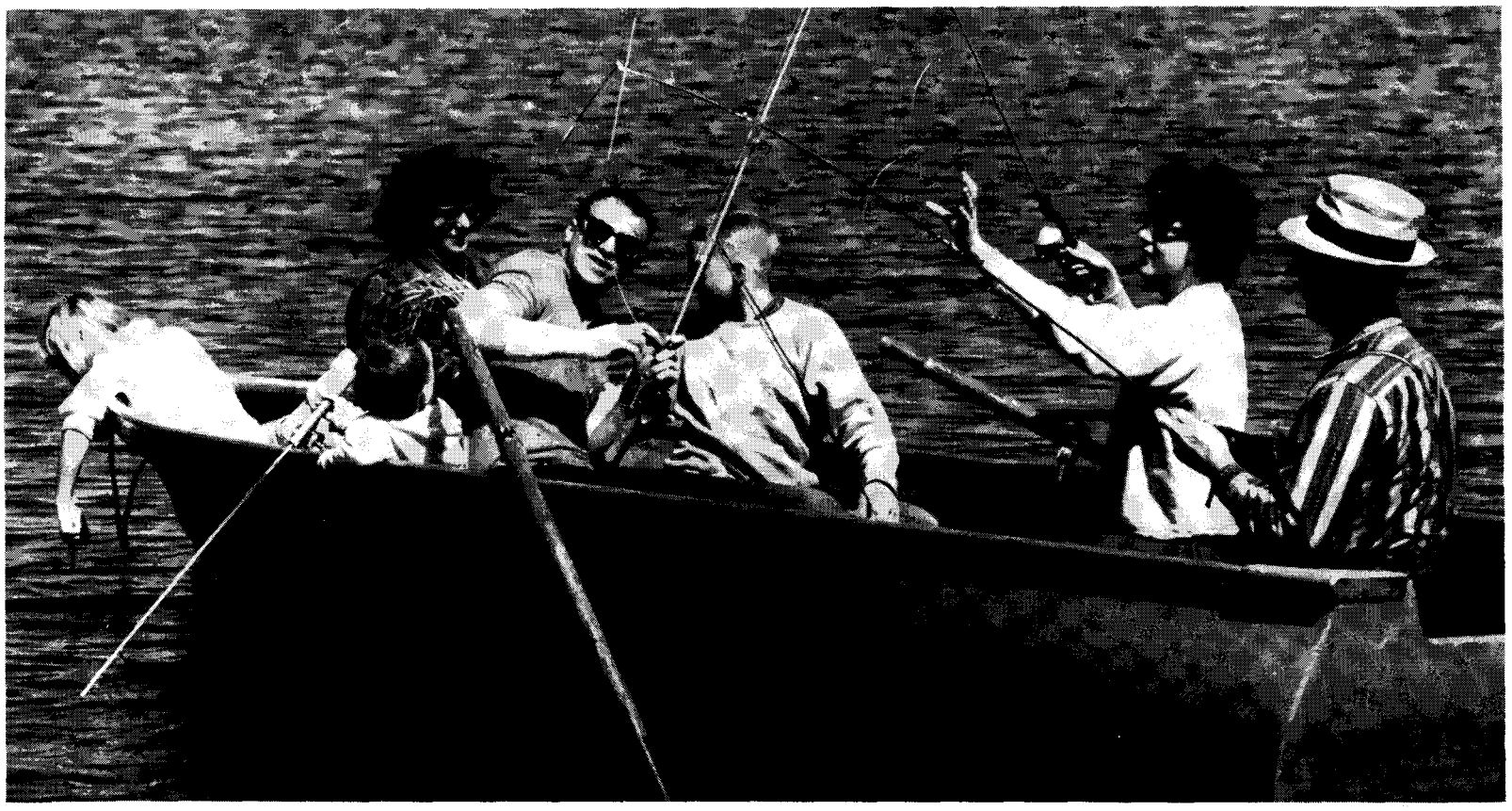
Fishing With Small Fry

A harried but happy father tells how kids lose lures, tangle lines, rock the boat—and land all the whoppers. • By BOB EDDY



In a rowboat on Minnesota's dimpled Leech Lake, author Eddy (right) directs a day of family fishing.

I sing for an unsung sport, fishing with children. Plain, ordinary fishing offers the thrill of split-second action, the challenge of outguessing strange, mysterious creatures. But one afternoon of fishing with children can bristle with a greater variety of challenges, guesses and thrills than can a whole week of ordinary fishing—thrills awash with waves of elation, despair, satisfactions unknown to the solitary angler.

That thought impaled me one day as we were fishing with a calm, good-looking guide, Roland Rousseau, among the 1500 isles of Rainy Lake, an enchanting chunk of the border between Minnesota and Canada. We hadn't trolled five minutes before we had four lines wound up in one big snarl and a fifth wrapped around the boat's propeller.

"Is it always like this with children?" asked Rousseau, a French Canadian much less volatile than the eighteenth-century Frenchman of the same last name. I felt sorry for Roland. Here was a fellow graced with talent and desire to help adults catch fish. He had not learned that fishing with children is no more related to plain, everyday fishing than is man-to-man combat to close-order drill.

The previous evening, for example, before Roland joined us, our best fisherman was Brandon, a thirteen-year-old, left-handed sunburst of freckles. He had caught four walleyed pike, two northern pike, a smallmouth bass and several crappies. Between catches, he had: (1) thrown a brand-new rod and spinning reel into the lake with a too energetic cast; (2) let our whole string of fish swim away by failing to secure the stringer; (3) lost one lure in the propeller and two on snags; (4) insisted he had another snag, but finally cranked in to find he had recovered our string of fish, and (5) kicked the minnow bucket over into our tackle box—and have you ever tried to grab a slippery minnow among barbed lures?

Brandon is just one of our five children. Bob II is now twenty-one, a chap who'll mobilize a family fishing trip in a driving rain "because the wind's in the west—when fish bite the best." Kay, eighteen, shops for fishing outfits the way her pals shop for school clothes, and she looks great in them. Jane, ten, says, "Hey, let's go fishing!" every time she sees a body of water larger than a small puddle. David, two, just shouts, "Sish!" at intervals, while Corinne, wife, mother and good sport, not only cheers the crowd along but fries fish so delectably that I can even forget the sunburn on my bald spot.

As every angler back to Izaak Walton (1593–1683) knows, one of the joys of fishing is communing with nature. Bob and I, who cast fairly accurately from our practice in the alley behind our house, one evening were deftly flipping our best lures to the edge of the lily pads in a pretty lake near Grand Rapids, Minnesota—a lake Grandpa Herm (Brandon, the children's maternal grandfather) had discovered for us. But we were casting in vain. Meanwhile, Jane, Brandon and Kay were flailing the water in the most unlikely spots with our poorer tackle, getting terrible splashes, outrageous birds' nests of snarled lines—and magnificent fish.

Bob and I edged in on them; they took our spot. Brandon promptly landed a nice bass (their seventh) while Kay was reeling in a walleye (their second). A bass leaped in the lake, dimpling the surface.

Just then Jane chanted:

"*Fishie, fishie, in the brook,*
Come and bite upon my hook."

Her rod bent, as if on cue, then jerked madly. "Oh, another one," she said. "I'll

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Questions from kids: "Do worms hurt when they're put on a hook? Do fish know each other? Can bugs walk on water?"

Fishing bet he takes the purple gumdrop I'm using for bait too, darn him."

Another mystery is why I, a veteran of thirty years' fishing, have never won first-fish honors on our expeditions. I was considering that oddity one lazy, warm day as Jane, Brandon and I were watching our bobbers. At least Brandon and I were; Jane was lying flat on her back in the bottom of the boat, admiring the clouds. We had just rowed out to our fishing spot, and the first-fish prize—a pound of salted peanuts in the shell—was still up for grabs.

"Hey! Daddy's got a bite!" said Brandon.

I was skillfully landing my crappie, when something wet smacked me.

"Oh!" squeaked Jane. "I just pulled in my line, without even looking!"

Sure. A sunfish. And the first fish. And do you know where that fish was hooked? In the tail. She'd simply snagged it right out of the lake. As I say, I've given this matter a good deal of thought, and my conclusion is that the interacting idiosyncrasies of fish and children create a dimension that is simply beyond the jurisdiction of the laws of probability.

It's highly improbable too, for example, that a skinny northern pike could frighten a grown man half to death, then blacken his eye. We were weekending blissfully in a floating lodge, a glorified houseboat with hot and cold running water, on Rainy Lake when Corinne hissed into my ear about two A.M., "Something's in our cabin!" Groggily I heard a queer skittering-thumping noise across the room. A bear? We were moored beside an island.

I flicked my lighter, half expecting to see a pair of wild eyes glaring back at me, and shakily lighted a lamp. There on the floor was Brandon's fishing rod, jumping as if possessed, the line zinging out the window near his bunk—he'd secretly put out a line so he could fish while sleeping. I shook him awake and sat there while he stuck his rod out the window and reeled in. He jerked in his catch with a whoop. The fish, a little northern, flipped into the cabin, banked gracefully and *wham!*—caught me right in the eye.

"Oh! I'm sorry," said Brandon. "But isn't he neat?"

"Yes," said Bob, awake like everyone else by now. "And also illegal. It's against the law to fish with a set line."

Answering Anglers' Questions

So the fish went back into the water; we went back to bed—but my eye remained black two days. Right here, quick, it must be mentioned that my kids didn't think the incident was funny. They were worried about me. On a fishing expedition I'm the leader, the prestige guy, the Man Who Knows the Answers. My suggestion is their command, which is not always the case around the house—unless we're getting ready for a fishing trip. And frankly I like it, although it does put me to the test.

Do worms hurt when they're put on a hook? How do baby worms find their mother under the ground? Do fish know each other? Do fish know it's night? How can bugs walk on top of the water? How did this lake get here? How did the first fish get into this lake? . . . It's a spur to learning, fishing with children, because you're the oracle. It's a responsibility too, because what you say goes. I've even settled an argument over whether a sunfish can smile. (Certainly. If he feels happy enough to smile, and if *he* thinks he's smiling, it's the same as a smile.)

This may appear to be double-talk to purists, but the intellectual climate's different out in a boat with kids. Exposed to wide-ranging, freewheeling minds, you tend to shed some of the cobwebby, frustrated, jerky ways of thinking that inhibit adults. You can speculate freely on what the fish down there in the water are saying about you, your fishing skill, your bait. And just when you bring off a witticism that you think is a sparkler, one of your kids will top you so outrageously that everyone has to giggle.

You'd be surprised at the topics that come up when you're with kids on the calm, reflective surface of a body of water. A parent can learn more about school, courses, teachers, hopes, fears, ambitions, classmates and parents in one afternoon of fishing with his kids than he can at a dozen P.T.A. meetings. You'll also get an insight into what your kids and their friends are thinking and talking about, and you might be surprised at how much more mature they are than you'd thought.

My eyebrows have wanted to ascend a few inches at one of the "funny stories" going the rounds in fifth grade or at an interpretation of a recent movie. But as my wife has taught me, you don't let your eyebrows ascend; you maintain perfect aplomb—and mostly silence—if you want to encourage further conversation.

The oddest, most-private topics might come up amid the shared thoughts, peace and sandwiches in a lone boat deep in a cove on a strange lake. The father of a friend may have committed suicide, the parents of another are getting a divorce. The conclusions—unguided by me—that were reached in each case: The suicide was probably out of his mind, but it was too bad, because a person never knows what future days may have in store; the divorcing pair should have known each other a lot better before they got married.

A parent, particularly a father, too often sees his kids in an unfavorable environment. They come bursting home from school or play full of pep just as he totters in from the daily battle of making a living. He wants peace and maybe a quiet cocktail with his wife; they're charged with decibels and demands for dinner—now. I cheerfully admit that after some days the only really proud, happy looks I've bestowed upon my children have been those beamed upon their dear, sleeping faces before I went to bed. Almost any father-and-children participation project corrects this unfortunate by-product of civilization and dumb dads. But fishing does it best of all for me.

It's possible that some children don't like to go fishing. But all my kids and their friends do. If they help plan the trip and if you talk to them as if they're adults, it probably increases enthusiasm. After you all decide where you're going, you say, "Well, what'll we take along?" So you start making a list, including the food—which should lean toward quantity, even if you'll be gone only three or four hours. Nothing tastes better than sandwiches in a boat out on a lake.

Tips for a Fishing Trip

Hesitantly I offer suggestions for a family fishing trip—hesitantly because there are so many variables when fishing with kids with parents and because I'm no expert. It may work out better if you just take your kids to the zoo, or the museum, with stops at a place where they make thick malteds and good hamburgers.

The first suggestion is to go where your kids can catch fish. It makes no difference whether these are big fish or little fish, beautiful like walleyes or ugly like bullheads. But something really must happen on that first expedition.

Next, watch the packing for the trip. We went fishing through the ice once, with the snow six inches deep, and Brandon brought his skates. Jane insisted on bringing a music-box Teddy bear for David. This is all right. Allow each child one—but only one—wild card.

The night before the trip bring out the fishing tackle. Put it on newspapers on the dining-room table and start oiling reels and counting leaders. You'll have an audience right away. Put them to work: checking line, making leaders, sharpening hooks. The fishing talk starts flowing, and you can casually mention what the prize is for the first fish tomorrow.

We take along life jackets. We've never had a man overboard, but it certainly is more assuring to see an orange life jacket on that excited youngster who must stand up in a boat in spite of himself the first time he's landing a leaping strike.

But the main point is to get the kids outside, in the outdoors with you, even if you have to put up a tent—and even if you're as inexpert as I am. You'll be surprised at how much reading your kids will have done about camping out, about fishing, about your target area, before you take off—if they help on the planning and if you've given them enough advance notice. Family morale, incidentally, tends to soar during this anticipatory period. And the experience itself is one children should have to help make them educated men and women, to have knowledge of the outdoors, to appreciate conservation, to create memories of family life. One night with your kids on a still lake as the moon floods a silvery pathway to your boat and the loon calls and the tree frogs croak from the black woods on shore. . . .

I propose an emblem for dads who take their kids fishing. It's one to wear with dignity: Two crossed fishing rods, the lines hopelessly snarled, mounted on a field emblazoned with poison ivy, tossing waves, limp worms, barbed hooks and red-and-white bobbers, the whole surmounted by the blissful, smiling faces of a gap-toothed boy, a pig-tailed girl—and a proud dad. **THE END**

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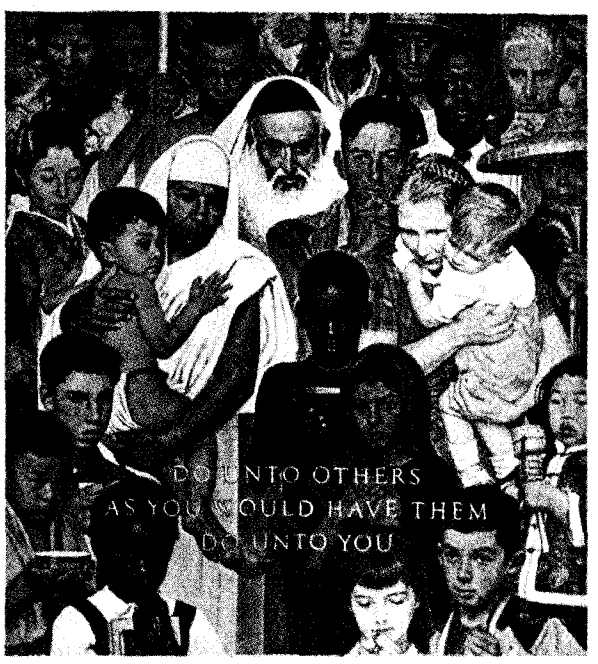
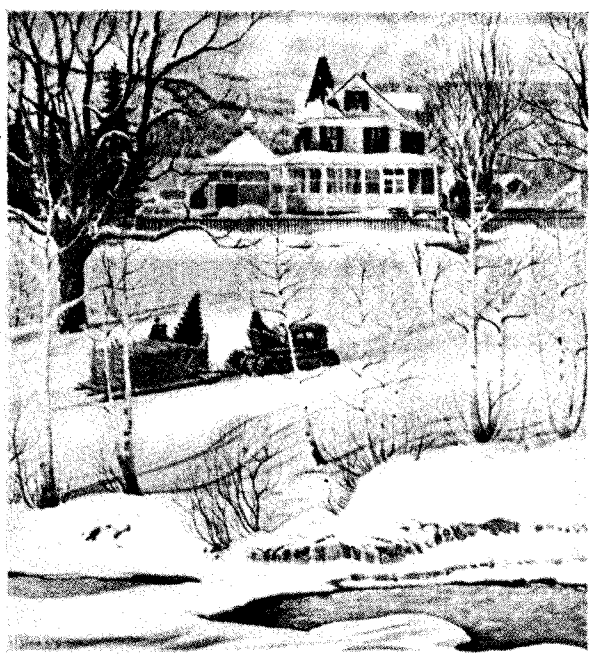


Style A: greeting inside—"Season's Greetings"

Style B: greeting inside—"Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year"



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Profile of a Peace Corpsman

By NATHAN A. HAVERSTOCK

How a young American helps the residents of a poor, remote Colombian village help themselves.

At five o'clock in the morning the bulldozer pulls out of the village square dragging eight long new poles. The unfamiliar noise of the machine shakes the townspeople out of their sleep.

Like children anticipating a birthday they slip into their sandals, put on their patched pants, freshly laundered shirts, and double-breasted suit jackets to work on the widening of the old bridge. It is cold in the rainy season in the Colombian mountains, so they cover their working clothes with serape-like *ruanas*—heavy slit-necked wool blankets.

Peace Corpsman George Kroon (pronounced "Crone") and his Colombian coworker, Faustino Trujillo Morales, are up early too. Together they walk across the muddy square to the *pensione* to have breakfast and discuss the work ahead. On the way they pause frequently to exchange the involved greetings that form an important part of each day: "How did you greet the dawn?" "Did you pass an untroubled night?" "Is your family well and happy today?" As the Peace Corpsman explained, "'Good Morning' is just not adequate here."

Kroon is an easygoing young man who has had the advantages of life in an upper-middle-class American family. Out-of-the-ordinary experiences have not marked his twenty-two years. He and his contemporaries are all too young to have tasted the bitter war years. But today George is a part of an adventure that has seized the imagination of young Americans everywhere. A member of the first Peace Corps unit to reach the field, George says, "The people here treat me like one of Kennedy's sons."

George Kroon (rear) and his Colombian partner, Faustino Trujillo Morales (center), help villagers move a boulder.

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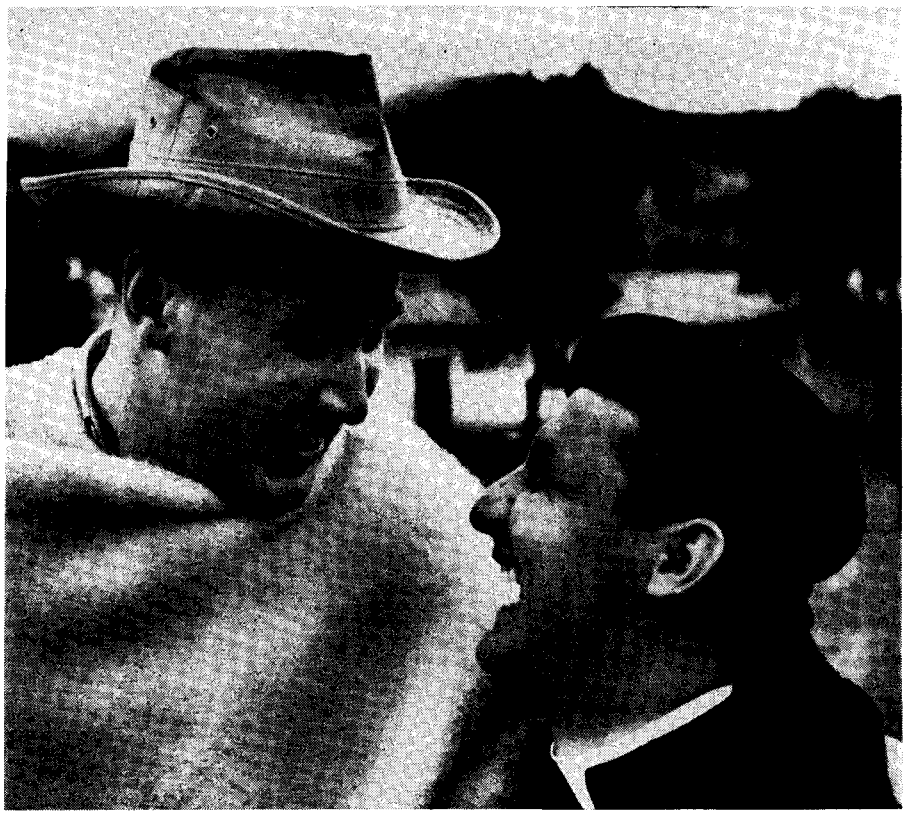
"We decided on two projects, both much needed—a road and a village health center."



Sharing a joke with "Don Jorge" is Padre Ernesto Maecha, who encouraged villagers to donate time to work projects.

With Kroon directing, townsmen carry a bridge-widening log as part of their two-day-a-week work contribution.

Recently *Post* photographer John Bryson and I visited George at his post in Fúquene, Colombia, a poor town with 400 inhabitants, which overlooks the lake that local people say conceals the fabled riches of El Dorado. We found George busy making arrangements for the bridge widening, another of the down-to-earth incidents that make up the reality of his Peace Corps adventure.

George applied for the Peace Corps after graduation from Claremont Men's College in California as a business-administration major. He was selected from among thousands of applicants to train at Rutgers University. Along with others who were slated for Colombia, he studied Spanish, Colombian history and methods for community development. As a by-product of the Corps's special emphasis on physical toughening, George shed fifty pounds. Today his khakis hang loosely on his six-foot-five, 254-pound frame.

When he arrived in Colombia a year ago, George was given six weeks' on-the-spot instruction in Spanish and on the ways to interest people of a rural community in achieving common goals, such as the building of schools, health centers and roads.

Chris Sheldon, director of the Peace Corps program in Colombia, and Mert Cregger, CARE-Peace Corps director for Colombia, had introduced George to some of the local officials and influential citizens of Fúquene, and he was then on his own.

His first task was to sell the idea of community action on a door-to-door basis. George told me that he was extremely lucky: "The people of Fúquene overwhelmed me with friendship from the start." They opened their doors willingly to the young American and invited him in for a cup of rich Colombian coffee or a bottle of beer. He discussed with them their ideas on what Fúquene needed and how they felt the needs could be filled. But his shaky command of the language kept him in constant terror. "I remember asking, 'When does the train arrive?' when I meant to ask, 'Do you have a cup of tea?'" He looked up each new word in the heavy dictionary he brought with him. Now George rattles off Spanish like a native Colombian.

Help for a Peace Corpsman

After George had been in Fúquene for a few weeks, the Colombian government assigned Faustino Trujillo Morales to the town as *promotor*. The Spanish *promotor* means roughly the same as the similar English word: a person who "promotes" community action.

Trujillo is a member of the Colombian government's own program for community development, which antedates the arrival of the U.S. Peace Corps. Now Peace Corpsmen and *promotores* work hand in hand to find out what the people of small backward communities think they need. Together they pitch in to help organize the people to accomplish those objectives.

Trujillo is twenty-six years old. After finishing the equivalent of high school in his native Santander, Trujillo put in four years as a construction worker in Venezuela, near Caracas. Upon returning to Colombia, Trujillo was selected by the Colombian government for training at the National University in Bogotá. Just before arriving in Fúquene, he had completed a four-month course which dealt with principles of community development, paralleling to a certain extent the Peace Corps training.

George and Trujillo complement each other. Of Trujillo, George says, "I would be lost without him." Trujillo is a born leader and a good extemporaneous speaker at meetings of town councils and workers' groups. He is an effective intermediary between the townspeople and a government that is frequently sluggish. Trujillo and George now share a bedroom, an office (which has a writing table, a map, and Trujillo's diploma from the National University's program for *promotores*) and a bathroom.

By the end of their first two months George and Trujillo had organized several committees for action. The committees had agreed on goals, but the goals—apart from the fact that they had been discussed—were as far away from realization as ever. As George says, "All that we were able to do was talk with the people about what needed doing. Basically it was all talk, talk, talk."

The Padre Drops a Bomb

The talk might have gone on indefinitely had it not been for the bomb that Padre Ciro Gomez dropped before Mass on St. Joseph's Day. Fúquene does not have a full-time priest. Either Padre Ciro Gomez, the head of the parish, or his energetic assistant, Padre Ernesto Maecha, comes each Sunday to hold Mass. The younger priest, who wears a flight jacket and a beret, is a familiar figure, bouncing up the road in his jeep for christenings or burials.

"Unless you live with these people, it is difficult to understand the role of the padre," says Protestant Kroon. "The padre is interested in every facet of the community, not just the spiritual life.

"Well, I was practically lifted off my seat by the padre's words on St. Joseph's Day. He said that the community-action program being developed by Trujillo and me was the kind of thing St. Joseph would be engaged in if he were living in Fúquene, because St. Joseph was interested in his community."

The padre went on to say that from then on, Sunday or not, the people of Fúquene should pitch in after Mass and help out the program. "That was the beginning of our success here in Fúquene," said George. "We had 111 people out working the next day. The following Sunday we had 150 people."

The townspeople agreed that they would give two days out of each week to community projects—Sundays and Thursdays. During the bad months of the winter rainy season, or when they aren't able to plant or look after their crops, they work additional days.

"We restricted our projects to those we could realize within a reasonably short time," says the level-headed American. "We decided on two objectives, both much needed: a road and a community health center."

Fúquene's only medical facility is a healer who has a few aspirins and some homemade remedies for stomach upsets. If a newborn baby comes down with diarrhea, the baby is likely to die. If an adult cuts himself with his machete, someone must ride on horseback thirty miles

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for medical help. Only occasionally does a doctor pay a visit to Fúquene.

The town now plans to have a doctor in the proposed health center three days a week on a regular schedule. There will be a full-time trained nurse. The site for the health center has been selected—a large tract of land overlooking the lake. The land was donated by five public-spirited farmers who live nearby.

The people of Fúquene are using a machine called a CINV-RAM to make the building blocks with which the health center will be constructed. The device makes oversized bricks out of a mixture of 90 percent low-grade sand (or dirt) and 10 percent cement. So far the people have made 8000 of the 10,000 bricks required for the center.

The second project under way is the building of a road that will cut in half the thirty-mile distance to the market in Ubaté. As George said in explaining the importance of the road, "Right now business just doesn't exist here." People must pack their crops—chiefly corn, potatoes and Spanish chick-peas—in cardboard boxes and sling them on the back of the bus that leaves each Friday at seven A.M. Then they have to be lucky enough to sell their produce before two o'clock in the afternoon, when the bus returns. "That's why," George added, "it's important to finish the road, to give people direct access to the market. With the new road we can link up with better bus service, as well as shorten the distance."

People are enthusiastic about working on the road, partly because they are fascinated by the bulldozer that George and Trujillo borrowed from the Colombian government. "That bulldozer is a modern machine that is really capable of putting them to work," said George. "They realize the value of it, and they are very tender with it, the way parents are with a new baby. You can watch, if you like. We're going to widen one of the bridges on the road now."

Picnic Mood for Project

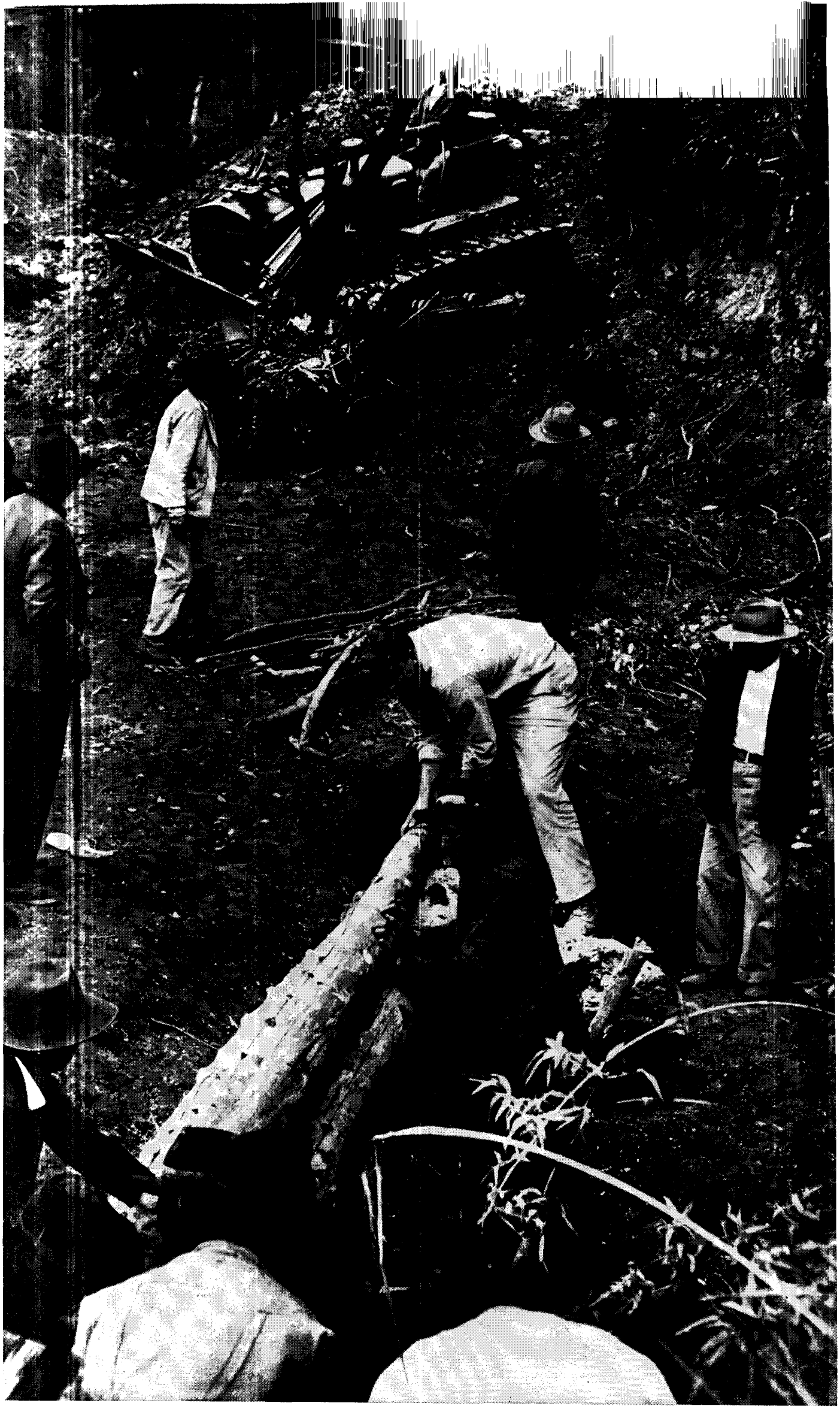
Little by little the men of the town make their way toward the bridge site. Children bring the town's tools—mattocks, crowbars and shovels—by burro.

The field-kitchen contingent passes them along the grassy shoulders of the road, led by Elvira, a stocky, childless woman who has taken on herself the job of feeding the men when they are working on a community project. The day before, Elvira and her many women friends had taken up a collection from all the townspeople. Someone had donated a bag of potatoes, another some rice.

Near the bridge the road is clogged with people, all in a bright picnic mood. The bulldozer stands idling, the building logs tied behind it. Each group of men carries on an animated discussion of what should be done first.

Without being ordered to, one group clusters around the logs. Then there is a chant: "Don Jorge, Don Jorge, Don Jorge!" For George—or "Don Jorge," as he is called in Spanish—is much respected by the people of Fúquene for his physical strength. His height makes him a giant among short, slight, wiry townspeople.

He takes up the center position as each log is lifted to the side of the road. Then he and the others stop to smoke and to contemplate the next step.



The countryfolk move the last of the logs into position at the bridge site. What fascinates the people most about the work is the bulldozer which the Colombian government supplied to help the project.

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"It's important for Fúquene to see things get finished."

The mayor of the town, Ernesto Serrato Gaitán, inspects a work project with the U.S. Corpsman.

Commotion surrounds each detail of the work. There is much laughing and joking and tremendous good nature everywhere. One man says, "It's a waste to use eight timbers to widen a bridge over such a tiny trickle of a stream." George takes in the scene with a patient eye. No more than 20 percent of the men are working at once. The others are energetically quarterbacking the job.

Finally rocks are rolled into place at either end of the bridge and, after much pulling and tugging, the men are satisfied that the rocks will support the logs properly. It is time to place the precious timbers, purchased at great expense.

Again the people chant, "Don Jorge, Don Jorge." With a smile and a shrug George bends down and heaves at the center of one of the huge logs. On either end cluster four or five men grabbing at the log in bizarre ways. Much discussion centers on which end of the log should be placed at which end of the bridge.

Procession of Officials

At ten o'clock a line of officials comes over the hill from the direction of the town. The mayor in his sun helmet is in the middle. He is flanked by the treasurer, who wears a khaki shirt and a black necktie, and one of the town's three uniformed policemen. While the workmen continue to adjust the logs, the mayor and his subordinates stop to exchange a friendly greeting with those who are unoccupied.

Victor Manuel Pinilla, owner of the only truck in Fúquene, accompanies the mayor. Victor has always been of great assistance in the work of the community, making trips for cement and sand whenever his truck is not busy on regular business. He has an intelligent, roundish face which beams brightly between a clean white shirt and a green straw hat. But he doesn't like what he sees. He objects in no uncertain terms to the waste of materials. He says that they have built the bridge too high. They should have taken the old bridge apart first to see how many good logs it concealed. Perhaps they could have rebuilt and widened the bridge with the old timbers and saved the new timbers for another bridge later on.

Victor is an effective thinker and a hard worker. His views command the respect of the community, and in this instance his logic prevails. At eleven o'clock in the morning the old bridge is taken apart. George views the operation with the patience he says is "the most important thing I have learned." He doesn't try to dissuade the townspeople, because he doesn't feel he is there in Fúquene to convince anybody of anything. He is there to help them do the things they want to do for themselves.

Soon the new wings of the bridge are dismantled. Victor finds that most of the supporting timbers are too old and rotten to serve as the basis for a new bridge. Several of the salvable original logs are shifted around. Then it is one o'clock, time for lunch.

Elvira and her helpers have prepared a feast: soup first, with noodles and chunks of beef, followed by plates heaping with rice and chicken, corn, cornbread, salad and hot boiled potatoes. The ladies serve the meal by circulating among the men, passing out plates, utensils and napkins. Everything is well cooked. Beer and a thin strawberry soda are the drinks.

After lunch the men regroup at the bridge. Victor is again in the middle of things. He prods them on to rebuild the bridge much the same way they had it built in the early hours of the morning. The mayor mutters, "You see, you fools, it's just the way it was before you tore it apart. What have you accomplished with all this delay? Nothing."

The sun has now passed behind a sheaf of clouds. There is a threat of rain. Then suddenly, as if by spontaneous generation, all of the logs are in place. Across the way the bulldozer has cut away the hill and piled up the earth where the curve in the road used to be. Men and women and children line up on the bridge and cheer as the bulldozer poises on the mound of freshly torn earth. With a roar the dozer pushes the earth before its blade, down on the bridge. At each thrust of the dozer the line of watchers recedes just enough to allow the machine to push the dirt a little farther over the logs. The heavy tracks of the dozer pack the earth down. The bridge is ready for traffic. "It always happens like that," says George. "We fiddle around for hours and hours, and then in ten minutes the job gets done."

To the U.S. taxpayer the cost of the bridge has been small—the less than five dollars a day it costs to pay George. George cannot call on Washington for the materials or machinery Fúquene needs. CARE, the private American relief agency which administers the Peace Corps program in Colombia, supplies him from time to time with essential tools such as the two brickmaking machines that Fúquene is using to build the health center. Frequently the Colombian government helps out, as with the bulldozer. But basically George and Trujillo draw on their own resourcefulness and on the resources made available by the proud people with whom they work.

Learning About Patience

George shares the town's pride in its achievements. "I want to come back here in a couple of years to see if they have finished the projects that we've started. It's awfully important that these people see things get finished."

Meanwhile, the details of life in a small community fill George's day. In talking about his experiences, George said, "I don't think I will ever be the same again. I have learned here the value of everything—a nail, a bag of cement, a piece of rope. But above all, I have learned to be patient with the people, with the weather, with the mail, with myself."

George's day begins at about seven in the morning. He walks with Trujillo to the *pensione* across the muddy flat that is the town square. There he stoops low to pass through the door into the interior court, where children and dogs play. Off to the right of the court he stoops again to enter the square dining room, which has one cloth-covered table. On the walls of the plain room are a few photographs from magazines and a garish picture of Jesus.

Usually the mayor and some of his fellow officials are already there having their morning eggs. George joins them. Then, over coffee, he and Trujillo line up the day's work. His lunch and dinner are eaten in the same room, at a cost of seventy cents a day for the three meals. Lunch consists of a bowl of hot soup, followed by meat and vegetables and a plate of rice with an egg on top. Neither George nor the townspeople trust the spring-borne local water supply. Weak beer is the usual beverage.

When George returns to his room from dinner, shortly after twilight, the town's electric generator goes on and stays on for four hours. As the generator warms up, the light in George's bedroom burns more brightly.

George brought with him the standard issue of each Peace Corpsman—khaki clothing, three pairs of boots and a camp stove. In Colombia he bought a gasoline lantern and a compact shortwave radio. The radio is in constant demand. When George isn't playing it, someone borrows it. He brought several dozen books with him, and he buys others on his twice-a-month trips to Bogotá, about seventy miles away. "I find," he says, "that I read more than I ever did before."

Plans for the Future

Sometimes George's thoughts stretch to his home in Wallingford, Pennsylvania, and to the things he might have been doing had he not joined the Peace Corps. "When I finish my two years, I'm going back to school to do graduate work in business. You know, what bothers me is what my next prospective employer will say when he reads on my application, 'Peace Corps, Fúquene, Colombia, 1961–1963; salary $1500 per year.' He'll probably ask, 'Well, what did you do in the Peace Corps?' What am I going to say? 'Drank beer with the mayor, lived with 400 people at 9500 feet, taught them how to use a brickmaking machine?'

"The way that bridge-building was all fouled up shows that I can't claim to be qualified as a bridge expert even at this altitude. As a matter of fact, a bridge expert would go nuts working with the people of Fúquene. That's why liberal-arts majors do all right in the Peace Corps."

George believes that his Peace Corps assignment is definitely a man's job. He doesn't see how a woman could get along in a small community like Fúquene. For one thing, in Colombia women have a standing that is different from what they have in the United States. It would be extremely difficult for a woman to gain the confidence of local male officials. George figures that some of his most valuable hours are spent drinking beer with the mayor in one of Fúquene's four *tiendas*.

Entertainment is extremely limited. Occasionally George has a free night in Bogotá. In the city there is always some kind of social event, such as a dance or a party. But it's not the same as it is in the States.

What would he like to have if it were possible? That's easy: a good old-fashioned American date. A girl to sit and talk to for several hours. Nothing passionate. Just a few hours of small talk.

"But you know, after this hitch, I'd like to go to Africa," George said. "I've always wanted to see Africa. Trouble is, Peace Corps policies discourage that kind of thing. The Peace Corps is not a career service. The Corps figures that after two years you've had it. So I guess I'll reenter the orbit of life in the U.S. But I'll never be the same as I was before. I hope Fúquene won't be the same as it was before either." **THE END**

Photographs by John Bryson

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The tall young American and his partner Trujillo call it a day and trudge homeward along a muddy path to the room they share.

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The Congo and the UN

In one of the more ironic twists of our times, ultraconservatives who pride themselves on being more anti-Communist and more devoted to the cause of freedom than others are clamoring for UN troops to withdraw from the Congo. They are urging the U. S. Government to put its trust in wily, opportunistic Moise Tshombe, secessionist president of Katanga Province. An organization called the "American Committee for Aid to Katanga Freedom Fighters" in a full-page newspaper advertisement recently proclaimed, "It's time for the UN Army to get out of the Congo!" and asked the question, "Why not let the Congolese settle their own affairs?"

It would be hard to conceive of a more disastrous step than for the UN to pull out of the Congo now. Nothing could be more naïve than to expect that the Congolese could or would "settle their own affairs."

The United Nations, Heaven knows, has its limitations as a world peace organization. When the great powers come into direct collision, it is largely useless, but it can on occasion move into peripheral situations and prevent a great power collision that might otherwise occur. That has been its task in the Congo.

The United Nations went into the former Belgian Congo in the summer of 1960 to attempt to bring order to that unhappy land after the Congo army had run amok and Belgian troops had moved back in. The Communists at that point made a brazen attempt to bring the Congo under their domination. More than 300 Communist "technicians" swarmed in. Communist sympathizers infiltrated the government of Premier Patrice Lumumba, which swung further and further to the left. The controlled radio and press adopted a strident anti-Western tone. The Russians, in the face of a series of UN resolutions, began sending trucks and planes into the Congo.

UN Secretary General Dag Hammarskjold called upon the Communists to halt their intervention. UN troops shut down major airfields to all but UN traffic, and after Lumumba was ousted, President Joseph Kasavubu ordered Russian and Czech "technicians" out of the Congo.

That the Communists had been frustrated by the UN was clear enough that fall when Nikita Khrushchev pounded his shoe on a desk at UN Headquarters in New York, demanded Dag Hammarskjold's resignation and vainly insisted that a Troika, or three-headed directorate, be installed in place of the Secretary General.

Two years have passed, and the Communists so far have been foiled in their efforts to bring the Congo under their domination. The central Congo government now run by Premier Cyrille Adoula, shaky though it may be, is friendly to the West and committed, as Secretary of State Dean Rusk has said, "to genuine independence and progress for the Congo."

Moise Tshombe, although long regarded as a reliable anti-Communist, has recently been flirting with the Communists. His Conakat party, which still sits in the central-government Parliament at Leopoldville, has been teaming up with leftists against the Adoula government. Tshombe calls us "racist capitalists" and says the U. S. Department of State is "under the thumb of voracious financiers."

The object of our policy in the Congo is to enable the Congolese people to achieve a stable independent government. But time is rapidly running out for the present government. It cannot survive if it is to continue to be deprived of revenues from Katanga's rich copper and uranium deposits. Some measure of progress toward unification is a political necessity. The continuing secession of Katanga, as U. S. Undersecretary of State George Ball says, will "threaten the entire Congo with chaos and civil war and lead to the establishment of a Communist base in the heart of Central Africa. The armed secession in Katanga plays into the hands of the Communists. This is a fact that all Americans should ponder."

The Adoula government recently proposed a federal constitution that would give Katanga a considerable measure of local autonomy. Tshombe called the constitution "what we always wanted." But our Government wisely decided not to rely solely on his word. Mr. Tshombe in the past has repeatedly adopted cooperative poses only to change his stance when the crisis of the moment had passed.

Accordingly in recent weeks our Government has devised a broad series of pressures and inducements to try to compel Tshombe to end his secession. UN Secretary General U Thant, who called Tshombe and his Katanga associates "a bunch of clowns," thereby confusing tragedy with comedy, has also proposed economic pressures, including the freezing of payments to Katanga by the wealthy, Belgian- and British-controlled Union Minière mining syndicate.

The officials who planned these pressures had no certainty that Tshombe would give in—or resort to another round of violence. But until a measure of stability is restored in the Congo, it would be foolhardy for the UN to withdraw. We must support the UN presence there. The alternative, as President Kennedy has said, is "complete chaos."

World War I Pension Grab

Someone should strike a medal for Congressman Olin Teague (D.-Tex.) and his colleagues of the House Veterans' Affairs Committee who have resisted pressure from World War I veterans to render a favorable report on H.R. 3745, a holdup of the taxpayer that is officially known as the "World War I Pension Act." Proponents of the bill claim it is a reasonable measure, designed to help the "poor, sick, needy" veteran of World War I, "the forgotten man" among the millions who have served in our nation's wars.

Actually nothing could be further from the truth. Far from being a "forgotten man," the World War I veteran has received extraordinarily generous treatment at the hands of his Government. Since 1918 the U.S. has spent an astronomical $30,000,000,000 on him and his dependents.

Even so, the World War I boys, or many of them (the combat veterans make the least noise, according to Mr. Teague), claim they have been discriminated against.

Citing, among other things, the fact that there was no GI Bill for World War I, they are now clamoring for a pension grab that the House Veterans' Affairs Committee figures would cost the Government $11,000,000,000 between now and the year 2000. (Proponents of the bill claim it would cost only $5,500,000,000.)

H.R. 3745 would grant every married World War I veteran who served ninety days and was honorably discharged a flat pension of $102.37 per month for the rest of his life, provided that his income does not exceed $3600. On the face of it that may not sound too bad, but here is the hooker: In computing the income limits for these veterans, the Government would not count Social Security, railroad retirement benefits, retirement pensions or annuities from public or private sources. Physical disability, overseas service and financial need are beside the point.

Congressman Olin Teague is one of the best friends the veterans ever had. He has done as much for them as any man has, yet he is opposed to this handout because "it gives the money to those who need it least." Even the major veterans' organizations (American Legion, VFW, DAV and Amvets) do not support the bill. In general they favor legislation that would help the needy.

But this is an election year, and some members of Congress can resist anything but pressure. More than 200 frightened legislators signed a petition to get this bill out of Congressman Teague's committee (219 signatures were needed). Pressures from the veterans themselves and from their aggressive lobby, an organization called Veterans of World War I of theU.S.A., Inc., have been heavy and hot. "In my sixteen years in Congress," says Mr. Teague, "I have never seen more vicious and abusive letters than over this issue. They cuss you out, call you yellow and ask you where you were during the war." In Mr. Teague's case the answer is impressive. He was an infantry battalion commander with the 79th Division in Europe in World War II, was wounded several times and received eleven decorations. He doesn't really need another medal, but we are in favor of giving him one—for defending the public interest against an outrageous onslaught.

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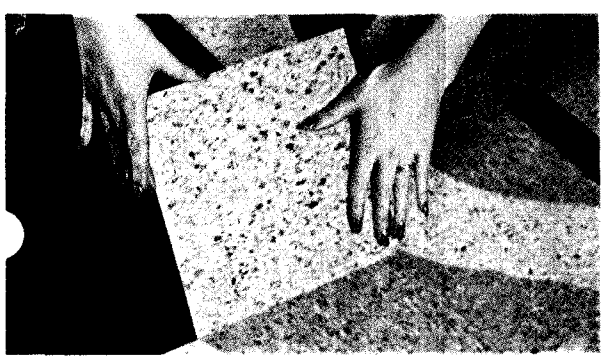

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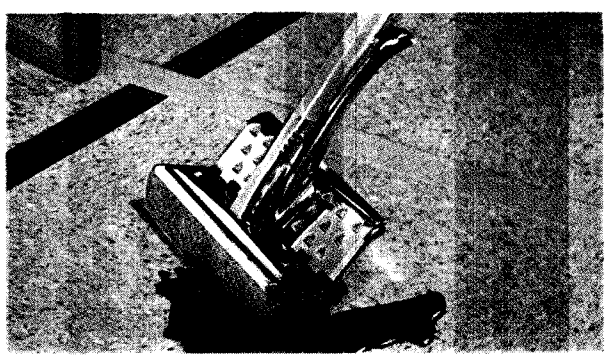

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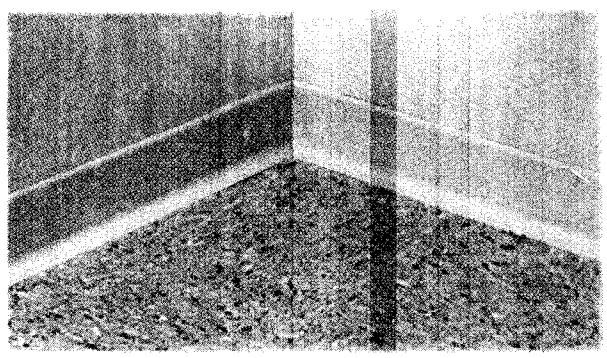

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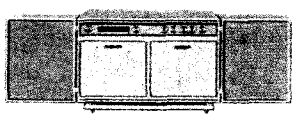

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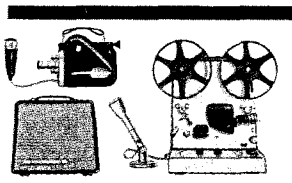

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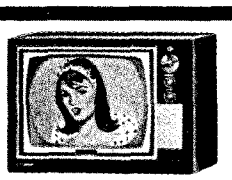

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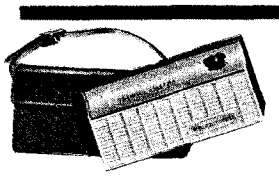

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2. Entries must be postmarked by November 9, 1962 and received by November 16, 1962. Send in as many entries as you wish. Each entry must be mailed separately.

3. Each entry must be accompanied by any of the following: three empty CHESTERFIELD KING wrappers, or an end panel from a carton of CHESTERFIELD KING, or three pieces of paper, 3" x 5", on which you have hand-copied the words "CHESTERFIELD KING" in block lettering from any source.

4. Prize winners will be selected in random drawings conducted by the D. L. Blair Corporation, an independent judging organization. Its decision, with respect to all phases of the sweepstakes, will be final. All winners will be notified by mail approximately 30 days after final drawing, which will be held on or about November 30, 1962.

5. First prize does not include lot or landscaping for house. First-prize winner may elect to substitute $15,000 cash, in place of house (est. value $20,000). This election must be made within 60 days of notification. If winner chooses house, a good lot must be provided within one year. No cash substitution will be made for other prizes. Any tax or liability on any prize will be the sole responsibility of prize winners. Only one prize to a family.

6. Entries limited to residents 18 years of age, and older, of the United States and Puerto Rico. Employees, and their families, of D. L. Blair Corporation, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company and its advertising agencies are not eligible.

7. Residents of Wisconsin, Florida and New Jersey may enter, but should disregard the requirements in rule #3 above. Sweepstakes void in any locality or state where prohibited by law. Federal, State and local government regulations apply.

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